NEW ZEALAND $3.50*
NOVEMBER 1983 • $2.95*

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AN AUSSIE'S-EYE VIEW OF LA: WHAT TO EXPECT AT THE 1984 OLYMPICS

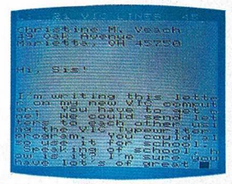
EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW: NZ PRIME MINISTER PIGGY MULDOON

CUP TIME: TIPS BY LARRY PICKERING

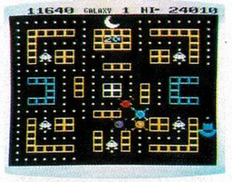
FOUR HOT PICTORIALS INCLUDING GOLD COAST SWEETHEART LUCY GILL

FOR THOSE WHO WORRY T HAT VIDEO GAME PLAYING CAN BECOME OBS ESSIVE, THERE IS...

Word Processor
Delete, add, shift around, almost everything big word processors can do.



Type Tutor
Learn to touch type without going to school.



Cosmic Cruncher
Brings exciting arcade games right into your home.

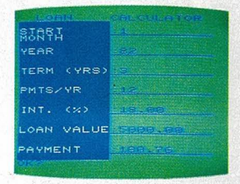
Bingo/Speed Math
Turns arithmetic drills into a game.

Sea Wolf
Sink the convoy before they get you first.

Road Race
Beat the record. Go faster and faster without a smash.

Jupiter Lander
Try to pilot to a soft landing.

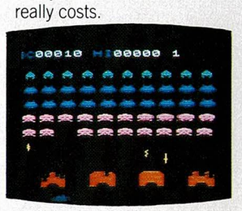
The Visible Solar System
Learn astronomy with the planets to play with.



Loan and Mortgage Calculator
Lets you know how much it really costs.

Personal Finance
You now have a third partner – a money manager.

Home Babysitter
Kids learn simple maths and pre-school skills.



VIC Avenger
You can "zap" alien invaders from outer space.

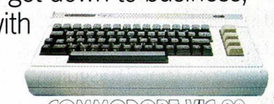
THE COMMODORE VIC 20 HOME COMPUTER.

A fully-fledged computer!

The Commodore VIC 20 allows your mind to expand into the thousands of things a computer can do in addition to playing games.

But unlike the video game machines, the Commodore VIC 20 isn't just a toy! It's a real computer, with an expandable memory, full typewriter-style keyboard, and a complete line of peripheral equipment to enlarge its capabilities.

So when you're through playing games and you're ready to get down to business, you don't have to put your VIC 20 away. It stays with you to help with homework, balance budgets, calculate tax, do word processing, play music, learn programming and explore new subjects.



COMMODORE VIC 20
A REAL COMPUTER FOR THE PRICE OF A TOY.

For more information, a catalogue of VIC software and details of your local dealers, contact:
Commodore Business Machines Pty. Ltd., 5 Orion Road, Lane Cove, N.S.W. 2066. Tel. (02) 427 4888.

MLVL1794A

One thousand judges reach a sober decision. Benedictine is unique.

Since the creation of D.O.M. Benedictine in 1510, there have been many unsuccessful attempts to reproduce its unique qualities.

As evidence of these misguided efforts, over 1000 imitation bottles are on display at our museum in France. Each represents a lawsuit won by the company, ample evidence of the simple truth that lies behind those carefully considered judgments.

There is only one D.O.M. Benedictine.

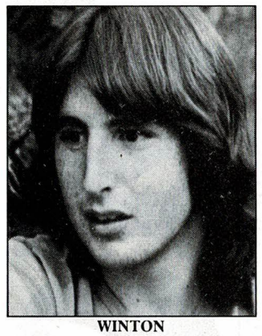
D.O.M. Benedictine
Judge for yourself.

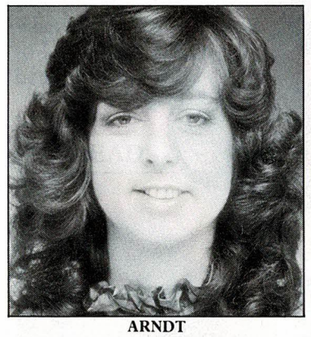
Free cocktails/mixed drinks booklet: John Cawsey, P.O. Box 61, Lidcombe, N.S.W. 2141. Tel: (02) 64 71988

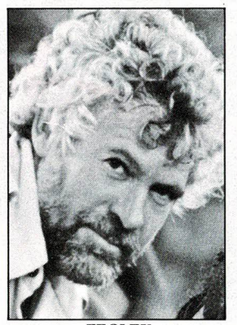
AB1858/82 563.P.212

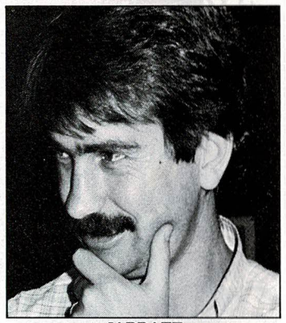
PLAYBILL

TO MOST AUSTRALIANS, he is known as Piggy and as one of the most colorful leaders in the region. To his countrymen, he's the toughest in-fighter in his nation's political history and an uncompromising figure in the international arena. He's Robert Muldoon, New Zealand Prime Minister and the subject of the November Australian PLAYBOY Interview. **Chris Pritchard** crossed the Tasman for an audience with Muldoon and returned with an interview that puts a new perspective on ANZAC relations. Thinking about hitting Los Angeles next year to catch the Olympic Games? Then throw away the travel brochures and tour itineraries and read what PLAYBOY editor **Phil Jarratt** has to report on the event they are already billing as the Hollywood Games. How are the planners confronting the world's greatest traffic, accommodation, security and air pollution problems? Jarratt went to LA to find out, and returned with the complete report. **Chris Payne** supplied the illustration. Of course, LA has more than its share of beautiful women, but you don't have to travel that far, as we've got a sampling of our own fabulous girls in this edition. Our November Playmate is luscious Lucy Gill, a radiant surf nymph who finds her own style of freedom on the sunny beaches of Oz. **Rico Mettbach's** photography has accurately captured her spirit and appeal. Lucy's a real water lover and if you're of a like mind and plan on looking fit this summer, then take a peep at **Brent Melton's** swim fashion photography in Bodies Beautiful. We paired Speedo swimwear with a collection of great bodies and came up with a sensational fashion pictorial. The setting is Sydney's new Hyde Park Health Club — the absolute ritz in fitness facilities. On the subject of looking good: no girl turns more heads than a stunning redhead. PLAYBOY strikes a light for the natural reds with a colorful pictorial tribute shot by ace PLAYBOY photographer **Richard Fegley.** You'll light up too, when you flash on our sizzling pictorial of international poster girl and action film star Dorit Stevens. **Dick Zimmerman's** eye-popping photography will make you realise why Dorit is in such demand. Larry Pickering is also in demand — as a racehorse trainer. The award winning cartoonist and failed tomato grower has turned his hand to training gallopers and if you think that is some kind of joke, read what **Russell Deiley** has to say in Pickering At The Races. If Larry gets his way, says Deiley, we might see the standard rule book on training tossed out the window. **Rowan Fotheringham** snapped the portrait. PLAYBOY's **Steve Bunk** found out all about rule books when he track-tested a How To Pick Up Women guide. You can try ice tongs or a forklift but they won't get you too far in this game, chides Bunk, as he cruises the singles bars in his relentless hunt. The illustration is by **Tony Edwards.** Reg Standfast created a real fuss when he found out his best mate, a narcotics agent, was a crook. Reg dobbed him in and to this day he's still wondering why he did it. **Frank Robson** profiles Standfast, the Australian Serpico who (if he's lucky) will keep on living to regret his action. PLAYBOY is used to presenting successful characters, but it is not often you strike anyone quite as enigmatic as Randy Newman. In fielding 20 snappy questions, Newman concedes that he just might be America's best songwriter, but that title isn't going to buy a cup of coffee. There was a more natural stimulant than caffeine in the air when PLAYBOY's motoring editor **Rob Luck** took his cameras out to the practice track to capture the high-flying appeal of motocross. His spectacular pictorial just might have you groping for the throttle or pulling on your bike boots. If that sort of action is a bit too fast for your current mood, then pack your bags for a Playboy Weekend as **Susan Kurosawa** casts off on a Murray River paddle steamer. Our crew of girls and photographer took to the briny to present PLAYBOY's water sports service feature. Geared for summer, it presents the latest in smart options of how to escape on or under this nation's fabulous waterways. One of the smart things you can do on a boat is relax and enjoy this edition. Western Australia's hot young fiction writer **Tim Winton** returns with another piece — this one's called My Father's Axe and **Frants Kantor** crafted the art. **Bettina Arndt** features with her expert sex advice and among our regular features we've included a Nostalgia column. So, drop anchor and read on.

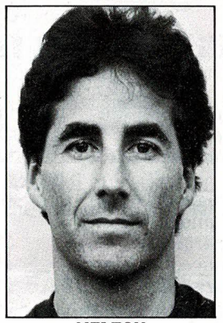

WINTON

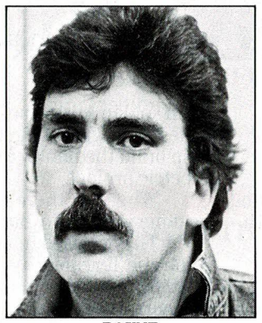

ARNDT

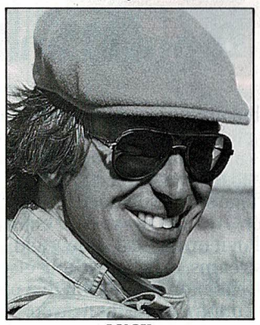

FEGLEY


JARRATT

KUROSAWA


MELTON


PAYNE


LUCK

Toyota Land Cruiser...because you never know.

It doesn't matter if you're out driving for work or for pleasure, you never know when the elements may decide to test your vehicle.

That's why you need Toyota LandCruiser – the toughest 4WD on earth.

Put it up against snow, sand, rock, streams, in fact anything else you care to name. It's as much a part of this country as the kangaroo.

Over 100,000 LandCruisers have been sold in Australia since Sir Leslie Thiess brought the first ones in to help build the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric project.

Wherever there's rugged work to be done you see Toyota LandCruisers.

They're used in Australia's Antarctic Territory, by police, the Army, bush fire brigades, geologists, foresters. Farmers wouldn't rely on anything else.

There are 14 models, from the luxurious station wagon to the military-style LX hardtop.

See your Toyota dealer for a test drive.

Because you never know...

TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

Dancer TT/079

CONTENTS

NOVEMBER 1983 • COVER: GINA PASQUET. PHOTO: BRENT MELTON

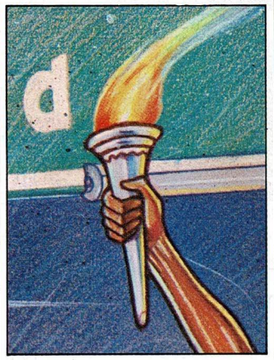
DEAR PLAYBOY 9
AFTER HOURS 11
MONEY 14
NOSTALGIA 16
VIEWPOINT 18
MOVIES 22
BOOKS 24
MUSIC 26
TRAVEL 28

33

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
Kiwi Prime Minister Robert Muldoon discusses external and internal affairs in wide-ranging talks with Chris Pritchard.

44

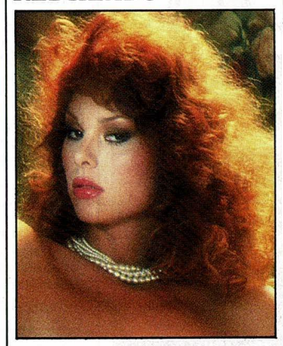
AT LAST, THE 1984 SHOW



Phil Jarratt shows why when the Olympics come to Los Angeles, it won't be all fun and games.

48

REDHEADS



A pictorial investigation of the red-tufted species.

54

MY FATHER'S AXE
Award-winning fiction by WA's Tim Winton.

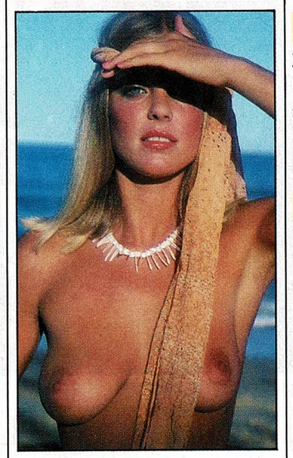
58

WITH FRIENDS LIKE REG. . .
Frank Robson profiles ex-narc Reg Standfast, who busted his friend and still doesn't know why.

62

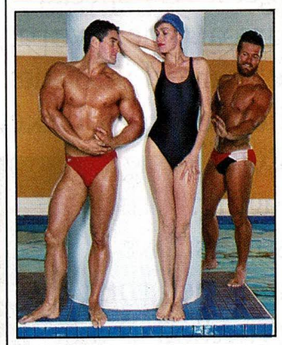
HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS
Advice from an in-house, would-be expert.

65



WE LOVE LUCY
Playmate of the Month Lucy Gill, photographed by Rico Mettbach.

82



BODIES BEAUTIFUL
Swim fashion, photographed by Brent Melton.

88

PICKERING AT THE RACES
Russell Deiley reports on the famed cartoonist as racehorse trainer.

95

PIN-UP GIRL

International poster girl and action film star Dorit Stevens, *au naturel*.

100

20 QUESTIONS
One of America's best songwriters, Randy Newman, ponders why he isn't more popular.

106

PLAYBOY WEEKEND
Paddleboating up a lazy river.

116

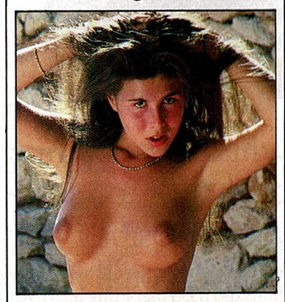
GETTING IT UP
Rob Luck photographs some airborne motocross daredevils.

122

BOARDING PARTY!
PLAYBOY offers a guide to summer fun in and under the water.

130

A PLACE IN THE SUN
World of Playboy looks at an alluring sun-lover.

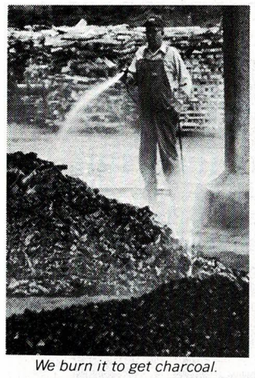


150

SEX
Noted sexologist Bettina Arndt answers your questions.

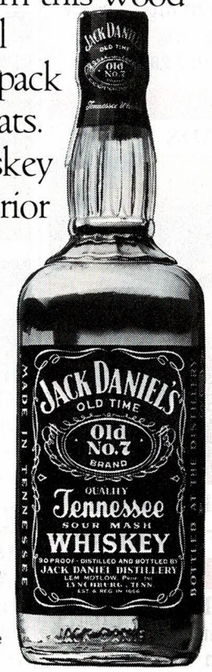
Jack Daniel Distillery. Named a National Historic Place by the United States Government.

AT THE JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY, we use hard maple logs to help make the world's smoothest whiskey.



We burn it to get charcoal.

What we do is burn this wood to get a very special charcoal. Then we pack the charcoal into vats. And seep our whiskey down through it prior to aging. Other distillers have abandoned this whiskey-smoothing method as too costly. Or too slow. But after your first sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, you'll recognize its value.



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A. AB 1975/82

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

PHILIP MASON
publisher

PHIL JARRATT
editor
KEITH DAVIS
creative director

EDITORIAL
NEIL JAMESON associate editor; STEVE BUNK production editor; SUSAN KUROSAWA copy editor; KAY KLIMA assistant to the editor; ROB LUCK motoring editor; RICO METTBACH staff photographer; RENNIE ELLIS chief melbourne correspondent; FRANK ROBSON brisbane correspondent; PAUL MANN, adelaide correspondent; STEVEN SCHWARTZ, P.D. JACK, CHRIS PRITCHARD, ALLAN MOULT contributing editors.

ART
JACK JAGTENBERG art director;
GARY FLETCHER associate art director.

ADVERTISING
BARRY STEWART national sales director; NANCY GRAY snr. sales executive; MICHELLE BAKER assistant to the sales director; MONIQUE PASILOW traffic manager; AMANDA EYLES advertising assistant; victorian sales PETER HOLMES (03 267 5727); queensland TERRY GARRY MEDIA (07 369 7877); south australia SYMONS MEDIA (08 315 135); western australia RAY BURNS MEDIA (09 322 2066); japan RAYMOND F. FALK (tokyo 545 3977); usa DEFILIPPES CORPORATION (212 697 8185).

FINANCE
KATHY MEAD accountant; PHILIPPA BRENNAN accounts payable; ANGIE DASKALAKIS accounts receivable; JENNINE CHALKER accounts assistant.

CIRCULATION
TRACEY INGRAM subscription manager.

PLAYBOY
HUGH M. HEFNER
editor and publisher
NAT LEHRMAN
associate publisher
HARESH SHAH assistant director, international publishing; MARIAN BUSSIE, JEAN FREEHILL, JUDIE FELDMAN rights and traffic.

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY is published 12 times a year by Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone 02-331 6566 Telex: 72964) on behalf of Frantonell Pty Ltd. The magazine is photoset by Get Set Typesetting Pty Ltd, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone 02-331 5006), printed in Hong Kong by Toppan Printing Co (HK) Ltd and distributed by Network Distribution Co, Sydney (Telephone: 02-264 5011).

©1983 Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd ©1983 PLAYBOY as to material published in the September and October 1983 issues of US PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY Rabbit Head design and Playmate are marks of Playboy Enterprises Inc (US). Price in Australia $2.95. New Zealand $3.50*. *Recommended and maximum price only. Annual subscription rates: Australia, $35.00; Overseas, SA45 (by surface mail).

CREDITS
Motorcycle feature: McCulloch Yamaha for Yamaha Motocrossers; Suzuki Australia; Kawasaki Australia; Honda Australia; Race and Ralty, Rosmount Ave., Greenacre for Racemate protective clothing; Frank Matich Pty Ltd for Pirelli Tyres, AGV Helmets, and MDS Motocross Helmets; Champion Spark Plugs; John Cameron and Hungry Creek Motorcycle Camp; JRA, Ateco Suzuki, Thiess Toyota and Mitsubishi Australia for two vehicles; Alan Fender Signs for signwriting. Lucy Gill pictorial: garments by Sea Follies. Cover costume design by Ray Wilson

DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

A SHOT AT HACKWORTH

I read your Playboy Interviews every month and usually I find a well-informed interviewer asking sharp questions. However with the David H. Hackworth interview in your July issue, Stuart Owen Fox lets the team down badly. He seldom managed to lift himself out of the "Did you REALLY. . .?" syndrome.

For example, the next most obvious question after Hackworth explained his conscientous objection to invading Cambodia would be: "How do you feel about the systematic extermination of millions of Cambodians that has taken place since the allies went home?" The concentration camps that exist in that country make Auschwitz look like a holiday resort.

I have the utmost respect for Hackworth and what he has done but I would like to point out what seem to be (and your interviewer should have seen this) inconsistencies in his thinking.

I agree with Hackworth when he says that we've never benefited from a military alliance with the British but that is not why Japanese bombs fell on Australian soil. We know from captured documents that the reason the Japanese bombed us was because they realised what an enormous strategic advantage Australia was as a forward base for the US.

And if, as Hackworth says, World War III is going to be a nuclear shootout, how does he explain the fact that every time a NATO country builds a tank or a gun, the USSR builds four? Why does the USSR keep a peace-time army of 1,500,000 men when the US regular army numbers 150,000? Surely if the next war is to be nuclear, the USSR's ailing economy could do without this financial drain.

Hackworth's "quick review of modern warfare" seems to be highly selective. He fails to mention the Zeppelin raids on population centres during World War I, but more importantly he neglects to mention poison gas. That weapon is so horrible that no one uses it in warfare any more. Yet there are millions of litres of it stored in arsenals all over the world. The same with nuclear weapons. Everyone knows how horrible they are so no one wants to be the first to use them. That's why the Allies and the USSR maintain and re-equip conventional forces.

In closing, I would just like to repeat that I admire Hackworth but he needs to think again. If and when war comes, it will not be nuclear. Our country will be in need of men like him to lead idiots like me who still think our way of life is worth dying for.

Name and address withheld at writer's request.

FUTURE SHOCK

Guys like the Atari games inventor, Nolan Bushnell, who was profiled in your August issue, never fail to fill me with indignation. How is it that, in a world of plodders, the rare crazed genius like Bushnell can surface and turn all our daydreams into things that we then pay him money for? To have the brains he has just isn't fair to the rest of us plodders!

Seriously, though, whenever PLAYBOY runs an article about either an up-and-comer or an established success, it's the first thing I read. Not only is it an inspiration to follow the exploits of people who channel their enormous energy and enthusiasm into projects that benefit all of us, but I've noticed that these people also have ideas and attitudes that invariably point toward the future.

Albert Franks,
Rockhampton, Qld.

RARE FILLE

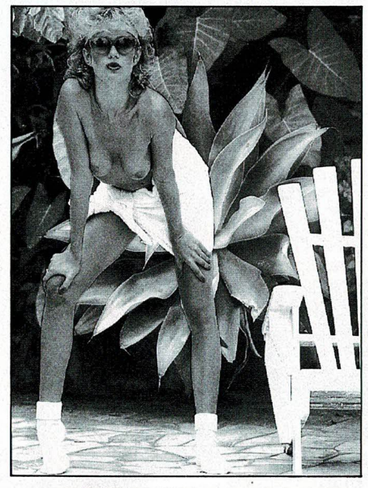
I'm very impressed with Miss August, the delectable Mignon Carrington. So impressed in fact that I demand to see more of this lithe young lovely in your magazine. She is a rare specimen!

Tommy O'Rourke,
Perth, WA.

I've got the hots for Mignon. Don't care if she's rare, medium or well done, I'd love to eat her up! Hope you don't think that's the end of the matter — how about a dessert (or specifically a further look at her in the Dear Playboy pages)?

P. Lake,
The Entrance, NSW.

Your demands are met herewith — Ed.



SUBTLE SEDUCTION

My compliments on the cover of your July issue. Browsing through a newsagency, I was almost knocked off my feet by the picture of Nastassia Kinski. Never have I stopped so quickly for anything.

Congratulations to Helmut Newton for capturing what I like to call "subtle seduction".

And, as for Morganna, WOW (what more can I say?).

John Torsello,
Arncliffe, NSW.

The cover and photo-spread of Nastassia Kinski in your July issue of PLAYBOY are simply superb. I find this subtle treatment of nudity very appealing and the actual composition and execution of the photo-spread by Helmut Newton is really brilliant stuff.

Hope to see more such "artistic" material in my favorite magazine.

Craig Swan,
Exeter, SA.

WAY OUT IN FRONT

Just couldn't believe my eyes when I picked up July PLAYBOY and saw Morganna. She sure is a healthy lady! Are those tits for real? My girlfriend is just five feet tall and I find it almost impossible to believe that Morganna's tits are as big as my girl is tall!

F.T. Leslie,
South Melbourne, Vic.

SEXY STOCKBROKER

Would someone please tell me how come when I've got a few spare dollars to invest I can't find a stockbroker who looks like sexy Marina Verola (May)? My stockbroker looks like a poor man's Vincent Price!

Anyway, congratulations on a great pictorial and also for bringing us the sweet-smiling Kelly Ryland and the delicious Sonya Shepherd.

L.Y.,
Orange, NSW.

CLASS ACT

Cheers to PLAYBOY for your August service piece on how to stock a home bar. It appeared at a perfect time for me — I had just moved into a new place after separating from my boyfriend and I had been puzzling over how to put together a classy bar without breaking my bank.

Alice Anderson,
Bathurst, NSW.

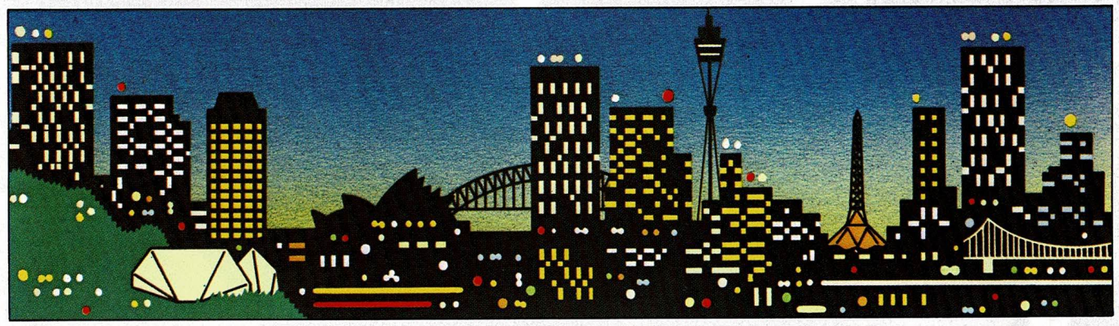
Speedo. The best thing next to a suntan.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE FIJIAN
Quite simply, one of the best resorts in the world.

FLYING QANTAS
A sure sign of a great holiday.

SP113 Style numbers left to right, 60336, 69285, 69281, 60152.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



SEVERING THAIS

Thailand's census bureau is eagerly awaiting the next birthday of King Bhumibol Adulyadej for the far-reaching effect it is bound to have on the nation's population. In the spirit of celebration for the King's 55th birthday, more than 700 men took advantage of a free offer by having vasectomy operations. If that all sounds a trifle baffling, it should be pointed out that the Thai government had been pushing an aggressive birth control campaign spear-headed by a pop hit called I'm Vasectomised.

ELEPHANT BLUES

Never mind kangaroos, whales, smuggled birds or homeless koalas, here's the cruellest animal story of them all! Empress, the Indian elephant, was taking it easy in her enclosure at Honolulu Zoo when a man scaled the three-metre high wall, stripped down to his underwear and proceeded to torture the elephant with a harmonica rendition. The man was arrested and charged with cruelty to animals.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT

Since California's cultural innovations eventually make their way to Australia, you may appreciate some advance warning about their latest in self-improvement.

The Holistic Health Centre, located in northern California, offers instruction in sclerology — the study of the red lines in the whites of the eye. Practitioners of sclerology consider iridologists (those who study the iris) to be hopelessly backward. Sclerologists can actually tell how you feel by examining how red your eyes are. If this sounds like something you already know how to do, the Holistic Health Centre also offers courses in dermaglyphics, which involves the reading of the lines, callouses and other marks on the bottom of one's feet.

If neither eyes nor feet interest you, the Interstate College of Personology will train you to read a person's character by the shape of their eyes, ears, nose and teeth. Among the secrets you will learn is that a person whose teeth curve inward is good at keeping a secret (it can't slide out), and those with long ear lobes are interested in growing things.

In Palo Alto, another health institute, the Laughing Buddha, offers a course that teaches you to "forgive yourself for having herpes". In San Jose, the Holistic Health Care and Acupuncture Centre for Pets offers a full range of services, including herbal foot washes for dogs.

California schooling is not only concerned with physical well-being: psychological and spiritual needs are also well catered for. For instance, the Graphotherapy Institute teaches you how to change your life by changing your handwriting. Two of their valuable hints: putting the cross-bar on your "t" a bit higher will improve your self-image, whereas spreading out your writing will make you more outgoing and popular.

If you don't own a pen, don't worry, you can still increase your popularity by attending the Centre for Cosmetic Dentistry where you will learn how to get your teeth ("the great communicators") in harmony with the rest of your body.

If your interests are more materialistic, the Wingsong School of Oakland offers an $815 course in how to think yourself rich. Among the things trainees learn is "the divine plan of opulence". Then there is Feng Shui, the science of how furniture arrangement affects one's fortune. One fact revealed by the Feng Shui masters is that sleeping with your back to the door can result in losing your job.

But for sheer money-making genius (not to mention bad taste), the winner must be Gabe Gabor of California's Heaven's Union. Gabor's group promises to deliver messages to those in the hereafter by giving them to a terminally ill person just prior to death. The charge is $40 for 50 words (priority paid costs twice as much.) Gabor promises that your message will depart in one year but refuses to take any bookings for hell.

A Playboy Party Nite recently held at General Jackson's Disco in Brisbane's Crest International Hotel was a spectacular success. A bumper crowd of scantily costumed lovelies and dapper playboys-about-town joined in the fun. Special guest was delectable Lyn Barron, our 1982 Playmate of the Year, pictured here with the Mad Hatter, more commonly known as the General Jackson's doorman.

Introducing the

Luxury Limousine Wagon

CHEROKEE Jeep® Limited

THE POWER AND THE GLORY 4WD

The Jeep Cherokee Limited wagon is unlike any other wagon you have ever seen — its standard features rival those of chauffeur driven limousines while giving you much more —

With Jeep Cherokee Limited you get the added advantages of station wagon convenience, a huge chassis for strength and safety plus the benefit of four wheel drive for added traction, all this in a luxury limousine that has a smaller turning circle than many ordinary cars.

Jeep Cherokee Limited - an elegant statement of success.

STANDARD FEATURES — Power Transmission
5.9 liter V8 petrol engine driving the part time 4WD system through a silky smooth 3 speed automatic transmission.

SPECIAL FEATURES AS STANDARD EQUIPMENT

Exterior
Shadowtone metallic paint in 3 colour combinations with colour keyed exterior mirrors.

Paint	Seat Facing
Nutmeg/Stardust	Chocolate
Red/Silver	Burgundy
Green/Sea Mist	Emerald

Alloy 'turbo style' spoke wheels
Chrome grille and headlight surrounds
Twin rally-type driving lights
Rear window dust deflector (colour keyed)
Exclusive badges
Unique protection mould

Interior
Colour keyed leather faced lo-profile hi-back reclining bucket seats front/contoured rear seat
Central console containing leather armrest, storage compartments, ash tray, air conditioning controls, rear compartment air conditioning 'eye ball' outlets, rear seat ash tray and T bar transmission selector
Electrically operated 'moon roof'
Electrically operated side and rear windows
Central locking
Cruise control
Colour keyed padded leather dash board inserts
Pioneer AM/FM stereo cassette with electronic pre-select and station search plus power booster and co-axial speakers
Woodgrain door garnish moulds
Locking petrol cap
Rear compartment grab handles
Air conditioning with electronic pre-cool high velocity fan with Sanden* rotary compressor
Leather wrapped steering wheel

GO AUSTRALIA®

assembled:
in Australia
by Australians
for Australia

CHEROKEE Jeep® Limited

THE POWER AND THE GLORY 4WD

Jeep Cherokee assembled in Australia by Jeep Australia Pty. Limited. For further details contact your Jeep Dealer or Jeep Australia Pty. Limited — Brisbane (07) 277 7133 — Sydney (02) 745 4848 — Melbourne (03) 267 7366 — Perth (09) 444 7122

MONEY

Except for the Personals column ("Discreet English gentleman seeks refined Australian female companion for cultural pursuits; must have own whip and golf shoes"), my favorite part of one Brisbane Sunday newspaper is the Lotto advice. Each week, a local celebrity and an astrologer predict the winning numbers. In addition to this free advice, commercial products are also advertised. These range from a calculator programmed to produce Lotto choices to books containing number tables designed to produce "lucky" combinations.

On a recent Sunday, the Lotto section carried a large advertisement headlined, "Isn't It About Time You Won The Gold Lotto?" The ad pointed out all the wonderful things that could be done with the money ("Pay off the mortgage, own a new car, take a vacation").

The author went on to state that "after spending many hours with a computer", he had reached a practical solution to winning more money from Lotto. In what has become the standard format for such ads, sceptical readers were treated to testimonials from three satisfied customers, followed by the sales pitch — for only $20, the solution can be yours.

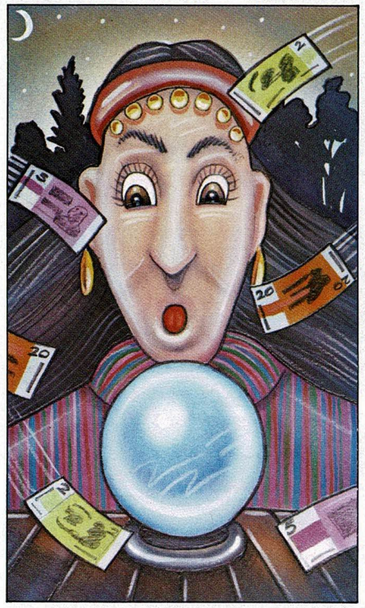
Now, if you are waiting for me to tell you what the solution is, forget it. I didn't send my $20. I already knew how to maximise the payout for a winning Lotto ticket. What's more I will share this "secret" with you for free.

Firstly, let's get straight exactly what you can and cannot do to win more from Lotto. Assuming the game is honest, there is no way to predict what numbers will be drawn each week. Since every number is as likely to turn up as every other number, the only way to increase your probability of winning is to play many different number combinations.

The odds against choosing six correct numbers out of 40 are 3,838,380 to one. But if you play 1000 different combinations, the odds are about 4000 to one that one of your choices will be correct. (Of course, you will have invested a huge amount of money on what is still a long shot.)

Clearly, unless you have money to burn, there is no realistic way to ensure that you will win Lotto. It is possible, however, to increase your winnings when you finally do win. The key to maximising Lotto payouts is the legacy of three Polish mathematicians who devoted their careers to studying a Lotto-type game.

Liczyrzepka, a popular Polish number game of the '50s, requires the punter to choose five numbers out of 90. As in Lotto, each coupon contains a number grid. The grid is arranged so that there are nine rows containing 10 numbers each. The first row



how to make a method out of the lotto madness

contains the numbers one to 10, the next row contains 11 through 20 and so on.

Players indicate their choice by marking numbers on the coupon. The game has four payoff divisions: (1) the highest payoff is for choosing all five winning numbers; (2) the second division prize goes to those choosing four correct numbers; (3) the third division money is for players marking three winning numbers; (4) and a small fourth division payout is awarded to those guessing two numbers.

The similarities between Liczyrzepka and Lotto are obvious but the odds against winning a first division payoff are even worse — 43,949,000 to one.

The mathematicians studied several thousand coupons submitted in a series of games. They discovered a surprisingly large discrepancy between their theoretical predictions of how many players should win (based on the laws of probability) and the actual number of winning coupons. For example, in one week's play, they found players scored nine times more wins than predicted by the odds. In other weeks, however, the pattern reversed: players managed considerably fewer wins than expected.

Puzzled by the contradictions between the actual results and those predicted by the laws of probability, the mathematicians decided to examine the individual coupons. They found that players tended to favor certain number configurations over others. For instance, players rarely marked five sequential numbers. Instead, they preferred to distribute their choices across the coupon. Players also avoided numbers that fell alongside one another in adjacent rows (3,13,23,33,43, for example). Mathematical progressions such as 2,4,6,8,10 were also rare.

In addition, the mathematicians found numbers in the middle of the coupon to be chosen more frequently than those on the edges. Some numbers, such as 1 and 90, were rarely chosen at all.

What is the significance of these findings? Why does it matter that superstitious gamblers think some number patterns are more likely than others? The answer is simple. Because players have similar preferences, some number patterns are more frequently chosen than others. If, by chance, the winning numbers happen to be those corresponding to one of the favored patterns, there will be many winners and each will have to split the division's prize money.

On the other hand, when the numbers drawn comprise an unpopular sequence (1,2,3,4,5, for instance), there will be few winners because very few players choose such numbers.

So, finally we get to the advice promised earlier. If you want to maximise the amount of money paid to you when you finally hit the winning numbers in Lotto, choose the numbers everyone else avoids. Although these number sequences have no greater (or smaller) probability of winning than any other, the actual payoff in case of a hit is higher because the total payout is distributed over a relatively small number of people.

Of course, if everyone starts playing "unpopular" combinations, they will become common and this system will not work.

But I don't think this will happen.

The likelihood of choosing the correct numbers in the first place is so vanishingly small, anyone who plays Lotto must not believe in the laws of probability.

After all, man has been scratching his balls for centuries, contemplating the prospect of quick financial gain. When the logic of fortune and fantasy takes hold, the science of mathematics has little relevance. And perhaps that explains why we always take the odds.

Such a superstitious lot is not going to change its habitual preferences because of anything as simple as logic.

— SETH GREGORY

We had a pistol club when we were at university — you know the old joke, "Drink till 10 and pistol 12." Corny, I know, but university can be an awfully boring place for anyone intelligent. It was things like the pistol club that we really took seriously.

Back in those days — early '50s — most undergraduate "men" either chased women or drank beer. Not too many guys tackled both with vigor.

Bob Small chased women and drank beer. Where the fuck are you now, Small? He wasn't small of course; he sure chased and caught lots of women. Ours was a residential university and Bob was like a rabbit let loose in a lettuce patch. He got through some lettuces. He drank a lot of beer, too, but I always suspected that he preferred the girls. Nobody would ever admit such a thing. There was a lot of kudos in being able to down a lot of beer. Sex was more of a private thing. We all joked about the ideal woman — the nymphomaniac whose father owned a pub — but we never expected to find her.

There were various beer-drinking targets: drinking a schooner in every pub in town in one night, catching the five o'clock bus to town, downing a certain number of schooners and coming back unassisted on the six o'clock bus, and various other exploits, all with very strict unwritten rules. There was no disgrace in chundering — quite Roman, really.

To be a big man on campus you had to down a lot of beer.

All serious drinking was done at Bruyn's. The pub actually had a name but John Bruyn, lovely man, owned and ran the pub with his family and everyone called it Bruyn's. The pub was later modernised and eventually the Bruyn family sold it but it should have been preserved by the National Trust the way it was in the '50s: a perfect Aussie pub. Old post verandah, iron lace, carved internal staircase, small wooden bar with those beaut old mirrors advertising various tipples, a grotty little "ladies lounge", a driveway down the side giving access to the courtyard and outhouses at the back.

John Bruyn was a truly great publican. Big, honest and generous. He would often shout us all pies and he always gave us the last round of the night on the house. "Last drinks on me," he'd say. We'd been drinking beer all night but we'd order the most outrageous things for the publican's shout. One of my favorites was advocaat, cherry brandy and dry ginger ale. He tried to speed things up by mixing the cherry brandy in the advocaat beforehand but we wouldn't have that; reckoned we were getting short measure (these were free drinks remember). John Bruyn had done

at this pistol club, a water gun was the weapon

first year dentistry at Sydney Uni but had come home to run the pub when his father died, I think. So he'd had a taste of the university experience. He used to say he was going to change the name of the pub to The Cap and Gown. Everyone would have just kept calling it Bruyn's anyway. His mother was a beaut old lady. She kept a motherly eye on us all. I remember one night when she cured a bad case of hiccups for me. It was a great pub, our skiffle group was born there but that's another story.

We played a fair bit of darts, sometimes rather dangerously as it was a small bar. There were strict rules. You played for schooners and the schooners had to be drunk that night. You didn't normally play with freshers, the lowest form of life (freshettes were fair game), unless they had earned your respect by drinking a lot of beer very early in their first year.

I remember one night when things were fairly quiet I played darts against a fresher, a real wet, way below my standard in darts. I was winning 10 schooners. I'd drunk two and had eight to go. He said "double or quits". Now, in a lifetime of taking stupid bets, this was one of the stupidest bets I've ever taken. I had riches enough. . . eight schooners left to drink that night. There was no way I could drink 16 schooners by 10 o'clock. The unwritten rules said you couldn't transfer your spoils to your mates. Also, it was quite humiliating to win schooners and not drink them. To walk out of the pub forsaking 10 or so schooners would be degrading. But the challenge had been made, male pride meant that I had to accept it. A peer, a mate, would never have offered such a challenge. I really hated that fresher; I'd been playing him for a sucker of course and I'd collected two drinks. Now, suddenly, I was the sucker. He beat me. I didn't actually throw the match of course but I know I couldn't afford to win. I lost a lot of face over that darts game.

I never lost face in the Pistol Club. There I had an unbeaten record. The urinal at Bruyn's was in one of the outhouses. It was the usual long trough, painted black and illuminated by a single bulb. That was where we had our pissing competitions. The rules were strict but the game was very simple. It was just a matter of seeing who could piss for the longest time.

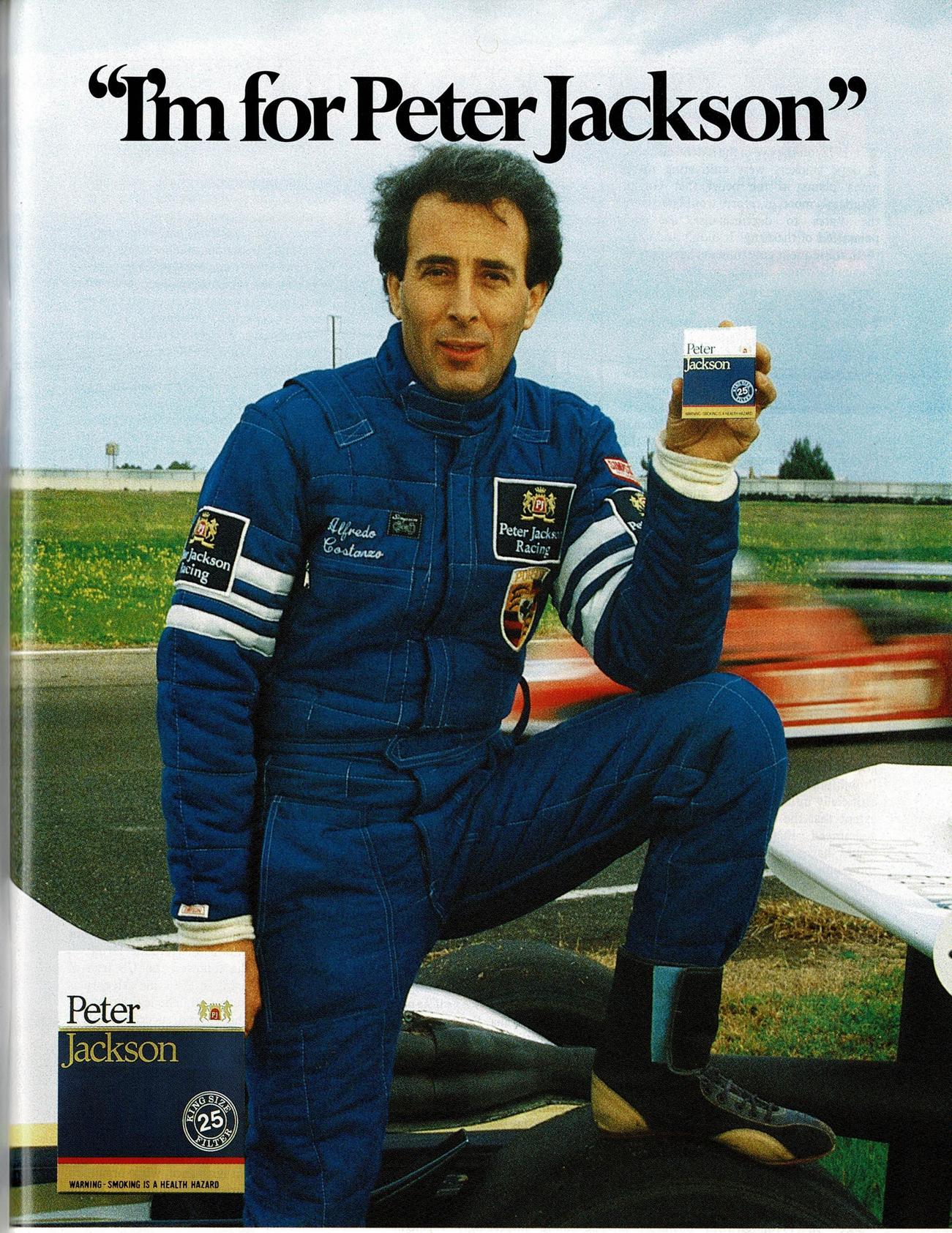
In the early days, we used to have mass piss-offs with several guys lining up at the same time but it developed into a match race formula. There was always a champion, a sort of "cock of the walk", and someone would challenge. There were always several arbiters to see fair play. You had to open your fly completely and so loosen your underpants as to ensure that there was no constriction. The contestants would place their hands on their heads and the command "On your mark, get set, piss!" would be delivered.

I always won. I became the Walter Lindrum of the piss-off and, as a challenge cost a schooner, I soon had no challengers, except for Small. He was a great competitor. He used to say: "You're tricking me, aren't you? You hold back. Your stream is not as thick as mine." He couldn't stand to be beaten. It wasn't the schooners he had to buy me. He wanted to win just once. Small must have done damage to his bladder. He'd hold on for hours, be nearly bursting, then he'd say, "Righto Tuck, I'm ready. I'll take you this time." He never did.

Our salad days ended. I kept up drinking beer and I believe Small kept up chasing women. Then a few years ago, I got a kidney stone. The resulting tests and X-rays revealed that I have three kidneys and, if I understand it correctly, six tubes where other people only have two or maybe four; a regular clover-leaf interchange of piss outlets. The doctor was quite impressed and he said it would certainly account for my unusually long and strong flow of urine. He also said that I should be sure to drink lots of beer for the rest of my life to keep the tubes clear.

I feel so guilty. I was cheating, albeit unwittingly, in all those piss-offs. Bob Small, where the fuck are you? I owe you a lot of schooners. — GRAHAM TUCKER

"I'm for Peter Jackson"



"It's the best cigarette value in Australia."

PHL 1090 CC 1254/83

PLAYBOY VIEWPOINT

it's high time marijuana was decriminalised in australia

In 1972, on the eve of the federal election, dope smokers were cultivating marijuana plants in the belief that Gough Whitlam's mood of reform would persuade the states to decriminalise use and possession of the drug. It didn't and since then, subsequent governments have put the decriminalisation debate in the too hard basket.

The call for decriminalisation has recently regathered strength, principally because the anti-dope laws have proven a nightmare to enforce. Earlier this year, when Justice Kirby, chairman of the Law Reform Commission, called for national debate on the issue, he referred to a law that caused more headaches than the problem it was supposed to prevent. He drew the obvious comparison to the United States' Prohibition Act of the 1930s, when organised crime, with its attendant unsavory aspects, moved in on the illegal booze trade. The irony of it all is that more than 10 years earlier, the pro-dope lobby had warned governments that the big crims would muscle into the dope business.

Kirby was merely repeating what marijuana's friends had been saying for ages, but the fact that the initiative stemmed from a figure so close to the legislative fulcrum, suggested that enlightened thought might one day prevail.

Consider what might have been avoided, had politicians been brave enough to move on the legislation 10 or 15 years ago. In the early 1970s, marijuana's Mr Bigs were gearing themselves for a golden harvest. Prohibition and stiff penalties had artificially inflated the price of grass to the extent that the substance's very illegality guaranteed huge profits. Legalisation would have returned the dope trade to something as humble and cheap as a cottage industry, with the resultant crash in price and profits. Bad news for organised crime.

To protect itself from any threats to its viability, the dope industry is obliged to draw on the mafia guide to good business. Police and judiciary have been corrupted, competitors intimidated, informants have disappeared and opponents have been murdered. Narcotics agents, regularly embarrassed by their inability to nab the big traffickers, resort to improving their strike rate by busting the small-timers, leaving the market at the mercy of the heavyweights. This practice has merely reinforced the position of the organised cultivators and further inflated the price of grass.

The catalogue of crime attributable to grass's status as a prohibited drug is scandalous. In light of the statistics, no government can defend an anti-legalisation stance. In 1976, Griffith businessman Donald Mackay was murdered because he took on the marijuana magnates of the NSW rural town. As an anti-drug campaigner, Mackay's activities were known to the local police and drug growers. The subsequent inquiry into his disappearance found the Griffith-based grass industry was dependent on wide-scale police corruption. If Mackay had been guaranteed the same sort of protection from the law, chances are he would be alive today.

If that isn't enough indication of the law's insidious effect on the marijuana business, then consider the fact that some growers have used their huge windfall profits to finance even more lucrative and sinister ventures, such as heroin trafficking. The entire system of corruption has become so enmeshed that subsequent Royal Commissions and documents on drug trafficking have amounted to a *Who's Who* of organised crime in Australia. But there have been no major arrests — just further proof that the anti-marijuana laws are offering greater incentives for a young man to pursue a career in organised crime.

Meantime, police continue to prosecute first-timers for possessing a couple of joints or cultivating a few plants. Rather than being busted, these people should be lauded for depriving the real profiteers of at least a small slice of the trade. The notion of making a criminal of a dope smoker is becoming increasingly repellent as we become aware of the broader drugs issue. After all, marijuana use and possession is a victimless crime. When police mount an expensive air-sea operation to bust a bunch of dope-growing hippies, the community is right to query whether the same zeal is being used to pursue heroin traffickers. Some police officers are becoming increasingly frustrated with wasting money and manpower on busting dope smokers while the very laws the cops are supposed to be enforcing are causing more mayhem than they are capable of preventing.

Justice Kirby might seem like Robinson Crusoe, but that is not the case. With Labor governments holding the reins in most states, the reformists are having their say. The pioneering could come from South Australia or Victoria, where legislative awareness is currently tuned to the debate. The Young Liberals, patently more attuned than their parent party, have repeated their call for decriminalisation. A few months ago, the Young Liberals' Victorian division included the plea in a policy statement and no sooner was it circulated than the Victorian opposition was pledging to oppose the move. On what grounds, we wonder. Supporters of the anti-dope laws must finally be running out of an argument. The health issue became a lame duck as academics, researchers and long-term users have proved that cannabis doesn't cause blindness, insanity or make your dick drop off. It's definitely less harmful than alcohol, tobacco and most sedatives and if it does cause any serious side effects, they've yet to be proven. As surely as drinking milk doesn't lead to alcohol addiction, there is no case to suggest grass is part of an obvious step to harder drug use.

The over-riding conclusion is that whatever demerits marijuana might earn from the health debate, they will never amount to a strong enough case to justify the current laws. So, in this democratic and supposedly enlightened society, how did those laws get on the books in the first place? As a signatory to the United Nations Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs in 1961, Australia followed the US lead of lumping cannabis in the same category as hard drugs like heroin. The legislation and explanations that ensued, succeeded only in confusing the community about which drugs were more harmful than others. Like any bad law, once it is on the books it becomes an ass — very stubborn to move.

The past 20 years have provided a lesson in the stupidity of the legislation. The community, and people who otherwise would never become criminals, have paid for government ignorance, while organised crime has flourished because of it. As the dope smokers say, it's high time somebody did something about it.

From the first time you take the wheel of an Alfa Romeo you'll notice an outstanding difference between it and any other car.

There is no vague steering or braking with an Alfa Romeo. It feels positive, precise and purposeful.

Each and every Alfa Romeo is engineered to drive. Engineered to mesh the car and the driver into one complete dynamic unit.

In the GTVs, twin cams, all-alloy engine, perfect 50/50 front/rear weight distribution, de Dion rear suspension, independent front suspension, anti-roll and torsion bars plus 4-wheel "anti-lock" servo disc brakes - and in the Sprint, front wheel drive and 1.5 alloy head boxer engine - combine to give the driver a car that responds, handles and brakes like no other car.

After you have driven an Alfa Romeo you'll begin to understand why Alfa Romeo owners are a little fanatical about their cars.

And why an Alfa Romeo keeps its resale value remarkably high.

The GTV-6, GTV 2.0 and Sprint 1.5. Their mechanical superiority is only matched by their equally dynamic styling and plush luxury.

So get yourself down to your nearest Alfa Romeo dealer today and test drive Australia's best selling European 5-speed manual. Alfa Romeo. Drive it to believe it.

.ALFALEASE.

	RSP FROM AROUND	LEASE FROM AROUND
ALFASUDS	$11,590	$216/mth*
SPORTS COUPES	$13,990	$248/mth*
SPORTS SEDANS	$16,990	$295/mth*

THE LEASING LEADERS

The GTV-6 - 2.5 litres of driving force.

DRIVE IT TO BELIEVE IT.

Distributed and serviced by Alfa Romeo Australia Pty. Ltd. Matraville N.S.W. (02) 666 4122, Melbourne (03) 561 6410.

* RSP prices are exclusive of on-road costs. Lease figures to approved applicants only. Based on 5 year lease, 50% residual, excluding normal on-road costs. Lease figures available through participating Alfa Romeo dealers only.

Lawrence Harop Vartan /Ar83/Sc/C

CAMEL

Tennis: The National Panasonic Women's Tennis Classic takes place in Brisbane from November 14 to 20 at the Milton Tennis Courts. Prize money is $150,000 and top women players from around the world will take part. The NSW Women's Open is on at White City from November 21 and 27. And the big one of them all, the Australian Open Championships for both men and women, are on at Kooyong in Victoria from November 28 to December 11. Prize money for both men and women is a cool $500,000.

Pakistani Cricket Tour: Can the Australians manage to recover some of their shattered dignity on the cricket field when the Pakistanis arrive for the Test series in October and November? The Pakistanis play Queensland in Brisbane from October 21 to 24, South Australia in Adelaide from October 28 to 31, and Western Australia in Perth from November 11 to 15. Then they play NSW in Sydney on November 18 to 21 and the second Test is on in Brisbane from November 25 to 29.

Motor Sport: Rounds of the Formula One Championship take place at Calder in Victoria on November 6 and 13. There's a six-hour relay race at Amaroo Park in Sydney on November 6 and a round of the Endurance Championships in Adelaide on November 20.

Southern Cross Air Race: This is the largest air race in the world, based on the number of fliers taking part. 237 did so last year. The race begins in Bathurst, NSW, on November 19 and planes take off from 7am to 1pm. They then go to Albury, spend the night and then fly on to Bendigo, Victoria, for the finish on November 20. Fliers compete against their own estimated flying times as planes range from jets to home-made jobs.

Waterskiing Race: The annual Bridge to Bridge Water Ski Classic on the Hawkesbury River in NSW takes place on November 20. Skiers race from the Brooklyn to Windsor bridges, hopefully on top of the water. The distance is 108km and more than 1500 skiers will compete.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?: Edward Albee's play is about a typical American couple, a university professor and his wife, who manage to tear each other and everybody else into emotional shreds with swift verbal slashes. Robyn Nevin and Bruce Myles star as Liz Taylor and Richard Burton (who did the film). It's on at Sydney's Theatre Royal starting October 18.

Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy: You've read the book and seen the TV series, now see the play. La Boite Theatre has written the new *Guide* from the books and radio scripts and will present the Australian premiere from November 15 to December 17. La Boite is at 57 Hale Street, Petrie Terrace, Brisbane.

Antique Arms and Gun Show: A display of weapons and guns from the past will be on show at the Wayville Showgrounds in Adelaide from November 5 to 6.

Four Nation Soccer Tournament: The four nations are Poland, Uruguay, Cameroon and Australia and games will be played in Brisbane on November 16, Sydney on November 19, Canberra and Adelaide on November 23 and Melbourne for the final on November 26.

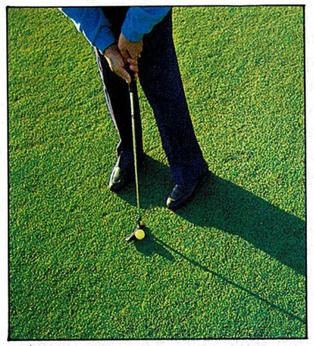
Discover Camel Milds - smoother and milder

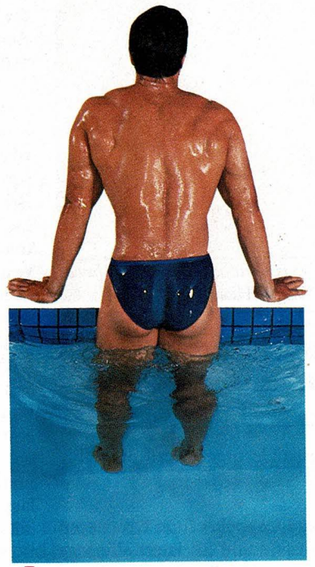
CALENDAR

Sunrise: This play by Louis Nowra centres around a weekend visit to a country property where memories and relationships interweave to form a mosaic of past, present and future lives. Nowra says, "We are now capable of making real anything we imagine. Truly a dangerous age to be in." If you're game, the play is on at the Adelaide Festival Centre from November 18 to 26.

Melbourne Cup Carnival: At 2.40pm on November 1, all of Australia will once again stop to pay religious homage to the Melbourne Cup Race. An audience of seven million, both here and overseas, is expected to watch it on TV. Activities this year include the Derby Ball at the Melbourne Hilton on October 29, at which every socialite who is anybody will be in attendance, a Parade of Champions at lunchtime on Bourke Street on November 1 and assorted fringe events like the Melbourne Cup Jewellery Exhibition. Horseshoe earrings?

Golf: Duffers need not apply. Professional golfers will tee off in the Australian PGA (Professional Golfers' Association) Championships at the Royal Melbourne Golf Club from November 3 to 6. Big names from here and overseas will take part. And the premiere event is on later in the month — the Australian Open Golf Championships, where both amateurs and professionals will tread the greens at Kingston Heath Golf Club in Victoria. About 144 golfers are expected to tee off. This event goes from November 17 to 20.





Australian Men's Body Building Championships: The International Federation of Body Builders is holding the Australian Championships in muscle flexing at the Marrickville RSL Club in Sydney on November 19. Winners will go on to Singapore to compete for the "Mr. Universe" title on November 26. Representatives from 116 countries will attempt to muscle each other right off the stage in the Singapore event.

Octoberfest: This annual feast began in 1810 at the marriage of Bavarian Crown Prince Ludwig. There probably won't be any crown princes around but there will be plenty of beer, dancing and general funny business at the Dandenong Showgrounds in Victoria. The Octoberfest is not on in October (the weather's not good enough) but in November, from the 25th to the 27th. About 80,000 are expected to attend.

Ocean Yacht Race: The Fremantle, WA, to Geraldton ocean yacht leaves Fremantle on October 21. The return from Geraldton is on October 28. The jaunt takes from 2 to 3 days each way. The largest yacht is 75 to 80 feet long.

RJR 8083/CC 1340/83

MOVIES

Pauline Kael is an American movie critic who might be compared with Bill Collins except that she sometimes sees movies she doesn't like. She reserved one of her better lines for the Australian industry's obsession with period pieces when she dubbed them "beautiful taxidermy".

Careful, He Might Hear You rises head if not shoulders above all that. Set in a superbly-stylish reconstruction of Sydney in the '30s, its beauty is diffused alternately by the cold opulence of harborside wealth and the cheerful warmth of suburban struggle. Production designer John Stoddart presents a film so visually compelling that audiences may derive all the nourishment they need purely from the visual dimension. That its elegance should so dominate the production suggests that something else is a bit amiss. . . but let's keep the deduction positive for as long as we can.

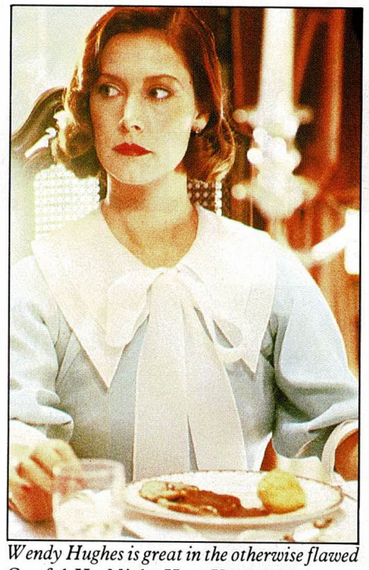
Directed by Carl Schultz, who also gave us the acclaimed TV mini series *The Dismissal, Careful He Might Hear You* is adapted from Sumner Locke Elliott's semi-autobiographical novel. It follows the baffling experience of a six-year-old child caught in a custody tug-of-war after his mother dies. Dubbed "PS" because his mother had termed his birth "a postscript to my ridiculous life", the boy lives happily with his Aunt Lila in humble surroundings until neurotic Aunt Nessie arrives on the scene.

On the pretext of being able to afford to provide much more for him, she carts him off to fill the emptiness of her emotionally and sexually frigid existence.

The characters are deftly drawn and wonderfully cast and it's awfully hard not to give a damn about their destiny. And the performances definitely belong in the credit side of the ledger. Wendy Hughes' Aunt Vanessa is played with almost epic Joan Crawford malevolence — a performance of enormous authority. Robyn Nevin, too, is totally convincing as Lila, and Peter Whitford makes a powerful impression as George for whom life is like a shit sandwich during a bread strike.

So, maybe it's just detail that robs the film of the chance to be great. How come it's always a dark and stormy night over at Nasty Nessie's when Lila just over the harbor basks in a totally different climate? And as the tale finally dawdles to its conclusion, you do question the shape of the narrative and how some of the more turgid bits of script got to remain.

When little PS finally establishes his identity and decides he should have a real name, Uncle George shambles forth and says, "Here, have a piece of cake. . . Bill." No great film is going to contain a line like that, let alone end on it. Nor should one have an irresistible urge to call out, "PS phone home."



Wendy Hughes is great in the otherwise flawed Careful He Might Hear You.

the outsiders trembles; timerider is just giddy

●

Francis Ford Coppola's films have never lacked significance and his latest offering, *The Outsiders,* is as socially relevant today as the day in 1965 when rival gangs in Tulsa, Oklahoma, met in an eruption of class distinction. In a theme similar to that of the Indianapolis class wars in *Breaking Away*, the "greasers" from the disadvantaged suburbs take on the "socs" (socials) from the affluent upper middle class.

S.E. Hinton's novel, *The Outsiders,* became a cult classic in 1967 with its honest treatment of the teenage concerns of love, death, crime and domestic hassles. Key figure in the story is Ponyboy (C. Thomas Howell), a sensitive young greaser who crosses the community's social barriers by dating a soc, and triggers a violent reaction. Under Coppola's direction, the movie gathers enormous force, partly from the raw skill of its actors and partly from the accumulating tension of frustration. *The Outsiders* virtually trembles with power from energy that is never released. And it has something so urgent to say that it almost develops a nervous tic trying to get it out.

There's nothing gratuitous or unsavory in the violence that mostly simmers but sometimes explodes. Basically the battle is for human dignity and there's almost a sense of noble crusade about it. Coppola says his film is about belonging rather than teenage violence. He populates his picture with the totally identifiable components of any group of teenagers anywhere and presents a sense of naturalism so authentic that it must have been preserved rather than created.

It's Coppola's ability to laminate personality perception and social observation that gives his films such immediate rapport with audiences. Here, he's also well served by an exemplary cast — Matt Dillon, Leif Garrett and the wretched Tom Waits being the only familiar talent in a vast line-up. And for all the tension, the residual mood is really one of exhilaration. Don't miss it.

●

Ace motor cycle enduro rider Lyle Swan is out riding like there isn't any tomorrow when — guess what? — he finds himself surrounded in yesterday. If you thought the Breath Bus was trouble, what poor old Lyle has wheelied into is an experimental time-transfer zone and he's just dropped 100 years.

The film is William Dear's *Timerider*, a sort of period *Tron* that almost challenges George Romero's recent *Knightriders* as a giddy melange of Roger Corman bike movie and period swashbuckle. Certainly this bizarre union provides the movie with most of its fascination. Dropping in on the 1880s on your competition bike makes a fellow pretty conspicuous — but at least they don't laugh at the fact that our champ's bike doesn't yet have Pro-Link rear suspension.

For Lyle, there's the good news and the bad news. The bad news is Reese, a mean outlaw who twigs that the motor cycle could be a distinct advantage in his nefarious deeds. The good news is a promiscuous bikie's moll 100 years before her time, named Claire Cygne. Relying on his mighty mobility, Swan manages to get into "Cygnet's" nest and a few feathers are subsequently ruffled.

Lyle looks set for a premature (at least 100 years premature) death. But the *Timerider* rescue helicopter flies a daring mission in through the time-transfer zone and plucks Swan to safety. As an added twist, Claire ends up with the gold medallion which he wore on his chest (yep, he's one of those) and which Swan inherited from his grandmother. She was given it by a dashing lover who disappeared suddenly under mysterious circumstances.

On the credit side, *Timerider* displays considerable originality and the action sustains peak revs throughout. But ultimately, a Double Oedipus with pike off motor cycle through time-transfer zone proves too difficult by half. I didn't realise do-it-yourself ancestry was so dangerous.

— ROBIN INGRAM

A PROUD HERITAGE.

Sansui's finest audio technology in a new line of car audio products

Sansui home audio products are considered some of the finest in the world because they incorporate the most advanced technology and parts available and are built with extraordinary care and attention to detail.

Now this same heritage of engineering excellence is available in a new line of car audio products offering performance and features comparable to the best home audio systems. Examples: a quartz-PLL synthesizer tuner with total of 24 presets (18 FM and 6 AM), auto seek and preset scan. Dolby* NR. Feather-touch auto-reverse cassette decks. A max. 100 watt power/booster amp. Less than 0.008% distortion at rated power (1kHz).

Yet logically conceived control and indicator layouts make them a snap for even the driver to operate, an important safety consideration. Components are easily installed in most cars, and systems can be upgraded in steps by merely adding additional amps and speakers as required.

The best news of all is that it costs little more to own the very best – Sansui car audio.

*"Dolby" and the double-D symbol are trademarks of Dolby Laboratories Licensing Corporation.

Sansui

SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD.
14-1 IZUMI 2-CHOME, SUGINAMI-KU, TOKYO 168, JAPAN
VANFI (AUST.) PTY. LTD.
297 CITY ROAD, SOUTH MELBOURNE, VICTORIA 3205 TELEPHONE: 690-6200
283 ALFRED STREET, NORTH SYDNEY 2060 TELEPHONE: 929-0293

BOOKS

four new australian offerings read easily

In an age when the visual media are king, I guess it makes sense to publish a book in which the chapters are no more than cue cards. *Morrie Klutz And The Number One Record Company* (Hale and Iremonger), a first novel by Sydney advertising copywriter Dean Thomas, leaves as much to the imagination as it reveals, but it's kinda cute in a Richard Brautigan/Tom Robbins fashion.

After some years laboring behind the Olivetti in favor of one magazine or another on a so-much-per-thou basis, I have to admit a severe prejudice towards flowing prose. You know, plenty of succinct adjectives and adverbs, never use a word when a clause will do. Dean Thomas, on the other hand, is paid to use as few words as possible, and it is this skill he brings to bear in his prose. Also, he reveals a marketing man's approach to literature with a story written in Australia about a lad from Queens, New York, who finds the key to fame in Mississippi.

Further, there is nothing remotely Australian about the phraseology or style. What we end up with is an amusing little book you can read in half an hour, full of wit, whimsy and deja vu. American rockophiles will recognise some of the characters, students of American pop fiction will be familiar with the style.

●

During an interview with Michael Parkinson in 1982, British interviewer Alan Whicker (nepotistic, isn't it?) told a great yarn about an American woman whose husband, a plastic surgeon, kept remodelling her so as to sustain his interest. According to Whicker, she thought this was terrific but not nearly as terrific as doing an interview with him.

"It seemed," he told Parky, "that appearing on television with me really validated her life." That same feeling comes through in *The Best of Parkinson* (Nelson), a collection of interviews from the long-running Parkinson shows here and in Britain. Parky's greatest virtue as an interviewer is that he shuts up. He lets his subjects dig their own graves or cover themselves in videotaped glory.

Consequently, there is not a lot of him in this volume and a whole lot about his more interesting subjects. Not having seen all the great man's television shows, I found the omissions almost as interesting as the inclusions, with such rivetting raconteurs as Malcolm Fraser and Kerry Packer included, and super spruikers like Jeannie Little, Pamela Stephenson and Rolf Harris omitted.

In the case of Mr Harris, I suppose it is rather difficult to feel the full force of a good cry in transcript. For all that, the Parky collection is a great dunny read. Straight to the point, in and out in five minutes. And the passage of time adds new meaning to some of the more memorable interviews. Bob Hawke, for example, confides in his 1981 interview: "I'm not trying to cut anyone's throat." Course not, Bob.

And while we're on about fame, veteran author, journalist and one-time press secretary to Black Jack McEwen, Robert Macklin, has compiled a very readable dossier of notable Australians in *100 Great Australians* (Currey O'Neil). Macklin must have thought about the title before he came up with the content because, given the vastness of the land and the paucity of greatness, he's had to resort to several people who only fill half the bill.

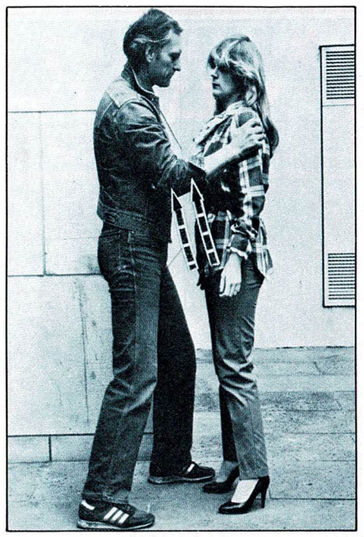
New Zealand-born Australians like Jack Davey are given the nod, while British-born Peter Finch is also okay. Only pedants would question the inclusion of Tasmania's E. Flynn. In the teams event, despite brave efforts by the Chappells, the Fairfaxes, Packers, Ansetts, Cains and Lindsays, only the Murdochs get up. Macklin's treatment of his subjects is by and large objective, and often serves to set the record straight after a particularly malicious biography.

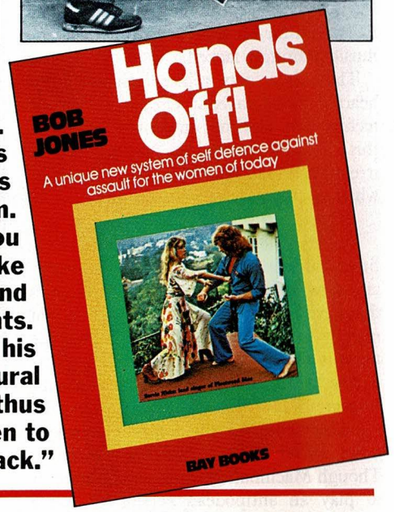
Such is the case with Errol Flynn, whose bio by Charles Higham is put away by Macklin in a couple of incisive paragraphs. In short, an extremely digestible slab of Australian history. — PHIL JARRATT

Mimmo Cozzolino's *Symbols of Australia* was one of the surprise hits of 1981, its ocker imagery striking a chord with people who would not normally purchase a design book. So, you've read the book, now hang the calendar. A few sample symbols from Symbols of Australia 1984 Calendar (Penguin).

●

When rock and roll's elite want protection, they usually call Bob Jones. For the past 15 years the Australian martial arts instructor has toured internationally with all the heavyweight acts, including Bowie, the Stones, Fleetwood Mac, Santana, ABBA and Paul McCartney. With the infrequency of the large rock tours, Jones found time to write a book for women. It's called Hands Off *(Bay Books) and is subtitled, "A unique system of self-defence against assault for the women of today." Basically, it is a course on how to avoid being raped.*





"At this point I wish to stress the importance of the push and pull. Never fight against a man's physical strength, turn his intentions against him. Whenever a man grabs you he specifically wants to take control. You must relax and go in the direction he wants. He cannot grab you with his feet together, for natural balance he must step, thus leaving himself open to your attack."

PLAYBOY: Why does a guy in such a macho profession write a book for women?

JONES: When I first started instructing, men made up about 80 percent of my students. But over the last five or seven years, there has been an upsurge in the number of women learning martial arts. While the men want to learn how to avoid being punched on the nose, the women are more concerned with how to discourage a potential rapist.

PLAYBOY: What was the starting point for your research?

JONES: A few years ago, I read the Susan Brownmiller book *Against Our Will*, and was shocked by the rape statistics. Brownmiller outlined the problem and I realised I had the answer. A few years ago, when we were in Tokyo, Christine McVie from Fleetwood Mac was talking about it and she suggested I do a book. Not long after that I was demonstrating some self-defence techniques for women on a Brisbane TV show and the program director said it would be a good idea to put it down in a book because it would be much easier to absorb.

PLAYBOY: It's not the first time martial arts has been suggested as a deterrent to rapists.

JONES: Martial arts is not the sole answer. Because of their conditioning, most women do not have a positive image of themselves — they're too timid — and that makes them easy victims for rapists. Part of the objective is to work on the psychology of women.

PLAYBOY: How do you achieve that?

JONES: The book is basically a 21-day course that works like meditation, in that the benefits are accumulative. That means that when she is called on in an emergency to apply the technique, the woman has automatic recall, and she'll never forget it. Before the book went to press, we tried the manuscript out on women in California's Pasadena Rape Crisis Centre, and it worked.

PLAYBOY: How did it work?

JONES: The technique used in the book is called mnemonics and it is a process of memory fixing in the subconscious mind. When anyone is scared, the body gives off an adrenalin pump and usually that means fear — shaking at the knees and pissing yourself. If you can learn to turn that fear to anger, and control that anger to use against an attacker, then that adrenalin gives you a pretty formidable weapon. If the technique is fixed in the subconscious, the right response becomes automatic.

PLAYBOY: But how can a woman physically compete with an aggressive male?

JONES: The real working title for the book is *Environmental Defence Awareness*, which is really the psychology of women understanding their own capabilities in a self-defence crisis. It shows how a woman can combine her mental and physical strengths to fight off a guy who is basically a coward. I've used a color coding system of green, yellow and red to help women identify when they are in a crisis situation and how to extricate themselves.

PLAYBOY: What sort of people did you talk to when researching the book?

JONES: School kids, feminists, academics, hookers. I really learned a lot about the gulf between the sexes and the truth of Susan Brownmiller's quote that every man is a potential rapist. I also learned that if a woman came to a male cop complaining of having been raped and she showed no signs of violence, the cop would rarely take her seriously.

PLAYBOY: Do you think men should read the book?

JONES: Yes, but most Australian men won't like it. The rape problem is hard for men to understand, because they don't live in fear of rape. Being punched in the nose is one thing, but sexual assault is far more terrifying. I've said in the book that if any men, whether lawyers or judges, were ever faced with a mass homosexual rape on their person, suffering several insertions of the penis into their bodies, they would be more understanding of the problem.

PLAYBOY: Can you see predatory feminists pouncing on the idea of how to beat up a male?

JONES: It can't work that way. The object is to achieve a centreline between pyschology and aggression. That's when you are best equipped to handle a crisis. I know a few black belt students who have one but not both of those factors and I could say that they are not capable of deterring a rapist. The object of environmental defence awareness is to find that centreline and use it to protect your dignity. — NEIL JAMESON

New Order have the aura of death about them. They will never escape their past as the band called Joy Division, who had to pick up the pieces when their singer suicided. Ian Curtis's swan-dive into the big abyss, like Sid Vicious's earlier excursion, has confirmed his hero status to a whole generation.

But the survivors have not received the same affirmation. New Order have suffered the unkind tag of being new wave's Pink Floyd. Now, after three years' struggle to establish their own identity, the group are finally proving that they were not just Curtis's backing band. *Power Corruption & Lies* (Gap) obviously draws on their Joy Division heritage, but the album has, if you like, a lust for life that their former leader's music definitely lacked.

There is a very relaxed, almost light-hearted mood to New Order's variant on techno-pop. At times on their latest album, this fragility comes at the expense of irrelevance and that inherent obsession which is the mark of all great music.

●

Sydney's Machinations were one of the first local bands to dispense with a drummer and substitute a machine. In the three years that have elapsed since their live debut, that novelty has now largely dissipated, but the tyranny of the machine remains.

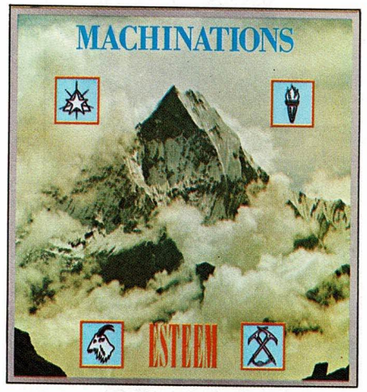
The debut album from Machinations, *Esteem* (White Label), only fosters the sneaking belief that the group might sound a lot better with a real live drummer. Though Machinations occasionally attempt to play an antipodean version of dance music, their songs are really more consistent with an elementary band. Whereas a repetitive rhythm is obligatory for funk, in Machinations' case it only hinders by making their music more predictable than it need be.

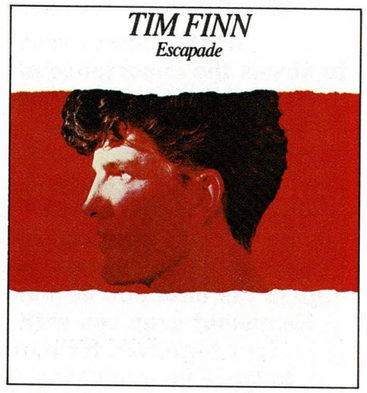
The bright spot for Machinations is Fred Loneragan, whose unique singing style is the crucial factor to their current distinction. On the one song in which he is given his head, Pressure Sway, the group produce a winner. But Machinations' songwriting efforts on the rest of the album cannot match this standard, being bogged down in dirge-like rhythms and undistinguished melodies.

●

In the two-and-a-half years since Talking Heads' last studio album, their devotees have been treated to a fascinating collection of solo projects from the four members. But they were no substitute for the real thing, and when a retrospective live album was released last year, it appeared that Talking Heads might be winding up.

But such is not the case. Talking Heads' long-awaited new album, *Speaking In Tongues* (WEA), is a masterly statement





talking heads and robert palmer top recent picks

from the band rather than the individuals. For the first time since their debut album, the insidious Brian Eno is not associated with the group as producer/songwriter/musician. Concurrently, singer David Byrne appears to have been held in check by the other three members. The result is Talking Heads' most commercial, collaborative and flexible music to date.

— KENT GODDARD

●

He doesn't come with the attached frills, but Robert Palmer is one artist whose grasp of the contemporary cannot be faulted. *Pride* (Island) is Palmer's eighth album and arguably his most adventurous. His decision to call on so many varied influences and his quirky juxtaposition of styles offer the shock element associated with so much of the new music. The exciting syncopation of the title cut is drawn from West African Juju music, and combined with Palmer's intriguing vocal treatment, it makes for something almost unique.

Palmer's skill as a songwriter rests not with his flair for melody but rather in his ability to combine the unusual. Take his traditional vocal treatment on Want You More, splashed over a searing strings arrangement. Likewise for Rupert Hine's Glen Miller-style overlay to Palmer's rhythmic Say You Will.

It's a bonus to observe that as a musician he is much less limited than most of his contemporaries. As a songwriter, his sense of the song as an item of musical tradition embellishes his credibility.

●

Not splitting, but rather holidaying from Split Enz, is Tim Finn with *Escapade* (Mushroom), a work that he (along with the Oxford dictionary) describes as "a flighty exploit". Determined to explore different options than those pursued for 10 years with Split Enz, Finn headed for the Festival Studios in Sydney, where the album was produced by Mark Moffatt and Ricky Fataar. Those two form part of the backing band which in all guises sounds radically different to the Enz. With the gospel and blues-influenced backing vocals of Venetta Fields, the combinations are as infinitely different as one might expect.

Okay, it's different, but is it good? Quality backing and production should almost be taken for granted these days, so the crucial ingredient had to rest with Finn's songs. Lyrically, they are comparatively personal, often bleak but with vague glimpses of optimism. But Finn never lets it bog down.

●

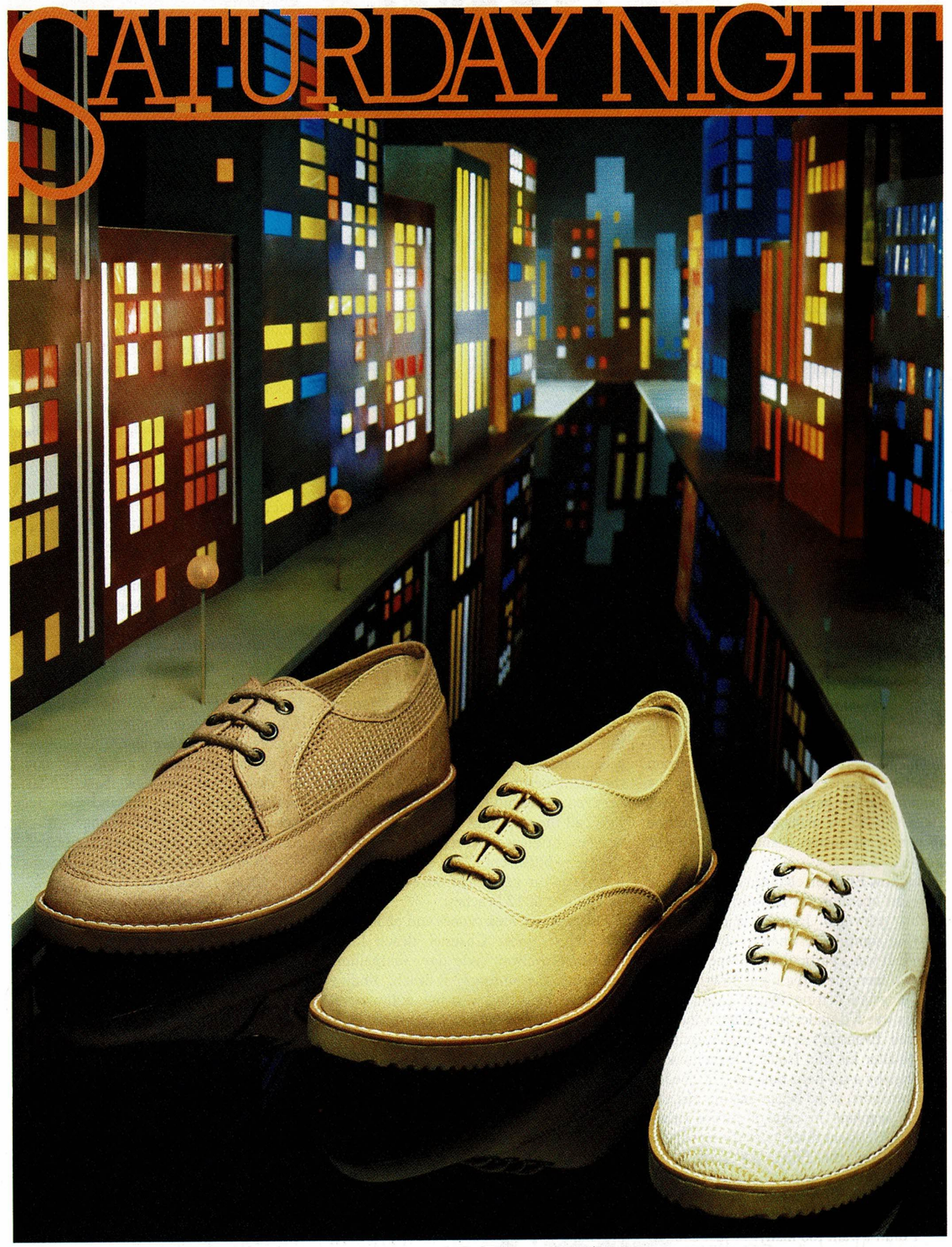
Fatherhood, middle age and a run of mediocrity may have combined to put Rod Stewart off the rock'n'roll rails, but with *Body Wishes* (Warner Bros) he has shown partial improvement. After working his ego and failures out on a few different band line-ups in the past seven years, the Tartan Narcissus settled on six players whose input extends to assisting with the writing.

You can forget about Rod ever resurrecting that likeable rough-arsed figure of the early '70s: he buried him back in Britain many moons ago. But at least he's out of silk disco pants and vaguely in touch with more traditional rock values. Baby Jane, in lyric and melody, is as close to recapturing his original style as anything he has done for a long while.

●

George Benson's *In Your Eyes* (Warner Bros) is a plush production with a credit list bordering on overkill. Despite the tendency to over-produce such fine individual talents as Benson, there is no disguising the guitarist's subtle appeal. He breezes in on the backs of old and new tunes, bolstered by a host of excellent supports.

— NEIL JAMESON



FRISCOS BY Grosby $19.99*

Canvas and mesh casuals available in natural, navy, bone, taupe, lemon, grey and sedge.

*Recommended retail price. FHF 2756

TRAVEL

I'm living out most people's fantasies — including my own," says the man in the deck-chair. He's gazing across the blue lagoon: the same one graced by libido-jolting Brooke Shields in the movie of that name. The scene is Turtle Island, part of the Yasawa Group in the Fiji islands; the man is Richard Evanson, who bought this 500-acre paradise 10 years ago.

There he was, and there was lucky old me sitting on the beach, imagining ghosts of Brooke running in the shallow, tropical water. . . The dream was interrupted by the arrival of my lady, bearing a glass of freshly blended coconut and pineapple juice, elevated to cocktail status by the addition of vodka.

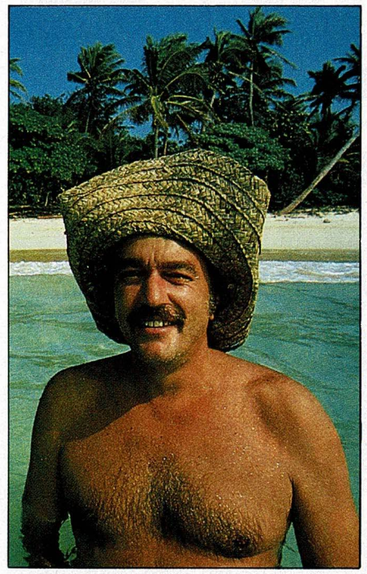
Evanson owns the place outright, or as outright as you can get for $500,000. He left behind his hectic existence as a millionaire businessman in Los Angeles. He made his money in cable television, sold the business, paid the tax man his share, and, in a gesture of finality, gave his first wife some of the remainder. That left him just $1.5 million to play with. Enter Turtle Island, an idyllic tropical lifestyle and new wife Joanna, from one of the nearby islands.

For the first seven years on Turtle, Richard splashed about the coral lagoons, building bures (Fijian-style huts), planting vegetables and generally getting used to being a virtual recluse. Instead of martinis, he now drinks kava, the mouth-numbing local drink made of certain roots.

One of the first men to work for Evanson was Joe, a native of the island across the lagoon. Joe has been on Turtle Island ever since, and is now manager of what must be the most exclusive island resort in the Pacific.

But how Evanson changed from a recluse to resort operator was literally an accident. A few years ago, Evanson and Joe were clearing some trees when a storm hit the island. It was a particularly savage one, and the two men spent the night strapped to a tree to avoid getting blown away. But a nearby tree fell under the violent wind and crushed Evanson's left foot; the accident was to alter his life. Isolated from modern facilities by a six-hour boat ride, he needed fast transport, so he began making plans to buy a seaplane in case of future emergencies. He spent three years trying to get a licence from the Fijian government for Turtle Airways. When he finally succeeded, he had already drawn up plans to share his private paradise with a few guests.

"I didn't want too many. . . just enough to keep me company, to make a little money, and to share the beauty of this place," Evanson told me. When we arrived, there were only three other guests on the island: a cosmopolitan couple from New York and the wife of an Australian film industry executive. Usually, guests come from Australia, New Zealand and England — many of them titled. At its most crowded, the island caters for about 20 guests, accommodated in Fijian bures built along the main beach with plenty of space in between. It doesn't feel like a typical resort. Sure, all the trappings are there — superb beaches, brilliant coral reef and wonderful climate — but essentially, it's a private place where you can get away from everyone else on any one of 12 beaches.



no man is an island. . . unless he owns it

One day, we took canoes and paddled to the southernmost Channel Beach for a relaxing, castaway style day, snorkelling, exploring the untouched beach, finding amazing shells and wearing nothing but suncream. It was as close as we could hope to get to being on a desert island, but there were some sophistications. For example, at 2pm the motor launch brought out chilled lobster salad and a small ice box with very cold white wine, beer and icy champagne. The launch returned later in the afternoon, which was just as well: sated by sun, food, wine and other pleasures, we were in no shape to paddle back.

Other excursions include walking across the island to Long Beach, with its pounding surf and silken sand, or to Devil's Beach, Shell Beach, or inland to the Stone God, a remnant of the filming of *Blue Lagoon*. (Evanson stipulated that the Stone God be left intact after filming.)

For those guests with whom Evanson finds a special rapport there is a special membership deal. If invited, you can secure preferential booking rights for any time at a special rate, plus a total of five weeks for two, including the seaplane costs. The membership to cover all that is currently $8,150. To date, there are some 65 couples who have joined, and Richard aims for just 35 more.

Turtle Island has its own generator and modern plumbing, but lighting is restricted to the interior of buildings. At night, guests carry lanterns, which add to the magic atmosphere.

During the week we were there, we never had the same meal twice, and chef Mani's cooking is as good as it is varied. What's more, meals are served at the civilised hours of 9-10am, 2pm and 9pm. We all sat around the one table, just like a dinner party, with efficient and warm service from the Fijian girls. And best of all, it is all included in the total price, and once on the island money is unnecessary. There is none of the gaucherie of buying people "rounds" of drinks. Everything you want — from drinks 24 hours a day, to snorkelling or sailboarding — is included in the $120 per person per day fee.

In our bure, a large fan circulated air, the fridge was filled daily with wine, beer, soft drinks, champagne and fresh tropical fruit. The bathroom had all the mod cons, including towels and pillows enough for a siege. Nothing had been forgotten —sprays, sun creams and lotions, are stocked under the basin. And the view from the large louvred windows was gold sand, palm trees, expanses of water which change with the time of day from deep cobalt to sunset red to moonlit silver. Guests in this setting often form lasting friendships.

"I want to provide a unique experience here," says Evanson. "I could make a commercial decision to put up 500 rooms, but that is not what I want. I would not like that." Besides, he recognises that it would destroy the exclusive atmosphere. There are no roads, newspapers or television but there is a video recorder and small library (which does include *Blue Lagoon*).

He may have dropped out of the rat race, but Richard Evanson is not one for doing things by half. In the 1983 edition of the "Bible" of the hotel business, *Harpers and Queens' 300 Best Hotels In The World*, Turtle Island Lodge is now listed. And it doesn't even have a commissionaire.

TRAVEL FACTS: From Nadi, Turtle Airways operates at passengers' convenience; the flight takes 30 minutes and costs $120 return. For further details contact your travel agent or Fiji Visitors' Bureau, (02) 231 4251.

— ANDREW L. URBAN

BERMUDAS BY **Grosby** FROM $19.99*

Canvas and mesh casuals with rope foxing and crepe soles. Available in natural, navy, grey, lemon and mushroom in both men's and youth's sizes.

*Recommended retail price. FHF 2755

Extra polish from the Polish

...and now you know the name.

Wyborowa (pronounced vee-bor-ova).

One of the easiest party mixers you'll ever meet. Everyone who enjoys a Bloody Mary should experience it with a Wyborowa base. It's the vodka that makes the real difference.
Some Vodkas (like most Vodka drinkers) do have taste. Wyborowa is proof of that.

Distributed by Burns Philp

AB1832/82

BP8117

A guided tour of Great Polish Vodka

According to Pablo Picasso, "the three most astonishing things in the past half-century were the blues, cubism and Polish Vodka".

Even more astonishing is the incredible variety of these great vodkas, world renowned yet so little known in Australia.

A Lively Spirit

Described as "the luxury vodka", Luksusowa is distilled from potato spirit and specially refined.

A crystal clear vodka, its smooth, mellow taste has just a hint of aroma.

Made in 45° strength, Luksusowa is superb straight and well chilled or with ice in long drinks and cocktails.

When you know your Polish Vodka, you'll know some of life's most legendary experiences.

luksusowa

The Mellow Vodka

Krakus Vodka is one of the most exceptionally mellow vodkas you could ever taste.

An extra refined vodka, distilled from selected Polish rye grains, Krakus takes its name from the ancient Polish capital, Krakow.

It certainly is a capital vodka for cocktails, or served well chilled in small glasses with hors d'oeuvres, or light fish and meat dishes.

KRAKUS

The No.1 Pure Vodka

The world famous, award-winning Polish vodka is Wodka Wyborowa, distilled from special varieties of Polish rye grain.

Its age-old recipe is still a closely guarded secret. It possesses a very subtle, delicate sweetness, yet it is known that no sugar is added.

Its almost imperceptible taste is quite original and its purity crystal clear.

In Poland you would drink it neat, well chilled to about 0°C in small glasses, served with cold meat, fish and hors d'oeuvres.

Try it with soda water, mineral water or fruit juice.

WÓDKA WYBOROWA

A Touch of Grass

One of the world's most unusual vodkas is surely Zubrowka, uniquely aromatic with a delicate flavour, distilled from Bison grass.

This wild grass grows in the glades of Bialowieza Forest, Eastern Poland, one of the few places in Europe where herds of bison still roam free.

This translucent vodka has a natural, pale yellowish-green colour and a single blade of Bison grass is immersed in every bottle.

Somerset Maugham described it in his famous novel, "The Razor's Edge": "It smells of freshly mown hay and spring flowers, of thyme and lavender, and it is so soft on the palate and so comfortable, it is like listening to music by moonlight".

Zubrowka Vodka is the favourite drink of hunters after a day's shoot and some believe it imparts the bison's strength.

ZUBRÓWKA

Pick the Cherry Vodka

If you love Polish cherry brandy, then Wisniowka Cherry Vodka is for you.

Aromatic Polish cherries are specially grown to give Wisniowka its deep cherry colour and semi-sweet cherry flavour.

It's a great ladies' drink, served at room temperature with coffee, cakes and desserts.

Yet, while it's fruity and full of cherry taste, it is not too sweet and makes a perfect vodka cocktail base. Mix with French vermouth, a dash of Bacardi and a slice of lemon for starters! Or drink it the Traditional way — icy cold!

Wisniówka

Polmos
POLISH VODKAS
distributed by Burns Philp

BP1456
AB 2320/83

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROBERT MULDOON

a candid conversation with new zealand's pugnacious prime minister about trans-tasman affairs, gung-ho reporters and being top kiwi

LIKE MANY a journalistic tale, this one includes a larger-than-life cabbie. On a characteristically cold, wet New Zealand night, PLAYBOY Contributing Editor ***Chris Pritchard*** *arrived at Auckland International Airport, his bags bulging with Muldooniana files. The cabbie, a middle-aged Maori of vast girth, switched from smiles to sadness when, in conversation, he learned Pritchard was a journalist. "On a story, mate?" he queried. "Yeah," Pritchard mumbled. "You poor bugger," said the cabbie. "There's nothing here 'cept bloody Muldoon."*

New Zealand needs a coat of paint. Its largest city, Auckland, shows signs of neglect brought on by tough economic times. Nevertheless, the somnolence of New Zealand cities is changing. Shops now open part of the weekend but, despite dire warnings from the Federation of Labor, the fabric of society hasn't perished. Downtown areas have lost some of their Stalinist architecture. In its place you find modern malls filled with innovative fashions, a surprisingly high proportion of which bear "Made In New Zealand" tags. Tucked away, nightclubs boogie almost to dawn these days.

The impression is that the trend would have been accelerated were it not for the country's economic ill-health. Overall, those New Zealanders who haven't moved to Bondi are coping remarkably well, considering the realities of recession. The bombardment of ideas from outside is having a refreshing impact, even though it is resisted by those who see it as an ugly encroachment of capitalism — an influx of frivolous ideas from North America or Australia. The lush Kiwi countryside, unaffected in its unique beauty and immune to the chill winds of economic change, evokes the memory of a spray-painted message on a Sydney wall: "Keep New Zealand Green — Tell Them Nothing!"

Over all this — and pinning his hopes of economic recovery at least partly on a pioneering petrol-from-methane project now under development — presides Prime Minister Robert David Muldoon, born on September 25, 1921, a ministerial veteran who has been National Party Prime Minister since 1975. A portly man, he's irked by the nickname "Piggy" so favored in the Australian media. He's correct in saying the porcine label isn't generally heard in New Zealand these days — even from his political enemies, of whom there are many.

Muldoon joined the National Party to oppose socialism — but also found true love. His wife-to-be, Thea, was also a recently-enrolled regular at party meetings and in 1951, they were married. Thea Muldoon had been a company secretary and shared her husband's professional interest in accountancy. The Muldoon practice thrived and the young politician soon became a spokesman for his country's chartered accountants.

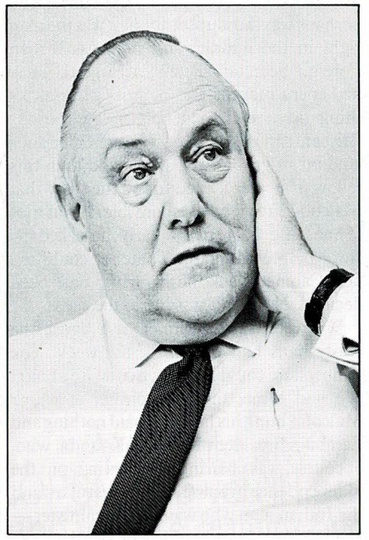
The Muldoons shared an interest in horticulture (Thea also developed a passion for ikebana). The couple raised two daughters, Barbara and Jennifer, and a son, Gavin. All three young Muldoons have married and the Prime Minister and his wife presently have three grandchildren, the smallest born this year.

Robert Muldoon twice ran unsuccessfully for Parliament before winning the Auckland suburban seat of Tamaki in 1960. He still retains it. In Parliament he swiftly moved to the helm of a group known as the "Young Turks" which was intent on wresting party power from a lacklustre old guard.

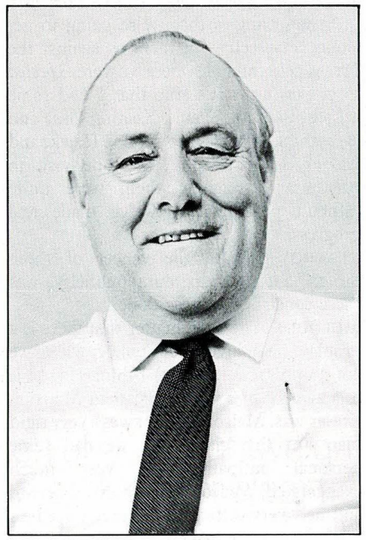
All the "Young Turks" subsequently became ministers but their commitment to Muldoon's leadership is not uniformly unquestioning. Muldoon became finance minister in 1967, promising "flexible" policies and advocating regular small economic policy adjustments through the year on the ground that it could be damaging to wait to announce changes in the next budget speech. His critics maintain he is merely rationalising his inability to formulate workable long-term economic policies, and that the nation suffers while Muldoon — pottering, as if among his much-loved lilies — tries first this, then that remedy for New Zealand's economic ills. His current pay-and-prices freeze has put the brake on inflation but opponents argue that stagnation still languishes untreated.

Muldoon remains as pugnacious as ever — grappling with Australia over Canberra's refusal to open the country's doors to New Zealand investors without first applying the

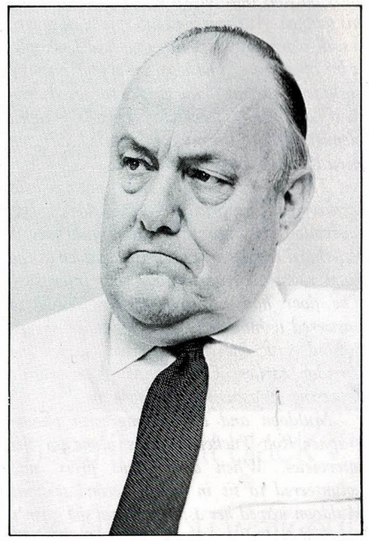
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROB TUCKER



"In politics, if you never offend anybody, you never say anything. . . you end up with a nothing."



"(Andrew Peacock) was foreign minister going to the UN and he was in jeans, a gold chain around his neck. . . he looked beautiful."



"When the Queen had these walkabouts, the stock expression of these little Maori kids was 'Gidday, Queen!'"

same checks and balances with which companies based in other foreign nations have to comply.

Muldoon's boots-and-all approach to politics has made him probably the most colorful politician in the Pacific region. His earthiness, and apparent willingness to "shoot from the hip", earn him headlines and controversy seemingly on demand. Muldoon, the populist mouse that roared, earlier this year confronted Australia head-on over the question of allowing more New Zealand investment into Australia, even threatening drastic retaliation along the lines of heaving Aussie companies — some with long and impressive records in New Zealand — out of that country. Over sports links with racist South Africa he faced united Commonwealth ire and, somehow, emerged buffeted but not totally battered.

In the hours spent with Muldoon, both in his suite at Auckland's South Pacific Hotel and in his office at Parliament overlooking much of the capital, Wellington, PLAYBOY obtained a detailed Muldoon's-eye view of key issues, particularly as regards Australia — peppered with pithy, and often funny, recollections about Australian leaders.

Observes PLAYBOY's Chris Pritchard: "There are qualities you have to admire. Politically, his back's to the wall in New Zealand. But, though Muldoon undoubtedly sees himself as an elder statesman, he hasn't lost his streetfighting skills. He plays for keeps — and he has by no means lost to Labor yet. The New Zealand election will be late next year — and Muldoon will be wily as hell in trying to hold on to office. He's a cunning, old-style political survivor — and I found myself respecting that.

"He was immaculate at the first interview, a relaxed Saturday meeting. He wore well-tailored grey trousers and a plain white shirt. He several times rearranged his tie to cover shirt buttons that gaped under pressure from his paunch. At the second interview, he was in a well-worn navy blue suit that had developed a bit of a shine. The wool on one of his grey socks was starting to unravel at the top. It was as if he was in his workaday overalls — in his element in his office, in control and having no need to make any special effort.

"The low-key New Zealand approach to security is surprising these days. It's marvellous they can still do things that way," Pritchard reports. "There was a knock at the hotel room door during our first interview. The door had no spyhole. But Muldoon answered it himself to accept a letter. I had noticed just one policewoman down the corridor earlier. Clearly, Muldoon wasn't expecting an assassin that morning.

"Muldoon and I — along with photographer Rob Tucker — were alone for the interviews. When a cautious press aide volunteered to sit in on the second session, Muldoon waved her aside and said she wasn't required."

Muldoon had been up through the night before the first PLAYBOY interview, watching Wimbledon tennis on television. Live sports coverage from overseas on New Zealand television often doesn't start until 3am — sometimes, as the Prime Minister explained, with bizarre complications:

MULDOON: If you've got the All Blacks playing in Britain in a Test you *wait up*. You have a party and wait up. That's typical in this country. I must confess that I don't do it — I go to bed early and put an alarm on and get up. In fact, I think I've still got a scar over the eye [*laughs*]. I got up for the All Blacks against Wales two or three years ago and I didn't have the alarm on that night. I can usually wake up fairly well if I want to. I didn't want to disturb my wife so I didn't put the light on and I walked into the door [*laughs*]. I watched this Wales match on television with blood oozing out of my eye.

PLAYBOY: A hard one to explain in Parliament the following day.

MULDOON: Well, yes.

PLAYBOY: If we could start with something topical, do you think there's a retrograde movement as far as closer economic relations with Australia are concerned, and with regard to relations in general between the two countries?

If you've got the All Blacks playing in Britain in a Test you wait up. *You have a party and wait up. That's typical in this country.*

MULDOON: No, no, I don't. I think probably the opposite, in that you've now got a Labor government in Australia. My present feeling is that we're going to get along very well with them as against the Fraser government, where we were *expected* to get on well. It's true that I had some difficulty with Paul Keating but on everything I discussed with Bob Hawke and Lionel Bowen during the June visit to Australia — some of them were quite difficult problems — we've made real progress.

PLAYBOY: Beneath the veneer of those things that got maximum publicity, was there constructive work done?

MULDOON: The only matter that there is a problem on is investment policy, where we got no progress. . . (But) I think Hawke is much more of a pragmatist than Malcolm Fraser was. Malcolm Fraser was a very rigid man but this claim that we had some personal antipathy was very much exaggerated. Malcolm is a reserved person and he's very difficult to change once he's made up his mind. Well, that being so, on a number of subjects over the years, we just did not agree.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying Malcolm Fraser regularly sent you letters which you didn't have time to read.

MULDOON: Well, it wasn't quite like that. You can say exactly the same thing about a subject and get quite a different meaning. The way you said it is literally correct, but gives the wrong impression. What happened was that he said that he had written to me and I said, "Yes, I think he has, but I haven't had time to read it yet," which is a different inflection and I've got a feeling that, at the time, it was written up as though I didn't read Malcolm's letters [*laughs*].

PLAYBOY: Or that you were being absolutely snowed under with his letters.

MULDOON: Actually, he wrote me very infrequently. Malcolm's interest is in foreign affairs, defence and that kind of thing rather than the economy. Mine is with the economy rather than with those great international matters. And as a result, we were perhaps working at rather different levels. I had a good relationship with Malcolm in spite of disagreements on various things. The one thing that did cause trouble was one press secretary that he had, who must be nameless for public purposes, who, at international conferences, had this curious idea he could build up Malcolm, his Prime Minister, by putting down other Prime Ministers. And he didn't just do it to me, he did it to others as well, including notably Margaret Thatcher at the Commonwealth Meeting in Lusaka, which was a very stupid thing to do.

PLAYBOY: Through leaking certain things to the press?

MULDOON: Through leaking information and giving stories to the press that weren't true about how well Malcolm had done and what an idiot Muldoon had made of himself.

PLAYBOY: It was the initiative about Zimbabwean independence, wasn't it?

MULDOON: Exactly, and the one who perhaps was most upset about it was the man right in the middle, and that was British Foreign Secretary Peter Carrington. They had spent months and months getting this thing tidy, sending people to the various African capitals. There was a tremendous amount of groundwork done and then this fellow of Fraser's tried to sell the story that Malcolm Fraser was responsible. It was a lot of nonsense. More particularly, he leaked the story before Margaret Thatcher could tell her Cabinet back home what had been decided. Now, this was big to the press.

We were having dinner at a house the Australians had rented for the week. The atmosphere could have been cut with a knife. We had a meeting after dinner at which Malcolm hung his head and said nothing and Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda, who, of course, was chairing the meeting, put the independence proposals to the rest of us, and the Indian man who was foreign minister — and he'd only been in office for a week since a change of government — was *furious* about the leak. The rest of us were angry but he was furious.

Walk into any branch of OPSM and you'll find the pick of the world's quality eyewear.
Like these Playboy sunglasses designed in Europe with lightweight lenses in matt black or clear frames.
We'll make sure you walk out looking good. OPSM
OPS/6166

The Australians had a walkie-talkie inside the meeting and a walkie-talkie outside the meeting and details were given to the press by the Australian — that Malcolm had been responsible for this great breakthrough. Now that it was out in the press, we had to have (another) meeting called hastily and Kenneth Kaunda put it in front of us. I spoke and said it was a thoroughly bad business and we should have time to consider it. Obviously, the proposals were likely to be acceptable but this was not the way to do it. It was a thoroughly bad business.

And then Kenneth, in a rather African way, said: "Well, it's late. All agreed, eh? We go home" [*imitating an African accent*]. I guess that's the way they do business in the Zambian cabinet [*laughs*]. But there wasn't anything else we could do because we were all going to agree, obviously. I really started by talking about these Australian press people. They do that time and time again.

There was another incident earlier to do with the Gleneagles Agreement over sports links with South Africa. This press secretary told some story to the press that Fraser was going to tidy Muldoon up on the question of sporting contact with South Africa. This was before I even *got* to London. Then the story came out that there had been a violent row between Fraser and myself over the dinner table. I guess we very quietly talked about this issue and said well, you know, you've got a certain view and I've got a different view and we'll talk about it later and no more than that. And certainly not even raised our voices. And this came out the following day — the violent row.

PLAYBOY: Since we were talking about your relationship with Malcolm Fraser, what about other Australians — and Australian politicians? With whom have you got on best and, perhaps, not as well?

MULDOON: We normally get on very well with Australian politicians because — what shall I say? — we've grown up in a very similar environment. It's changing a bit now, but when we were young we took a great interest in, for example, Australian cricket in the Tests against England, and so on, even though it wasn't until after World War II that Australia was prepared to give us our first full Test.

In some ways, Australia and New Zealand were closer when I was a boy than they are today, because Australia has now changed ethnically with a fairly high level of southern European migrants, whereas we've changed ethnically with a high level of Polynesian migrants to add to the Maoris in New Zealand. So, we're becoming ethnically different populations. I don't think we're moving apart except that one can see the differences in lifestyle now that weren't there 50 years ago, when I was a boy. But I couldn't point to one Australian politician where I would have been critical — oh, yes, I could, only one.

PLAYBOY: Who was the one, the exception?

MULDOON: When I was out of office, I went to the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association Conference in London in 1973, representing New Zealand. I was Deputy Leader of the Opposition at that time. The conference was opened in Westminster Hall, you know, the old hall at the Palace of Westminster in the Parliament buildings. It had this great platform that they built where they had the Queen, the British Prime Minister and representatives of each Parliament on the stage and all the rest of the delegates down in the body of the hall. They decreed that the dress would be morning dress for those on the platform. And there was one Australian, a Labor member of Parliament who subsequently became a minister in the Whitlam government, who said, "Not bloody likely. You're not going to get me in bloody morning dress."

If it'd been my delegation, I'd have said to the bloke: "Okay, well let somebody go on the platform who *is* prepared to wear morning dress. I mean, after all, it is the *Queen* and if that's the way to do it, let's *do* it" [*laughs*]. But what happened was that one member of the British parliamentary delegation and one member of the House of Lords had to come along in lounge suits so that this Australian wouldn't be conspicuous. And everybody else was in morning dress on the platform.

PLAYBOY: They knew about it in advance?

MULDOON: Yeah, well he just told the CPA secretary: "You won't get me in bloody morning dress!" Now that's socialist egalitarianism carried to a ridiculous extreme.

PLAYBOY: Just to make a point.

MULDOON: Exactly. And all it did was make people feel uncomfortable and embarrassed.

PLAYBOY: Can we say who he is?

MULDOON: No, no I'd rather not. But those who were involved would know. But I don't think that there'd be anything like that in the Hawke government. I mean, I gave a black-tie dinner in Canberra during my June visit to Australia and there was nobody there in a lounge suit [*laughs*]. I think we've grown out of that and this man was one of the real old-timers. I have to say that when I was sworn in as a privy councillor some years ago at Windsor Castle, and Michael Foot was Lord President of the (Privy) Council at that time, he turned up dressed as usual and the one thing that I can remember from the occasion is I looked at Michael Foot's shoes and I said to myself: "He hasn't shined them since the day he *bought* them" [*laughs*]. And that was Lord President of the Council at Windsor Castle, in the presence of the Queen. Of course, he did affect that style.

PLAYBOY: David Frost had a joke about Michael Foot being best dressed man of the year — and the year was 1930.

MULDOON: I'm very sorry for Michael Foot because I sat next to him at lunch that day and I found him a charming person. I give him credit for absolute sincerity in his political views, even when many of them were *wildly* unpopular. I regard him as a man of integrity, compassion and dedication but, you know, decades out of date in his studied untidiness.

PLAYBOY: It seems a very British thing, in a sense. They could get away with it there, whereas in the United States, for example, it wouldn't. . .

MULDOON: But I think it's passe — it goes back to the '30s.

PLAYBOY: But what about the opposite attitude to dress? For example, people such as Pierre Trudeau — perhaps not so much now — and also Andrew Peacock?

MULDOON: Yeah, of course they have their own style. Trudeau dresses in a very distinctive manner — not untidy but beautifully — and he wears a flower in his buttonhole. Andrew dresses, or used to, at the very least in a style that identified him with the younger rather than the older element in Australian society. I saw him coming along at Sydney Airport one day when I was coming in and he was going out. He was foreign minister going to the UN and he was in jeans [*laughs*], open shirt, a blue denim jacket and a beautiful gold chain around his neck. You could hardly see the British foreign secretary going off to the UN dressed like that. I mean, that's Andrew, and he looked beautiful. I like Andrew very much.

PLAYBOY: Any more thoughts on Hawke?

MULDOON: Bob Hawke and I get along very well. He's a pragmatic socialist and it's the doctrinaire socialists that I have difficulty with. There are not too many of them around now, of course.

PLAYBOY: Hawke seems to be keeping them at bay, so far.

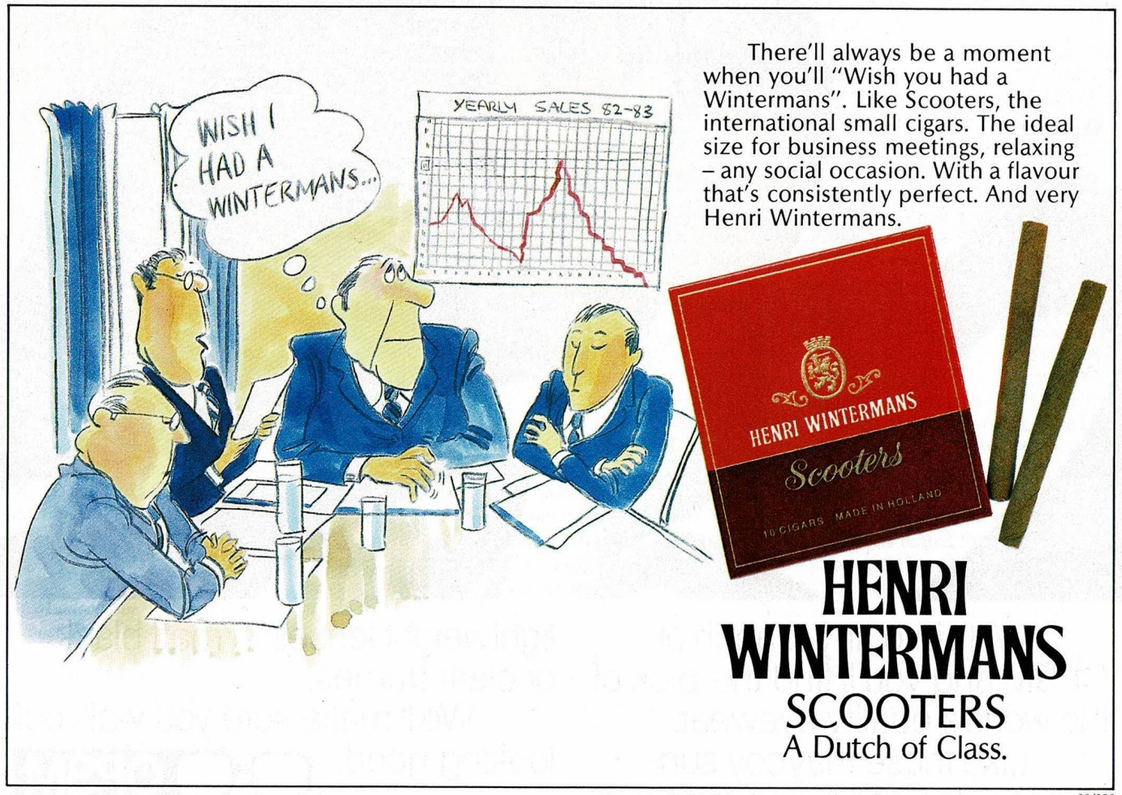
MULDOON: Oh, absolutely. If we went back to 20 years ago when I first came to politics, back in the early '60s, there still were a few doctrinaire socialists around. And most Labor politicians — certainly in New Zealand — would run a mile rather than utter the word "socialism".

PLAYBOY: It was hardly ever mentioned in this year's Australian election campaign. And, certainly, Hawke in his statements seems to have been distancing himself from the French experience as well.

MULDOON: Well, they, of course, are different and in Europe I think socialism as socialism is still a factor in politics. And the Mitterand government has proved that in the economic sense it's a non-starter. The theory is that a recession is the time when socialist policies should work. But all they've done in France in the past two years is put a bad position into a state of chaos.

PLAYBOY: An area of difference between Australia and New Zealand is the monarchy-versus-republic issue. It's unlikely there'd be a republic in New Zealand, but what about Australia?

MULDOON: The Australians with common sense would do one simple step by way of analysis and say: "If we have a President as against the Queen, with the state system and a written constitution, is it not likely to be



There'll always be a moment when you'll "Wish you had a Wintermans". Like Scooters, the international small cigars. The ideal size for business meetings, relaxing – any social occasion. With a flavour that's consistently perfect. And very Henri Wintermans.

HENRI WINTERMANS
SCOOTERS
A Dutch of Class.

20/223

As much room as a boring car.

The Renault Fuego has ample room for four big adults, and their luggage, with European handling and performance. So it's as practical as many saloons. But a lot less boring. RENAULT FUEGO

Renault Importers (A Division of LNC Industries Limited.)

Doyle Dane Bernbach 2798.230

worse than what happened between former Governor-General Sir John Kerr and Gough Whitlam?" That's very simple thinking and doesn't require a great deal of intelligence, just a bit of common sense.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned once that you thought the Australian state system was unnecessary, a situation of over-government.

MULDOON: Yes, I believe that.

PLAYBOY: You don't think it's too large a country to be centralised?

MULDOON: No, and the logic in what I say is that the state system was set up at a time when travel and communication were much more difficult than they are today. Today the whole world's shrunk and a country, even one the size of Australia, has shrunk to the point where I believe the disadvantages of a state system would outweigh the advantages. The disadvantages are the disparate laws, rules and all kinds of things that are within the power of the states — state by state — around what is a very low-population country.

PLAYBOY: What about the monarchy as it relates to New Zealand?

MULDOON: Well, New Zealand and the question of a republic: the interesting thing here, which is not generally observed, is that the Maori people in New Zealand — and even the Pacific Islanders — have a very, very deep and ingrained respect for the tradition of the monarchy. There's a very, very deeply embedded acceptance of the monarchy. When the Queen came out and had these walkabouts, the stock expression of the little Maori kids as you went past was "Gidday, Queen! Gidday, Queen!" [*Laughs*] You know, eyes sticking out like this! And, very much, she fits into the Maori tradition of the hierarchy of the family and, right at the very top, the paramount chief.

PLAYBOY: While on the subject of royal tours, this is something which didn't get much publicity in Australia, but wasn't there something of a clash between you and a British journalist during the 1983 tour by Prince Charles and Princess Diana?

MULDOON: Oh, there was an *Australian* journalist involved in this and it appeared in *The Australian*. I was *sure* that the background to all of this was that they'd been following the Royal family for weeks and it was terribly difficult to get a new story. This was the tail-end of the New Zealand tour. So if you send the story that the Princess had a walkabout in Christchurch and there were lots of schoolchildren, flags and lots of people taking photographs and it was a bit drizzly, but everybody was there with bright happy smiles and so on, you'd be saying exactly what you'd said three times before at least, even to the drizzle. And so this bright boy had a new angle that the Prime Minister was too much in evidence and the Prime Minister was waving to the crowds and shaking hands and so on, and trying to make political capital out of the tour — and that this had come from a member of the Royal entourage. There was a great tizz in the Royal entourage. They were terribly upset, as was the Prince of Wales, because it hadn't come from them. There was a whip around: "Has anybody spoken to this bloke *at all* on *any* subject?" None of them had. One of the journalists who was following the tour was a very good friend of mine. This particular journalist was in a bar the night of the story when this chap Arnold (London *Sun* Royal-watcher Harry Arnold) told it to this fellow, who printed it in *The Australian*. But somebody said, "Is that right?" and the fellow (Arnold) said something to the effect: "Well it's a good story, isn't it and, after all, I'm a member of the Royal entourage." The fact of the matter was that it was something Arnold had made up himself. The reason that I did spend more time with this party than I have with any other Royal tour was that I was nervous about the Princess on her first tour, and everybody was. She got through it extremely well. But I thought, well, she's been to Australia and it would be a hard tour over there and I'd like to be on hand on the big occasions, just in case there's anything that goes wrong and we need to make a quick decision.

We had the experience in Christchurch, about half-an-hour before the walkabout was to start, that the police commissioner, Bob Walton, came in to see me and said: "We've got a problem, sir. We've been told by the British police that an IRA terrorist who was recently released from jail has, they think, just come to New Zealand and he's in Christchurch. We're worried that he might be targeting the Prince of Wales, and we can't find him. Should we go ahead with the walkabout?" Now, obviously, if it had been a more junior minister that would have been a tough question, and this was exactly the kind of thing that I had in mind.

We talked about it, and I asked him what his security was and he told me he had people on every building, he had plain-clothes people all the way along, everybody had been mobilised on this short route of about quarter-of-a-mile that they were going to walk down and I said: "Well, look, if he's here and you can't get him, it's going to be very hard to stop him. But you've taken every possible precaution, I think that you should go ahead and I'll accept the responsibility." It went ahead and about 15 minutes after the walk started, Bob Walton came up to me and said: "Oh, we've found him, sir. It's all right." And they had found this fellow. It turned out the message was correct. It was exactly what they said, except that he had come to Christchurch to attend his sister's wedding.

Now, why I'm telling you all this is (to explain) why I was spending so much time in the main centres (on the Royal tour). On a walkabout, we'd be perhaps 30 metres behind (the Royal couple) so as to not get in the way of the cameras and other people on either side of the road and then, after they'd gone past, the ladies and the kids would say, "Oh, there's the Prime Minister [*imitating a little old lady's voice*] — "Gidday, Rob!" and you'd say, "Gidday!" and they'd say,

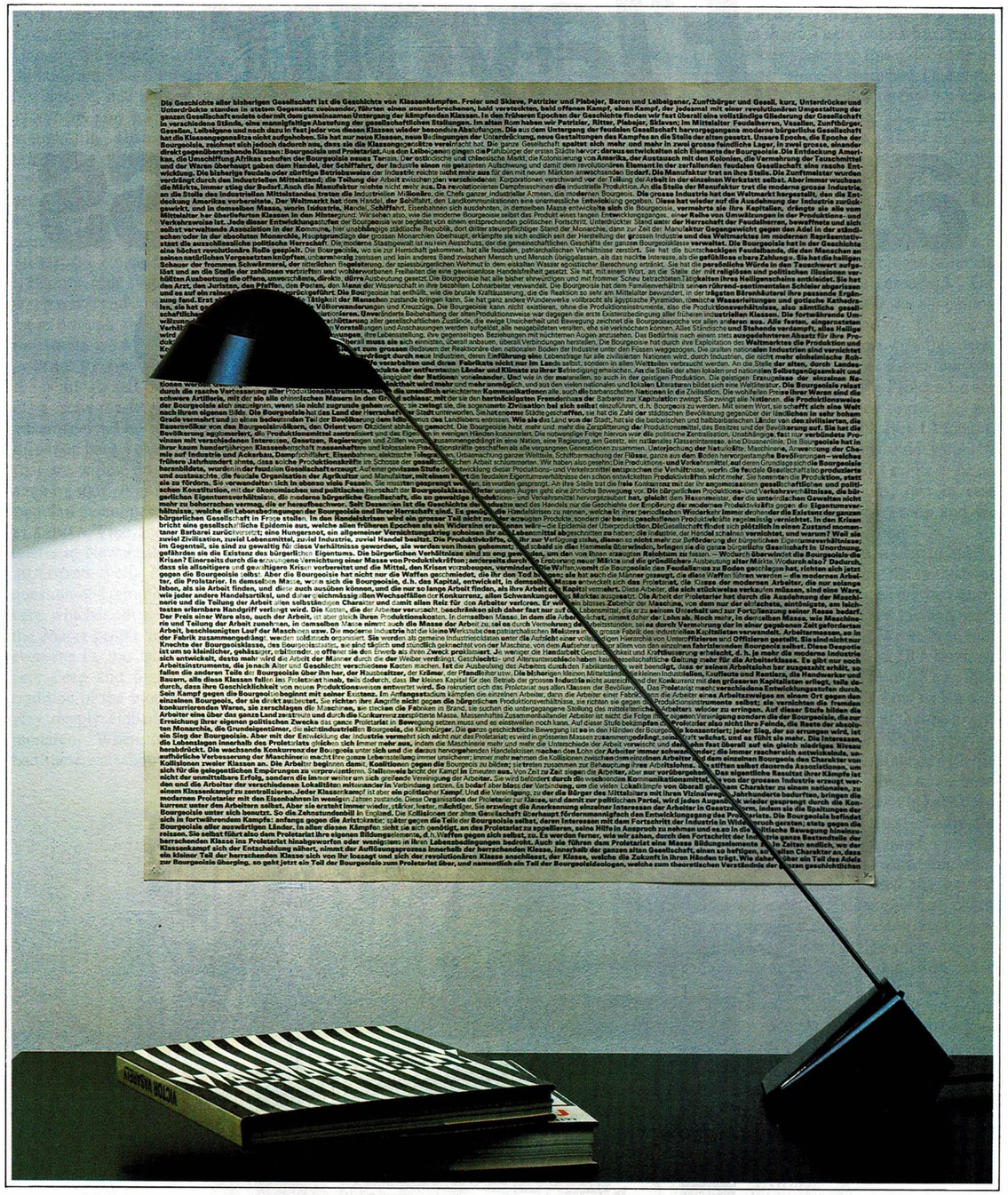
"You want to know how many guys I've made it with? You mean ever, *or since our last date?"*

Flavour and mildness rolled into one.

New Drum Mild.

The flavour and satisfaction of Drum, now in a mild version too.

010PO13



ARREDORAMA

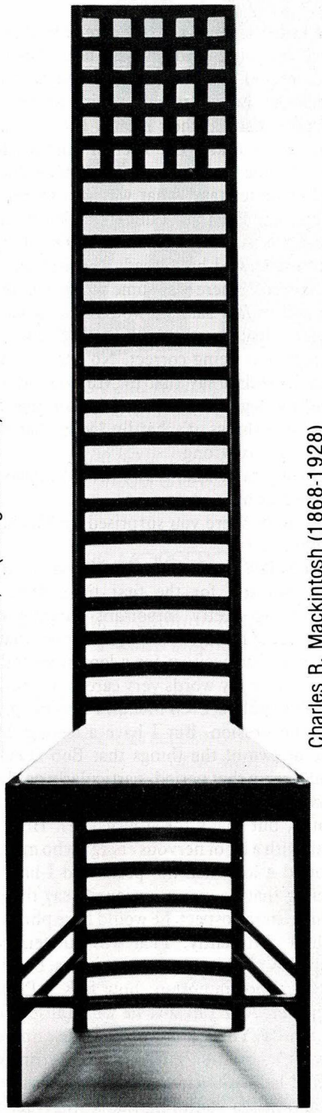
SHOWCASE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT FURNITURE

SYDNEY: CNR. PARRAMATTA ROAD AND ROSS ST, GLEBE, NSW • PHONE 692 9500.
MELBOURNE: 258 GLENFERRIE ROAD, MALVERN, VICTORIA • PHONE 509 9344.
GOLDCOAST: 7 GATEWAY DRIVE, LABRADOR, QUEENSLAND • PHONE 37 4644.

DK2.225

Flos: Ipotenusa Table lamp, with halogen bulb. Designed by Achille Castigioni.

Cassina



292 HILL HOUSE, 1 (Designed 1902) Charles R. Mackintosh (1868-1928)

ITALY'S FINEST FURNITURE

Available at several addresses in Rome and Milan, and now at these magnificent Australian showrooms:

ARREDORAMA

SYDNEY:
Cnr. Parramatta Rd and Ross St, Glebe (02) 692 9500
MELBOURNE:
258 Glenferrie Rd, Malvern (03) 509 9344
GOLD COAST:
7 Gateway Drive, Labrador (075) 37 4644

DK2.233

"Come and shake hands." So you'd go over and shake hands with them all and they'd take your photograph. I've had about half-a-dozen photographs sent to me since the tour from people who took the photo during the walkabout and said, "Thought you'd like to have one of these photos we took when you came and shook hands with me." It's all good fun. And of course we do that in a country like this.

But I went to London at the beginning of May and at my press conference in London, some fellow said, "Tell us about this story that was published in the London *Sun* — I gather you weren't very happy with it." I said, "Oh, this bloke's just a ratbag." So this fellow who asked the question with a typical English voice, he said: "Prime Minister, what is a ratbag?" [*imitates plummy English accent*]. And I said: "Well, it's an Australian term actually [*laughs*] — if you want to get a translation, go to the Australian High Commission." So, anyway, I think he looked it up and published what I said. But before I left London somebody gave me a cutting from the *Sun* and Arnold is the court reporter of the *Sun*, you see. He's constantly chasing up scurrilous stories about the Royal family. . .

PLAYBOY: Harry Arnold?

MULDOON: Harry Arnold! The day I left London he had a headline: "Queen Gives Andy And Koo Love-Nest", by Harry "Ratbag" Arnold [*laughs*]. Apparently, the Queen had given Andrew a cottage on one of the estates to spend the weekend in. It was alleged he had taken this lady up there with him and so that was the story of the day in the *Sun*.

PLAYBOY: Presumably he explained how he earned the nickname "Ratbag".

MULDOON: Oh well, I guess he previously published a story which I missed — you know, "Prime Minister Calls Me A Ratbag" sort of thing.

PLAYBOY: In the Australian press, when you visit Australia, you're regarded as eminently quotable. You tend to shoot from the hip.

MULDOON: It's not deliberate, it's habit. Maybe I adopt a style in New Zealand and Australia which is a little different from some Australian politicians in that I don't equivocate, I don't beat about the bush. I do my homework. I find it very much easier to say what I think and battle out the consequences. In politics, if you never offend anybody, you never say anything. If you're going to say something, you're going to offend somebody. If you've got an issue and you try to walk down the middle on it, you end up with a nothing. I have always adopted the opposite tactic that if there is an issue, I have a good look at it, I decide which side I'm on and then I *say* so. That's why newspapers like to quote what I say because they know they've got something that newspapers *love*, a controversy.

PLAYBOY: The most extensive coverage in Australia, apart from your June 1983 visit, was during the 1981 Commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting in Melbourne, when it was suggested by some people that you and Lee Kuan Yew (Singapore Prime Minister) each had little patience with many of the Third World leaders. Is this true?

MULDOON: On that occasion it's certainly true, because they were going to get stuck into me over sports contacts with South Africa and I went over there armed with some very well-researched material on human rights in Commonwealth Third World nations.

And I was ready to give chapter and verse to every one of them on human rights in their own countries.

PLAYBOY: With whom, among those leaders, would you have the most rapport? On a personal level, you seem to speak quite affectionately of (Zambian President) Kenneth Kaunda.

MULDOON: Oh well, they're all jolly people and they all came up to me one by one and said, "Rob, we're not going to have a fight, are we? We've got to say these kinds of things, you know, in public, but we're not going to have a fight, are we?" I said, "No, we're not going to have a fight unless you start it." There were perhaps six or eight of them who said almost exactly what I just said to you. On that one I certainly was not going to have them tackling me, either in public or private, on the issue of New Zealand's attitude to sports contacts with South Africa in the human rights sense — because this country's record is better than any of them in that field. Around the Commonwealth over the years I have been closest to Harry Lee (Kuan Yew) and, of course, Margaret Thatcher, both of whom are people very much after my style. Harry Lee has very little to say at international conferences. He just thinks it isn't worth the effort.

PLAYBOY: Bob Hawke tends to be compared somewhat to Lee Kuan Yew, who, after all, is a socialist in name. Do you think it's a valid comparison?

MULDOON: I think it's too early to say in terms of his actions in government and too early for me to say in terms of my knowledge of him — because my knowledge of Bob Hawke is very, very recent and very slight. But I know Harry Lee very well and Harry Lee is a tough guy in Singapore, but away from Singapore he doesn't really think it's worth the effort getting involved in arguments at international conferences.

PLAYBOY: On moral issues?

MULDOON: On any kind of issue. He goes along and listens and if asked his opinion, he will give it but he won't get into one of these controversial issues.

PLAYBOY: But what's the real story behind the famous "taxidermist" incident concerning Nigerian President Shehu Shagari at CHOGM in 1981?

MULDOON: That was one that really got a bit mixed up in the telling but I was asked and the fellow involved was not the President of Nigeria at all, he was a fellow called Dr Abraham Ordia.

PLAYBOY: The chairman of the Supreme Council for Sport in Africa?

MULDOON: A most obnoxious individual. The issue was somewhat along the lines — and I can't remember all the detail — I can remember where (I was asked) what would you do if Dr Ordia said such-and-such in Melbourne about New Zealand. I said I'd tell him to find a good taxidermist and this was somehow translated: "What would you do if the President of Nigeria criticised New Zealand?"

PLAYBOY: What's your personal feeling about the Gleneagles Agreement, in which Commonwealth nations declared they will not have sports links with apartheid South Africa?

MULDOON: Well, I was responsible for it more than anyone because the only amendments to the original draft came from me, and so I must be satisfied with it. It was in 1977 and I haven't changed and we've carried out our obligation.

PLAYBOY: As regards France and the nuclear testing in the Pacific, there seems to be disagreement between you and Bob Hawke as to what French intentions over whether to terminate tests by a particular date actually are?

MULDOON: Not disagreement. The French President said one or two things to me which he didn't say to Bob Hawke and the two things that he said to me that were new were: number one, that they would permit scientists from New Zealand and Pacific Island (nations) to go to (the test site on) Mururoa and conduct investigations. We've been asking for that for years and that was new and represented a breakthrough. I accepted immediately. Number two, he said, "and in any case we expect to finish our testing in about X-years", not a very long period of time. Now that's been interpreted as him giving me the date on which they intend to finish testing, which is not correct. Again, it's just a slight change in meaning but, nevertheless, a significant change.

He said to me, "We expect to finish tests in about X-years." I then passed that on to Bob Hawke and Bob Hawke has said publicly, "Well, he didn't say that to *me*." Mitterand and I were having a private conversation, just the two of us. It wasn't *private* in the sense that I feel any obligation to not reveal what he said, but there were just the two of us and an interpreter. My French is quite adequate and I could follow him in French and I know what the interpreter said to me is exactly what he (Mitterand) said in French. I have told Bob Hawke, not just that he said it but I have told him what "X" is — the number of years. But I *don't* believe it is incumbent upon me or indeed proper for me to make public what the French President has not yet himself made public.

PLAYBOY: Bob Hawke, at the National Press Club on June 27, made a humorous aside when he said that he thought, having met Mitterand, he would have been told if there'd been a timetable and that he thought he had to reveal this because the "truth will out", as he put it.

MULDOON: Time will take care of it. If they keep on going (with nuclear tests) beyond the period Mitterand mentioned, then obviously he was wrong in his estimate or they've changed their minds. I think some journalists asked the French ambassador how I came to get it wrong, assuming that I didn't understand what was said to me or something like that. I understand very well what was said to me. One of the two things Mitterand said has already checked out to be correct. There was some scepticism that he had *in fact* said he would permit us to send scientists there, but that now is accepted as being correct. No one's saying that he didn't say that to Muldoon at all. And the logic of it is that if I claim that he said two things it's hardly likely that the other one is wrong.

In any case, what reason would I have to make this up?

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised by Hawke's comments?

MULDOON: No, not really. Hawke is in a new job and for the first time there is something pretty important hanging on everything he says. Now, you know, I have been in that position for a long time and I can choose my words very carefully when I speak in public, even though I may not give that impression. But I have a feeling that one or two of the things that Bob Hawke said during that period, particularly on that occasion, were perhaps not very precisely stated, but that's the way it goes. He is a man with a lot of nervous energy who moves around a lot when he speaks and I have a feeling that he may occasionally say things which, in retrospect, he would have phrased a little differently. That was not terribly important in his previous positions, but it's rather more important now he's a Prime Minister. And I'm sure he will realise that.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned at the time of Hawke's election that his government would help you win the next New Zealand elections. Do you think that's still true?

MULDOON: I do. He reacted rather typically to that comment, too. I went back and had a look at it in *Hansard* to see if there was anything particularly bad in it. But I don't think there was. I was saying, "Well, don't take what the New Zealand Labor Leader of the Opposition (David Lange) is saying too literally because if he was Prime Minister you'd find that he doesn't do it."

PLAYBOY: You didn't appear to get on well with Australian Treasurer Paul Keating.

MULDOON: Keating I've only met for an hour. He has a very big reputation in Australia. He hasn't been in office very long. I have to say I was disappointed in that he sat with me and John Stone, the (Australian) Treasury Secretary, and it was Stone's views that dominated the meeting and that does not happen in my office.

(continued on page 146)

". . .98 . . .99 . . .100 ready or not, here we come!"

Run like the wind.

They're off and running free.
Right across this land, a whole breed of sleek looking Colts from Mitsubishi.
There's the luxurious SE, the GL and standard XL model and the sporty GSR. Now there's a Mitsubishi Colt for everyone.

MORE HORSEPOWER.

Colt really takes some catching. Because now, in addition to the economical 1.4-litre engine, there's a gutsy, 1.6-litre engine.

HANDLES LIKE A CHAMP.

Combine the precision of front-wheel drive with an advanced, fully-independent suspension system.
This, plus rack-and-pinion steering, ensures that you keep four wheels firmly planted on the ground.

SMALL THIRST.

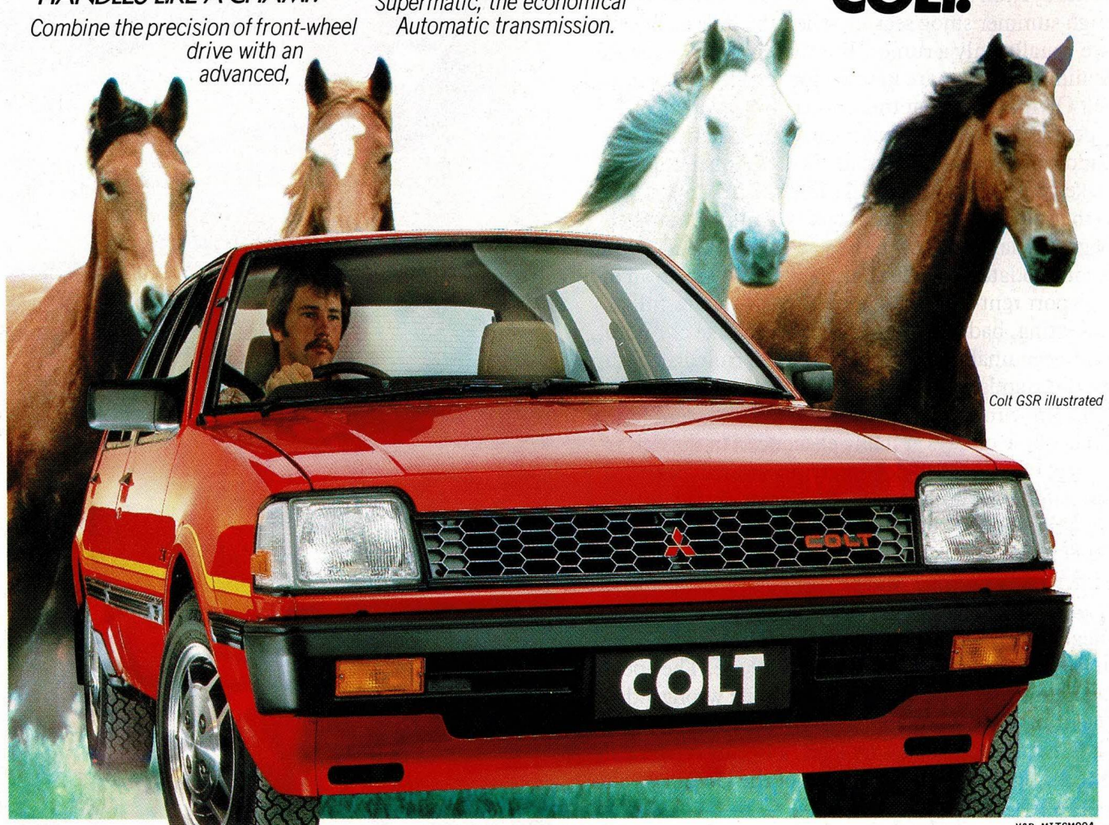
*Colt covers a lot of territory for very little cost. As low as 5.4 litres per 100km (52.3mpg) Highway or 7.5 litres per 100km (37.7mpg) City Cycle.**
One of the main reasons for this is the famous 'Supershift' transmission with overdrive in any gear. Or with the 1.6-litre SE and GL you can choose 'Supermatic,' the economical Automatic transmission.

WIDE OPEN SPACES.

Not only can Colt accommodate five adults, but it also doubles as a pack horse. The 'split' rear seats fold down and the rear hatch opens high and wide when you have a larger than normal load to haul.
So see your Mitsubishi dealer soon and rope a Colt of your very own.

MITSUBISHI MOTORS

MITSUBISHI COLT.



Colt GSR illustrated

Y&R MITCM094

©*Snowy River Productions Pty. Ltd. 1982*
**Figures for 1.4-litre engine with 'Supershift' in economy mode tested in accordance with AS2077-1979.*

AT LAST, THE 1984 SHOW

can l.a. clean up its act in time for the olympics?

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, July 1984: Pity the poor sports-loving tourist as he drops into the yellow belt on final descent to the City of the Angels. This is no visual treat at the best of times. When the pilot banks a half-circle and puts the airliner in mode for a western approach into Los Angeles International, a vista of greyness stretches out as far as the eye can see, which isn't very far. Particularly in high summer smog season, when the hills of Beverly are usually only a rumor. But this summer is special. A million tourists are in town for the Olympics to end all Olympics and, at the Los Angeles average of 2.4 people per vehicle, that means more than 400,000 additional cars on the road. In Los Angeles no one takes public transport. All this explains in part why the sports-loving tourist has to wait two hours at baggage claim (not even the new-look 1984 LAX can accommodate the influx), then edge his way to an off-airport rent-a-wreck depot in a shuttle bus full of sweating, bad-tempered people who, like our hero, have been unable to rent cars in the terminals because the thousands of Pintos, Rabbits, Mercuries and even Lincolns brought in from other states all went in the first couple of days. Finally ensconced in the driver's seat of a smoke-belching, triple-finned Detroit monster from another age, the sports-loving tourist examines his $5 souvenir Olympics map. Should he check into a hotel or go straight to an event, for which he has an $18 ticket? Maybe track and field at the LA Coliseum. Looks simple enough. North on the San Diego Freeway, then east on the Santa Monica, south on the Harbor Freeway and you're there. The sports-loving tourist wheels tentatively up the wrong side of Century Boulevard and on to the freeway. Twenty kilometres and two hours later, a sweaty hysterical wreck, he arrives in the vicinity of the Coliseum, the

article by phil jarratt

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

Olympic Village at the University of Southern California, and the LA Sports Arena where the boxing is being held. It is the area of highest density Olympic activity in the entire 4000 square miles being utilised. And our man, not surprisingly, can't find anywhere to park. Well, he was a trifle jet-lagged anyway, so he'll just tootle back down in the direction of Beverly Hills or Hollywood and check into a budget-priced hotel. Another two hours later, he discovers that there are no budget hotels in West Los Angeles, all the sleazy motels on Sunset Strip have been booked solid, the Beverly Wilshire has a suite at a grand a day but they want cash, downtown is booked out and friendly desk clerks are pointing in the direction of glorious Anaheim, Disneyland's Spanish stucco dormitory. But to get there one has to negotiate the notoriously clogged Santa Ana Freeway, and already it's 4pm on a Friday. . .

The sports-loving tourist parks his wreck on a tow-away kerbside and wanders into a bar, where he demolishes beer after watery beer and watches the hurdles on television.

●

Los Angelinos are fiercely proud of their sprawling city, even though it isn't so much a city as a cluster of satellite towns revolving around basically nothing. . . and even though most of the time you can't see it and traffic congestion would prevent you from getting to it even if you could. It's not a place to be taken lightly, even though its reputation through the postwar growth years has been based on fun in the sun and wild Hollywood nights; the myth of the good life Out West perpetuated by the movies and the magazines. In fact, in the mid-'80s, it's as near to a horror show as any city I've ever been in. The rot begins at Los Angeles International Airport (LAX to the baggage claim cognoscenti) and gets worse as you proceed to the exits. I've been here a lot in the past 10 years and I cannot remember LAX *not* being under construction or renovation. Still, in the northern summer of 1983, large signs placed strategically around the temporary hessian walls declare that LAX will be "all new for '84" — an appropriately colorful entrance to Tinsel Town.

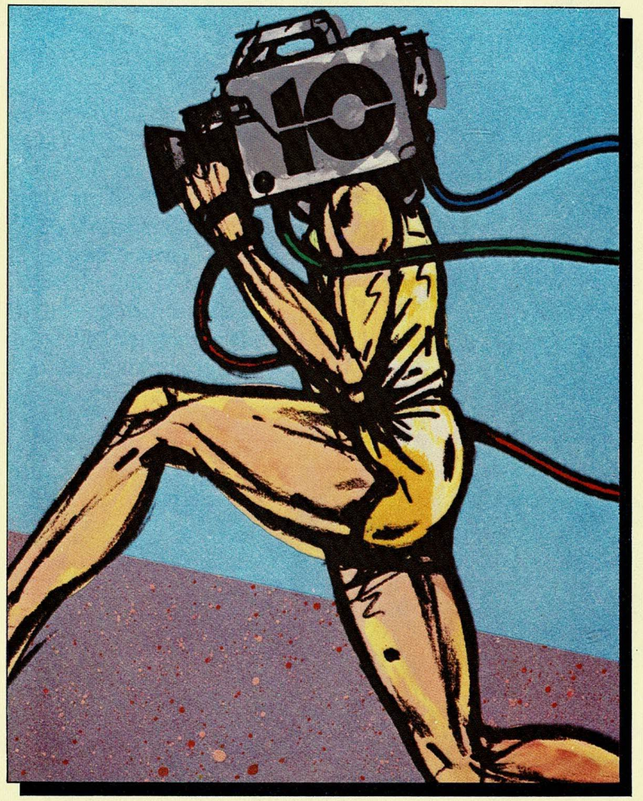
But, one might ask, where is all the tinsel?

Certainly not across town in the seedy streets of Hollywood, although they too bear proud signs that all will be new, fresh and clean by next July. And not downtown where skid row intersects with the avenues of high finance. And Beverly Hills, of course, is just too Gucci to be true. You want fun in the sun in LA? Okay, you've gotta have a full tank and a lot of patience, because the heart of this metropolis lies

(continued on page 136)

HOW AUSTRALIA WILL SEE THE OLYMPICS

WHEN THE LAVISH drum roll begins and appropriately melodramatic theme music introduces Network 10's Olympic Games coverage next July, more than five million (or so the Murdoch heavies hope) Australians will settle back to watch a $30 million gamble.



Never before has an Australian television network put so many of its eggs in one basket. The LA Games is Ten's main chance to prove that it can do more than churn out soapies and spin the news out longer than anyone else. This will be its Big Event. "The Ultimate Television Sporting Event", as the slickly packaged prospectus for sponsors labels it. Over 16 days, Ten will broadcast 13 hours of live coverage a day, plus three hours of highlights. Viewers in capital cities will get Olympics from 3am to just before midnight, with only short breaks for regular programs. In all, the network will present more than 250 hours of Olympic coverage.

In addition to the actual coverage, Ten will be making viewers aware of this remarkable extravagance over the next eight months with a series of *Road To LA* specials, an Olympic telethon in February and non-stop hype from Willy, the Australian Olympic Federation's pet koala. By this time Ten expects to have allayed fears within the industry that it has made a giant mistake through the sale of its sponsorship packages. These begin, naturally enough, with the eight "gold" sponsorships, on sale for a mere $2,160,000, and trickle down to "bronze", a steal at $412,500. Gold sponsors get 373 30-second commercials in the metropolitan markets and about half that in each of the regional stations. Pretty much national saturation. And they get a guernsey in all of Ten's Olympic advertising, the right to fly the Olympic flag above their offices. . . and, the icing on the cake, six whoop-it-up trips to LA for the Games. Staying, of course, at the ritzy Beverly Wilshire.

According to marketing director Lloyd Bond, the sponsorships are being snatched up, but even if the network sells out at card rate, the Olympics coverage will lose money. Bond says there "won't be much change out of $30 million", but according to other industry sources, Ten's costs could finish up much higher than that. For starters, the network forked out $10.6 million for broadcast rights, only to find that facilities at the International Broadcast Centre in Hollywood are very much pay as you go. "We've even got to pay for parking space," says Olympics executive producer Ron May.

And, according to British satirical magazine *Private Eye,* Ten's rights payment was about double what it should have been. The magazine, in an article which has endeared it to Ten execs, alleges that Wilf Barker, administrative head of the Olympics project, made the rights bid after a flight to LA during which he had an interesting chat to Nine's Kerry Packer. Packer and Barker, *Private Eye* alleges, agreed it would be silly to get into an auction which would spiral the price, then reached a conclusion about what the Games were worth. The magazine claims that Packer had been advised to go no higher than $4 million, but Ten's first bid of $10.6 million was accepted. Another story doing the rounds of media bars is that Packer did, in fact, mention a figure around $10 million during the flight, but that he had been referring to rights *and* production. Whatever the reason, Ten executives will not be drawn on the issue, and they are certainly not red-faced about the deal.

Says Ron May: "We expected to have to pay a lot of money because this is the most competitive commercial television market in the world. We believe we will profit from it in many ways, not the least of which is in the matter of prestige. I've been given an open-ended budget to ensure that that is how it comes across."

May's "open-ended budget" is not something he takes lightly. A veteran of three previous Olympics, four Commonwealth Games, and architect of the ABC's brilliant Brisbane Games coverage last year, May joined the Ten Network earlier this year to begin planning the Big Event. Regarded as a master strategist by rival network sports chiefs, May will have to be, to control the incredibly intricate television feed bombarding his studio at the rate of eight minutes of film every minute. Put another way, seven minutes worth of sport received each minute at Ten's studio in LA will not be beamed by satellite to us back home. May, sitting on his podium at the rear of the studio watching monitors which will cover as many as 14 simultaneous events, will make the decisions as to which events we see, and for how long. He will sit in his chair 14 hours a day, planning as much as three hours in advance while keeping a weather eye on real time. It's not exactly a Californian holiday.

About 70 Network Ten staffers will fly to LA for the coverage, 30 people operating the production suite at any one time. The suite itself is actually bigger than most of the 36 regional television stations it will be sending to, with 50 cameras, eight outside broadcast vans, eight commentators' positions and three live eye cameras. A 24-channel mixer servicing 36 monitor screens will enable the production team to keep track of events right across the sprawl of LA.

Ron May and his producers, directors and co-ordinators will have to make constant snap decisions on whether to go live, hold an event until a simultaneous one has finished, save it for the highlights show or scrap it completely. Additionally, an average of 9.4 minutes of commercials has to be sympathetically slotted each hour, and a choice of commentary has to be made. May has the options of using an

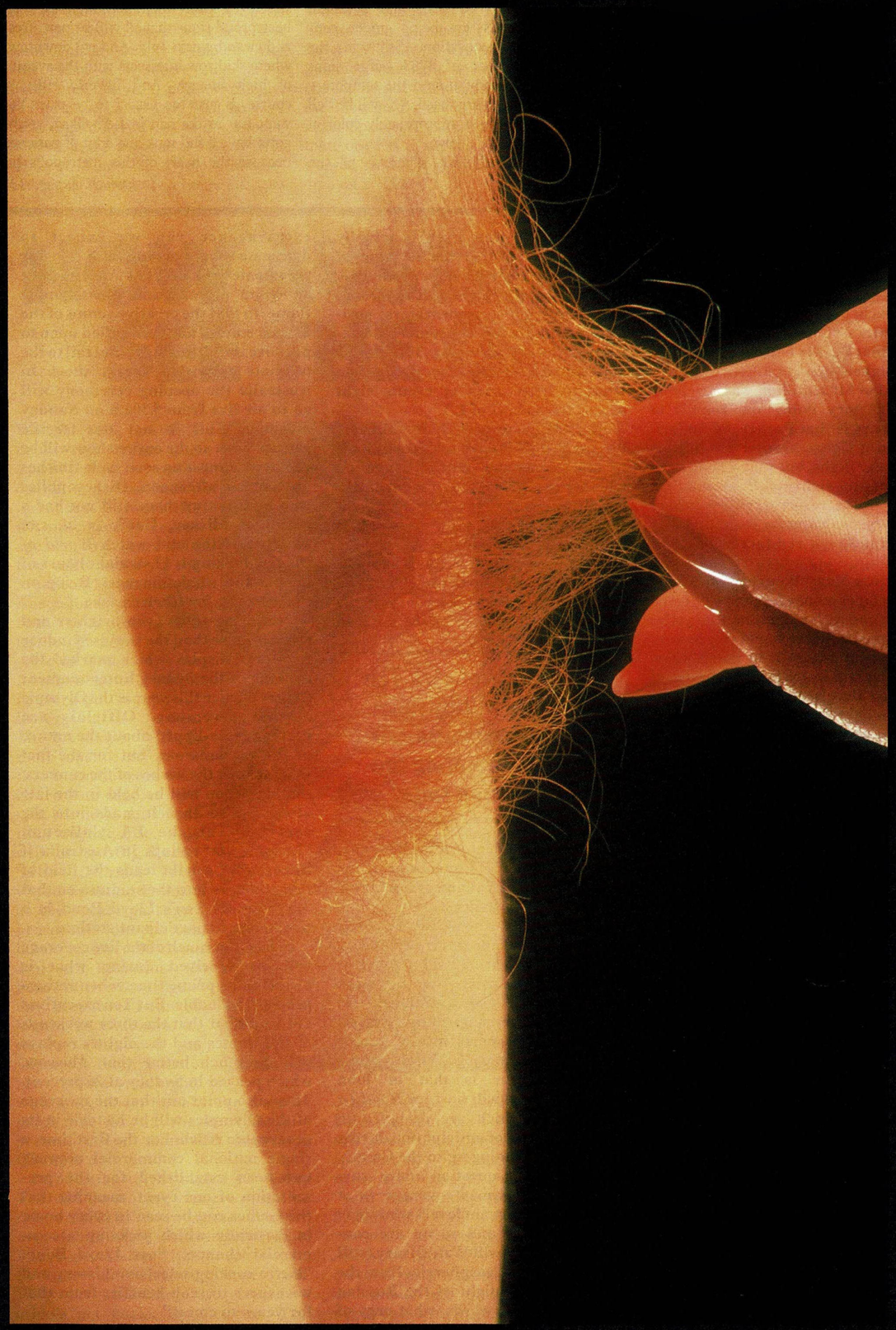
About 70 Network Ten staffers will fly to LA for the coverage, 30 people operating the production suite.

Australian commentator at the venue, ABC's American commentator at the venue or an Australian commentator in one of the broadcast centre's off-tube booths. Just who we will be seeing and hearing in commentary roles was, at the time of writing, still a mystery. However, May insists that the team will be "the best ever assembled." He says he has been plagued by requests from leading sports/media people since he started the job. The only name released so far is that of John Newcombe, who will host the *Road To LA* specials which are designed to build the frenzy of anticipation during the 13 weeks leading up to the Games.

The greatest question mark surrounding the Games coverage — at least as far as pageant lovers who enjoy royal weddings and so on are concerned — is how will Walt Disney (still blowing patriotic raspberries from the grave) top the might of the Russian militia? In other words, what orgy of extravagance can we expect to dominate the opening and closing ceremonies? In 1932 Los Angeles gave us white pigeons and the Olympic flame. In 1984 the creative genius of the Disney empire has been called upon to produce the ultimate top and tail to the ultimate television sports show. In Australia the opening ceremony will go to air live from 5.30am on Sunday morning. This is not too terrific ratings wise, so the entire show will be replayed almost as soon as it finishes on Sunday afternoon. Disneyophiles who by this time have still not had a gutful of Mickey, Goofy et al, can switch to Nine and watch *World of Disney*, making it 13 straight hours of hoopla and wholesomeness. Bring on the athletes, for Christ's sake.

Promising to be even brighter and more bizarre than the televised indoor fireworks display which marked the opening of the Sydney Entertainment Centre earlier this year is the Olympic closing ceremony. Officials are keeping close-lipped about the nature of the razzamatazz, but for the fact that, against the wishes of the runners, the marathon will be held in the late afternoon so that it leads into the ceremony at the LA Coliseum. "Imagine the ratings in Australia if Robert de Castella leads the field of marathoners into the stadium on that day," drools Ten's Lloyd Bond in a newsletter to participant stations.

In fact, not much of the live coverage will be received during what is classified as prime time, when ratings are most valuable. But Ten executives are confident that the three weekends of the Games and the nightly replays will do much better than Moscow, which peaked in Sydney at 26 percent. They also point out that the coverage of the Olympics will be historic in its geographic reach. For the first time, a single national commercial network has been established for the presentation of one event, meaning that the Games can be seen in every home in Australia which picks up a commercial channel. Says Lloyd Bond: "We're making television history and we expect to reap benefits from that for years to come."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Redheads

REDHEADS are like other women, only more so. The first thing you notice is a soft fire around their faces — an auburn halo that vibrates in high gear. A kind of heat that has nothing to do with temperature radiates from them like a visual perfume: a curious, insistent allure. Redheads come in several shades and temperaments: fiery, fiery on permanent simmer, and the pink and vigorous variety that look as if they've just come from a shower, are a few of them. Whatever the nuances, by a happy coincidence of pigment and spark, each redhead enlightens the world around her.

Though some redheads radiate innocence and others carry off worldliness with unequalled aplomb, at the heart of both types is an exoticism that's hard to match.

Redheads, for all their alleged and known proclivities, need time to be alone. They are sometimes a mystery even to themselves.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

MY FATHER'S AXE

it's just an old, worn-out tool. but the loss of it means more than can ever be replaced

JUST NOW I discover it gone. I look everywhere inside and outside the house, front and back, but it is gone. It has been on my front verandah since the new truckload of wood arrived and was dumped so intelligently on my front lawn. Jamie says he doesn't know where the axe is and I believe him; he won't chop wood any more. Elaine hasn't seen it; it's men's business, she says. No, it's not anywhere. But who would steal an axe in this neighborhood, this street where I grew up and have lived much of my life? No one steals on this street. Not an axe. It is my father's axe. I used to watch him chop with it when we drove the old Morris and the trailer outside the town limits to gather wood. He would tie a thick, short bar of wood to the end of 40 feet of rope and swing it about his head like a lasso and the sound it made was the whoop! of the headmaster's cane you heard when you walked past his office. My father sent the piece of wood high into the crown of a dead she-oak and when it snarled in the stark, grey limbs, he would wrap the rope around his waist and then around his big freckled arms, and he would pass me his grey hat with bound hands and tell me to stand right back near the Morris with my mother who poured tea from a thermos flask. And he pulled. I heard his body grunt and saw his red arms whiten, and the tree's crown quivered and rocked and he added to the

fiction by tim winton

motion, tugging, jerking, gasping until the whole bush cracked open and birds burst from all the trees around, and the dead, grey crown of the she-oak teetered and toppled to the earth, chased by a shower of twigs and bark. My mother and I cheered and my father ambled over, arms glistening, to drink the tea that tasted faintly of coffee and the rubber seal of the Thermos. Rested, he would then dismember the brittle tree with graceful swings of his axe and later I would saw with him on the bowman saw and have my knees showered with white, pulpy dust. But he could swing an axe, my father. And that axe is gone. He taught me how to split wood though I could never do it like him, those long, rhythmic, semi-circular movements like a ballet dancer's warm-up; I'm a left-hander — a mollydooka he called me — and I chop in short, jabby strokes which do the job but are somehow less graceful. When my father began to leave us for long periods for his work — he sold things — he left me with the responsibility of fuelling the home. It gave me pride to know that our hot water, my mother's cooking, the living room fire depended upon me, and my mother called me the man of the house, which frightened me a little. Short, winter afternoons I spent up the back splitting pine for kindling, long, fragrant spines with neat grain, and I opened up the heads of mill-ends and sawn block of she-oak my father brought home. Sometimes in the trance of movement and exertion I imagined the blocks of wood as teachers' heads. It was pleasurable work when the wood was dry and the grain good and when I kept the old Kelly axe sharp. I learnt to swing single-handed, to fit wedges into stubborn grain, to negotiate knots with resolve, and the chopping warmed me until I stripped to my singlet and worked until I was ankle-deep in split, open wood and my breath steamed out in front of me with each righteous grunt.

Once, a mouse half caught itself in a trap in the laundry beneath the big stone trough and my mother asked me to kill it, to put it out of its misery, she said. Obediently, I carried the threshing mouse in the trap at arm's length right up to the back of the yard. How to kill a mouse? Wring its neck? Too small. Drown it? In what? I put it on the burred block and hit it with the flat of the axe. It made no noise but it left a speck of red on my knee.

Another time, my father, leaving again for a long trip, began softly to weep on our front step. My mother did not see because she was inside finding him some fruit. I saw my father ball his handkerchief up and bite on it to muffle his sobs and I left him there and ran through the house and up to the woodpile where I shattered great blocks of she-oak until it was dark and my arms gave out. In the dark I stacked wood into the buckled shed and listened to my mother calling.

I broke the handle of that axe once, on a camping trip; it was good hickory and I was afraid to tell him. I always broke my father's tools, blunted his chisels, bent his nails. I have never been a handyman like my father. He made things and repaired things and I watched but did not see the need to learn because I knew my father would always be. If I needed something built, something done, there was my father and he protected me.

When I was eight or nine, he took my mother and me to a beach shack at a river-mouth up north. The shack was infested with rats and I lay awake nights listening to them until dawn when my father came and roused me and we went down to haul the craypots. The onshore reefs at low tide were bare, clicking and bubbling in the early sun and octopuses gangled across exposed rocks, lolloping from hole to hole. We caught them for bait; my father caught them and I carried them in the bucket with the tight lid and looked at my faces in the still tidal pools that bristled with kelp.

But it was not so peaceful at high tide when the swells burst on the upper lip of the reef and cascaded walls of foam that rushed in upon us and rocked us with their force. The water reached my waist though it was only knee-deep for my father. He taught me to brace myself side-on to the waves and find footholds in the reef and I hugged his leg and felt his immoveable stance and moulded myself to him. It did not seem possible that he could fall over. At the edge of the reef I coiled the rope that he hauled up and held the hessian bag as he opened the heavy, timber-slatted pots; he dropped the crays in and I heard their tweaking cries and felt them grovelling against my legs.

During the day my mother read *They're A Weird Mob* and ate raisins and cold crayfish dipped in red vinegar. We played Scrabble and it did not bother me that my father lost.

Lost his axe. Who could have stolen such a worthless thing? The handle is split and taped and the head bears the scars of years; why even look at it?

One night on that holiday, a rat set off a trap on the rafter above my bed. My father used to tie the traps to the rafters to prevent the rats from carrying them off. It went off in the middle of the night with a snap like a small fire cracker and in the dark I sensed something moving above me and something warm touched my forehead. I lay still and did not scream because I knew my father would come. Perhaps I did scream in the end, I don't know. But he came, and he lit the Tilley lamp and chuckled and, yes, that was when I screamed. The rat, suspended by six feet of cord, swung in an arc across my bed with the long, hairy whip of tail trailing a foot above my nose. The body still flexed and struggled.

My father took it down and went outside with its silhouette in the lamplight in front of him. My mother screamed; there was a drop of blood on my forehead. It was just like *The Pit and the Pendulum*, I said. We had recently seen the film and she had found the book in the library and read it to me for a week at bedtime. Yes, she said with a grim smile, wiping my forehead, and I had nightmares about that long, hairy blade above my throat and saw it snatched away by my father's red arms. In the morning I saw outside that the axe head was covered with blood where my father had hit the rat. After that I often had dreams in which my father rescued me. One was a dream about a burning house — our house, the one I still live in with Elaine and Jamie — and I was trapped inside, hair and bedclothes afire and my father splintered the door with an axe blow and fought his way in and carried me out in those red arms.

My father. He said little. He never won at Scrabble, so it seems he never even stored words up for himself. We never spoke much. It was my mother and I who carried on the long conversation; she knew odd facts, quiz shows on television were her texts. I told her my problems. But with my father I just stood, and we watched each other. Sometimes he looked at me with disappointment, and other times I looked at him the same way. He hammered big nails in straight and kissed me goodnight and goodbye and hello until I was 14 and learnt to be ashamed of it and evade it.

When his back stiffened with age, he chopped wood less and I wielded the axe more. He sat by the woodpile and sometimes stacked, though mostly he just sat with a thoughtful look on his face. As I grew older, my time contracted around me like a shrinking shirt and I chopped wood hurriedly, often finishing before the old man had a chance to come out and sit down.

Then I met Elaine and we married and I left home. For years I went back once a week to chop wood for the old man while Elaine and my mother sat at the Laminex table in the kitchen listening to the tick of the stove. I tried to get my parents interested in electric heating and cooking like most people in the city, but my father did not care for it. He was stubborn about it and so I continued to split wood for him once a week while he became a frail, old man and his arms lost their ruddiness and became pasty and the flesh lost its grip upon the bones of his forearms. He looked at me in disappointment almost every week like an old man will, but I came over every Sunday, even when we had Jamie to look after, so he didn't have cause to be that way.

Jamie got old enough to use an axe and I taught him how. He was keen at first, though careless, and he blunted the edge quite often which angered me. I got him to chop wood for his grandfather and dropped him there on Sunday afternoons. I had a telephone installed in their house, though they complained about the color, and I spoke to my mother sometimes on the phone, just to please her. My father never spoke on the phone. Still doesn't.

Then my mother had her stroke and Jamie began demanding to be paid for wood chopping and Elaine went twice a week to cook and clean for them and I decided on the Home. My mother and father moved out and we moved in and sold our own house. I thought about getting the place converted to electricity but the Home was expensive and Elaine came to enjoy cooking on the old combustion stove and it was worth paying Jamie a little to chop wood. Until recently. Now he won't even do it for money. He is lazier than me.

Still, it was only an old axe.

●

Elaine sleeps softly beside me, her big wide buttocks warm against my legs. The house is quiet; it was always quiet, even when my parents and I lived here. No one ever raised their voice at me in this house, except now my wife and son.

It is hard to sleep, hard, so difficult. Black moves about me and in me and is on me, so black. Fresh, bittersweet, the smell of split wood: hard, splintery jarrah, clean, moist she-oak, hard, fibrous white gum, the shick! of sundering pine. All my muscles sing, a chorus of effort, as I chop quickly, throwing chunks aside, wiping flecks and chips from my chin. Sweat sheets across my eyes and I chop harder, opening big round sawn blocks of she-oak like pies in neat wedged sections. Harder. And my feet begin to lift as I swing the axe higher over my shoulder. I strike it home and regain equilibrium.

As I swing again, my feet lift further and I feel as though I might float up, borne away by the axe above my head, as though it is a helium balloon. No, I don't want to lift up! I drag on the hickory handle, downwards, and I win and drag harder and it gains momentum and begins a slow-motion arc of descent towards the porous surface of the wood and then, half-way down, the axe-head shears off the end of the handle so slowly, so painfully slow that I could have taken a hold of it four or five times to stop it, had I wanted. In a slow, tumbling trajectory, it sails across the woodheap and unseats my father's head from his shoulders and travels on out of sight as my father's head rolls on to the heap, eyes towards me, transfixed at the moment of scission in a squint of disappointment.

I feel a warm dob on my forehead; I do not scream, have never needed to.

The sheets are wet and the light is on and Elaine has me by the shoulder and her left breast points down at my glistening chest.

"What's the matter?" she says, wiping my brow with the back of her hand. "You were yelling."

"A dream," I croak.

●

Morning sun slants across the pickets at me as I fossick about in the long grass beside the shed finding the skeleton of a wren but nothing else. I shuffle around the shed, picking through the chips and splinters and slivers of wood around the chopping block, see the deep welts in the block where the axe has been, but no axe. In the front yard, as neighbors pass, I scrabble in the pile of new wood, digging into its heart, tossing pieces aside until there is nothing but yellowing grass and a few impassive slaters. Out in the back yard again, I amble about shaking my head and putting my hands in my pockets and taking them out again. Elaine is at work. Jamie at school. I have rung the office and told them I won't be in. All morning I mope in the yard, waiting for something to happen, absurdly, expecting the axe to show like a prodigal son. Nothing.

Going inside at noon, I notice a deep trench in the verandah post by the back

(continued on page 112)

"But after seeing Tootsie, *I had to be sure!"*

"Great, Manny, you invited your lawyer, too!"

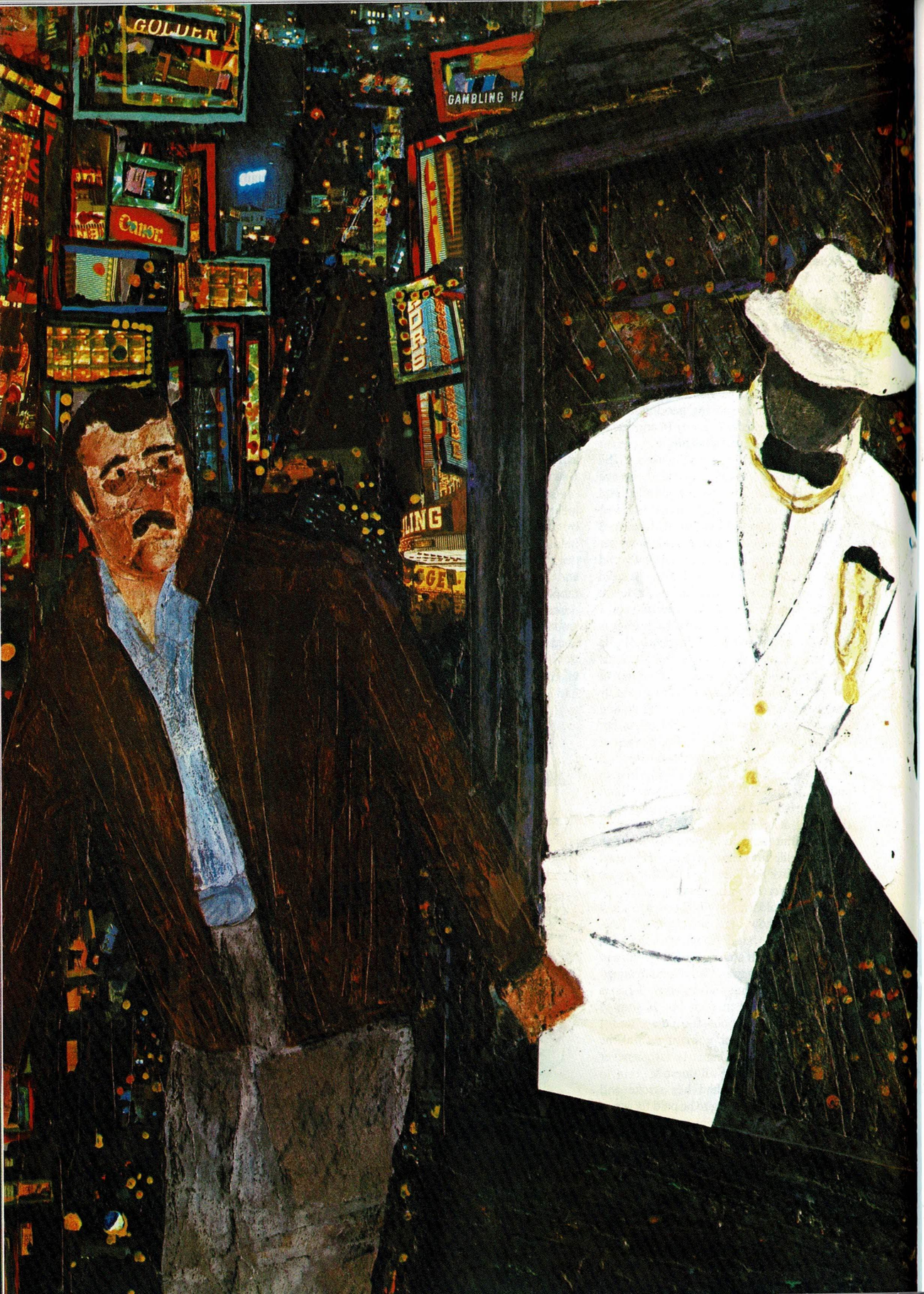


ILLUSTRATION BY NOELLE KONING

he busted a fellow cop and a mate — but has it broken him, too?

WITH FRIENDS LIKE REG...

TERRENCE CLARKE and the Mr Asia drug villains have become a hard act to follow. When Clarke was tried and jailed for life in Britain, millions of Australians were appalled, daily, by news of his apparently limitless propensity for evil. Cold-blooded murders, mutilated corpses and mind-boggling illegal fortunes combined in the public mind to form a blood-splattered climax to a decade of fascination — and supposed concern —with the drug "problem" in Australia. Clarke was of course just one big-time dealer among thousands. But his conviction in the Old Bailey had a remarkable effect: it reduced subsequent public interest in drugs as a social issue to almost zero. In this country, it seems that the horror of the Clarke story was enough to satisfy even the most voracious appetites for scandal and human debasement. Drugs, naturally, are still being imported and stories about how the imports occur are going begging. No one seems interested, and when you get down to it, why should they be? The public knows now what the American public deduced perhaps five years ago: illegal drugs will never be eliminated. "The war on drugs" — in the sense that it might one day be won — is now widely seen as at least as phoney as Western involvement in the war in Vietnam. For former narcotics agent Reg Standfast, now 42 and operating a private detection agency in Brisbane, the sudden dearth of interest in drug crimes could hardly have occurred at a worse time. Not that Standfast is out of step with contemporary thinking on the subject. "The war on soft drugs is finished," he admits. "It's lost, and people should realise that." Standfast's problem is that, what with Clarke and his exhaustively publicised handless corpses, barely anyone can recall his *own* remarkable role in the busting of a drug importation syndicate in 1977. He keenly hopes we can remember the events of that period, because now — six years later — Standfast fears it's all about to catch up with him. More specifically, he fears the release from prison, at any time now, of a man called Ian Ramsay Brown. Until a short time before Standfast's dedicated undercover efforts put Brown in Pentridge for 12 years on drug charges, Brown was his boss in the Melbourne office of the now disbanded Federal Bureau of Narcotics. Brown was also Standfast's closest friend. At the time, Standfast was referred to as "Australia's Serpico" and justified his actions by saying he couldn't abide a crooked cop. "I did what had to be done," Standfast said manfully back then. Now he says: "That was a heap of bullshit. I still don't know why I did it. Just stupid, I suppose. If I had the thing over, there's no way I'd do it again." Even when it became obvious that Brown was involved in something fishy, no one else in the Bureau seemed keen to investigate; only little Reg Standfast, rejected years earlier by police recruiters because he was too short. And after he nailed Ian Brown —it took 15 months to get the evidence —Standfast didn't win any popularity polls among his colleagues. Some of them spat at him during Brown's trial. A few months later he left the Bureau, disillusioned and, career-wise, washed up. When he tried to rejoin a couple of years later, Standfast was rejected. A couple of months ago, Standfast was putting in another weary day as boss gumshoe at Pinkerton Investigations, when he got a call from a mutual acquaintance of Brown and himself in Melbourne. "Brownie gets out this year," the caller said. "He asked me to say he's keen to see you again." It was a moment Standfast had spent six years trying, unsuccessfully, not to contemplate. For all that time, when the phone rang late at night, or someone knocked at the door, or an unfamiliar vehicle cruised his street, Standfast had asked himself: IS THIS IT? The laconic message from Brown was passed on at a Melbourne pub — the same pub where Standfast, miniature recorder bandaged to his chest, had extracted confessions from Brown of his involvement in a major drug syndicate. As a model prisoner and a trusty, Brown has been leaving Pentridge and running messages; not all of them, it seems, strictly official. Standfast has no idea what Brown will do when they meet again. "I understand," he says drily, "that Brownie has a fairly large chip on his shoulder."

PROFILE BY FRANK ROBSON

Naturally, Standfast has considered how *he* would feel if their situations were reversed. It is not an exercise he finds comforting. "What might happen could come from any of a million directions. I'm not a careful person — I leave myself wide open.

"There's no insurance policy you can take out against these things."

A week ago Standfast met me in a Brisbane restaurant to talk about his predicament. It was the first time we'd met for two years, and it was soon evident how much he had changed. His once-bushy moustache had been pruned to a Hitler-like tuft ("A disguise," Standfast said, smiling wanly) and the man's vitality seemed drained, his responses mechanical.

Married with two grown sons, Standfast had been a witty and entertaining bar-room companion when we met four years earlier, full of jokes and mischief. Now he sat in the restaurant talking soberly about how someone in a Falcon had been watching his movements a few days earlier. Standfast had taken the registration number and discovered it was a police vehicle.

"They told me he was just watching for traffic violations," he said grimly. "But I know when I'm being watched."

At least something about him was unchanged: Standfast was still wearing the brown leather jacket he bought in Melbourne during an extraordinary shopping spree with Ian Brown. (Standfast was suspicious of Brown from the time that the older man changed from a sartorial disaster with one pair of trousers, to a sort of law-and-order Beau Brummel. After a classy lunch, Brown's shout, they went to Charles Lux's, an exclusive menswear store, where Brown bought eight pairs of shoes, four suits, two reefer jackets, four pairs of slacks, plus accessories. Standfast was stunned. . . and embarrassed. When the salesman asked what he wanted, Standfast bought the leather coat to save face. It cost $125 and took three months to pay off.)

It became clear in the restaurant that Standfast's unhappiness was not due solely to the prospect of confronting Brown, the friend who, ironically, went to a lot of trouble to get Standfast a job with the Melbourne office of the Bureau. (Standfast had earlier quit the Bureau in Sydney and joined Customs in Brisbane. Brown dreamed up a phoney bust in Brisbane as an excuse to come up and talk Standfast into taking the job.)

His depression seemed the result of disillusionment — with his business, financial worries and the way his life has taken on a predictable pattern. When the Bureau was disbanded and the drug enforcement taken over by the Commonwealth Police, most of Standfast's former colleagues were given clerical jobs. The ineffectual ones, he says, were promoted.

At 42, Standfast must feel the world has conspired to betray him. He once believed all drugs were evil and saw himself confronting that evil, doing his bit for "the goodies" (goodies and baddies are terms he still uses). Now, according to popular decree, all drugs *aren't* evil.

He busted his best friend without knowing why, believing blindly "it had to be done". Instead of promotion or praise, he was spat upon, and frozen out of the job into what seems a life sentence as a hangdog private eye on the fringes of "real" law enforcement.

Standfast and I became friendly four years ago. But something altered the relationship after he turned up at a party I had told him about, in company with two off-duty cops out of uniform. A lot of dope was being smoked and no one — least of all me — appreciated the unexpected guests. Nothing happened, but it was a long time before we met again, and when we did, Standfast seemed genuinely hurt by the implication that he would set up his friends. It wasn't necessary to point out the precedent — Standfast can never forget it.

So our lunch a week ago involved some uncomfortable settling in before Standfast seemed to relax. He began talking of how Brown had been investigated from every angle by heads of the drug syndicate before being approached to work for them. "They knew exactly what Brownie wanted from life — his dreams and ambitions. Then they set everything up, like fantasy, and sucked him in."

He busted his best friend without knowing why, believing blindly "it had to be done". Instead of promotion or praise, he was spat upon.

Brown's role from the outset was to meet drug couriers, or items containing drugs, at the airport and ease them through Customs. As the Bureau was a wing of Customs, and Brown a respected officer, the system worked smoothly. For the drug syndicate, Brown's recruitment was a master-stroke.

"They sucked him in," Standfast repeated. "I could have been sucked in myself. At one stage, through Brownie, I was offered $85,000 cash to join in the action." Standfast shook his head. "Now I'm 42 and still struggling, trying to keep the business together under adverse conditions. I had to borrow a lot of money even to get where I am. It could have been so much easier — couldn't it?"

Standfast let that hang for a while. Then: "I'm stupid. What I should have done was to accept what happened, forget about Brownie and continue my own life in my own way. I should have just let it go. I think a few other investigators knew what Brownie was up to — everybody noticed his incredible bloody wardrobe.

"But a lot of people in that industry choose not to 'see' these things, particularly if they're getting a few free boozes, or a bit of a handout now and then. They're quite happy to go along for the ride. There were people there that did that."

No doubt. But Standfast opted to play it straight, perhaps as a carry-over of the strict sense of morality instilled in him as a kid. He was born in West Ryde, Sydney, and his parents ruled their four children with an iron hand. Standfast says he was reared to see things in black and white, right and wrong, no shades between. He escaped by running off to join the navy at 17. Filling out his papers at the recruitment centre, Standfast saw a comely WRAC walking past and jauntily asked: "Any more like you in the air force?" The girl said there were hundreds, all beautiful. So Standfast tore up his navy papers right there and joined the RAAF instead. After six years in stores, the WRAC distraction wore off. He did a year as quartermaster in the army, then became a Customs officer in Brisbane. From 1965 until he switched to the Bureau in 1970, Standfast threw everything into the relentless search for black market goodies and the odd cache of drugs, in those days usually the personal supplies of seamen. His zeal was noticed and he took charge of ship searches in Queensland. By then, he says, his need for security had been replaced by a lust for excitement.

"When I joined the Bureau, I thought I'd found my niche. I was concerned about the drug problem and it was exciting as well as a challenge."

Years before the Brown case, when Standfast and Brown worked with the Bureau in Sydney, a dealer known as Murph the Surf told Standfast how two state policemen had conspired with gangsters to separate him from a suitcase full of Buddha sticks.

After weeks on the case, Standfast took in a crook hiding on the Gold Coast and got enough from him to prove that the cops had picked up $56,000 for their part in the sting on Murph the Surf.

"The Bureau took the file off me and it disappeared for three months," he says now. "I kept asking what had happened, then I discovered that the Bureau had handed the whole file over to Norman Allen, then NSW police commissioner, and he in his wisdom had transferred the two cops to suburban police stations. That was all, no internal investigation, no charges. As far as I know, they are still in the force."

Soon after, in a sort of preliminary of what would happen after the Brown case, Standfast left the Bureau and rejoined Customs in Brisbane, from where, in October 1973, Brown lured him to Melbourne and another stint with the Bureau.

"Brown is a very smart fellow — a lot

(continued on page 114)

"My reading light bothering you?"

ILLUSTRATION BY TONY EDWARDS

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS

leave your forklift in the yard and your ice tongs at home. that's not what we're talking about here

REJECTION. The most fearsome word in the language of sex. The key reason why single people in heat all over the continent watch TV on weekend nights. The driving force behind an entire industry of helpful hints, beauty aids, weight loss clinics, accoutrements and paraphernalia of every most awful description. The great, dangling ogre of self-doubt that I now confront, for your amusement and my alternative to starvation. It's midnight on a Friday and Sydney's Marble Bar is jammed with bodies intent on looking unmarried, if not totally detached. Although an imitation of coolness is being best enacted by the Edwardian ladies suspended in dream sequences on the walls, Murray and I are doing a passable job of raising one eyebrow each and lounging. Nearby,

humor by steve bunk

a gaggle of men in suits surrounds one chillingly beautiful female of about 25 who is accompanied (as usual in such cases) by a dumpy dish-water blonde. Being a practical sort, Murray navigates the gaggle and begins to ply the wallflower with alcoholic promises. Expertly, I roll the shotglass between thumb and forefinger, smile winningly at it, wink knowingly, then, having exhausted my foreplay cliches, am about to plunge my face into it when the chillingly beautiful female of about 25 turns to me. Her lips glide around her white teeth in such a familiar way that I recognise speech. Amid the clatter of ice and the lacy clarinet of a displaced Dixieland tune, we say things. I don't remember what they are — but believe me, it doesn't matter. The main thing is to get the conversation going, in any direction at all. Which is why the only girls I ever pick up are always talkative.

This chillingly beautiful creature is not destined to be one of them. She's married, here on a lark with her plain friend, looking for nothing more than a few psychological strokes. After a while, she says, "I'm surprised you haven't told me I have a nice arse. That's the first thing all the guys say." She pirouettes like a clothes horse, displaying a derriere that indeed seems used to compliments. Victim of a culture that dictates one shouldn't pat certain parts of a newly-met anatomy, I don't, and immediately regret it. Instead, we babble on (or rather, she babbles and I goggle) until she suddenly grabs her friend, who's still talking to Murray, and heads for the door. "I can't do this anymore," the beauty explains in retreat, "I'll be 28 in two weeks."

"So what, I'm older than that," I call out, and the gaggle of menswear stiffens in disdain. Back at the bar, Murray pretends unconcern, but I can't make out if it's over the departure of the wallflower or my own hideous attempt at patter. In any case, it's plain that I need help. Professional help. And I know just where to get it.

BOOKS TO CHANGE YOUR LIFE the headline on the pamphlet trumpets in a boldface that graphics people sometimes call "Second Coming Type". Underneath it is a photograph of your basic blonde bombshell, complete with negligee and airbrushed nipples, and underneath *her*: "Everything You Need To Know To Do Better With Women."

Inside, there are 19 synopses of books ranging from *100 Best Opening Lines* to *How To Make Love To A Single Girl*. I decide to skip the advice on how to be good looking or better in bed and start with volume number two: *How To Pick Up Women*, which seems more appropriate to my advanced condition than the tome that started it all, *How To Pick Up Girls*.

No sooner has the book arrived and I've removed the brown paper wrapper, than I realise it's everything I possibly could have hoped for. Systematically, it goes through each location and situation of everyday life, pointing out that girls (and even women) are all over the place, just waiting, palpitating for my attentions. In local shops and at bus stops, in libraries and art galleries (I'll bet you didn't know either that most girls go to art galleries to get picked up), at the office, in restaurants and bars, at community functions and all types of clubs — in short, on every corner, so to speak, girls are standing around waiting, hoping against hope, breathing barely audible sighs of quivering anticipation and generally just acting like steamy puddles of helpless longing for my approach.

I look up from the book and close my mouth to swallow. And throughout all this, rejection is treated as nothing more than a mild irritant. But for me, the mere thought of the word conjures harsh images.

I take heart, though, in the fact that even the most famous pickup artists in history have suffered their share of rejection. Take Don Juan, for instance. In Moliere's version, Don Juan confesses to his manservant that he has the hots for an engaged lady. "My love began in the first

Girls are breathing barely audible sighs of quivering anticipation and generally acting like steamy puddles of helpless longing for my approach.

place as jealousy," he admits. "I couldn't bear to see them so happy together. . . and I realised what pleasure it would give me to disturb their mutual understanding and break up an attachment so repugnant to my own susceptibilities, but so far all my efforts have failed and I am driven to my last resort."

After this dastardly statement, Don Juan reveals that his plan is to hire men and a boat and kidnap the damsel "to gratify my passion". Where there's a will, there's a way, but this way does seem a bit off. Don Juan dismisses his servant's complaints about this sneakiness, though, with the observation that, "Hypocrisy is a fashionable vice, and all vices pass for virtues once they become fashionable. The role of a man of principle is the best of all parts to play, for the professional hypocrite enjoys remarkable advantages." Then he disappears in a puff of hellfire.

Hmm. Perhaps a little poetry, an appeal to the romantic in a lady, might be a less punishing ditty to warble. Something along Lord Byron lines. John Donne, maybe. How about: "Unlace your self, for that harmonious chyme,/Tells me from you that now it is bed time." Bit obscure, that, but at least it beats: "Off with that wyerie Coronet and shew/The haiery Diademe which on you doth grow." Guaranteed instant death. No wonder John Donne had so much time to spend scribbling in an attic.

Kierkegaard was a much smoother character, for my money. In *Diary Of The Seducer*, his bad boy pens: "My Cordelia! Outside the door stands a little carriage which to me is large enough for the whole world, since it is large enough for two; hitched to it are a pair of horses, wild and unmanageable as the forces of nature, impatient as my passion, spirited as your thoughts. . . Hold fast; if the world passes away, if our comfortable carriage vanishes beneath us, we still hold each other close, floating in the harmony of the spheres."

Hot stuff! Unfortunately, I don't know anybody named Cordelia. Better stick with modern jive, I decide, and leave the harmony of the spheres to guys like Kierkegaard.

After all, what I'm looking for is the flip side of rejection, that music to our ears which can be any composition from "Please do" to "Right, but don't mess up my hair." In quest of any reply along these lines, I search through *How To Pick Up Women* for cues on striking the right chord. Reading, I resolve to clean my nails more often and buy some cologne, but reject the idea of taking a girl out for a 200km/h drive to impress her. (Not that it's a rotten suggestion — it just doesn't jibe with either the capabilities or the image of my 1970 Mini Morris, its chassis scarred from rust-removal buffing, the plastic bag that keeps the distributor dry sticking out of the grillework like a yellow tooth. "How f-f-fast are we going?" she murmurs, gripping my sinewy bicep. "Not now, sweetheart," I command. "I'm trying to get my little carriage out of second gear.")

At work, Pete sees me studying the book. Being, as circumstances would have it, on the loose himself these days, he wants to know what great opening lines I've come up with.

"It says one of the best things you can do is go up to a girl and say, 'Hi'."

" 'Hi.' Just like that?"

"That's it. 'Hi'."

That night, Pete walks up to a woman he doesn't know, drops one shoulder like a cruiserweight with a bad feint, and says, "Hi." She takes him home and works him over unmercifully for hours. Just like that.

The next day, I memorise the entire book.

On Saturday evening, Murray and I are warming up with Guinness at the Orient Hotel, when I let slip that I've been doing a bit of research on the subject at every hand. Being, as I've mentioned, a practical type, Murray says, "So you're going to pick up that girl over there, are you?"

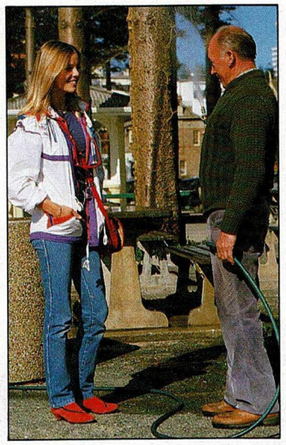
There I am. Trapped. Challenged. Confronting the object of my whatever and feeling extremely sort of about it. Ladies, most of you will never know what that moment is like — the moment before you walk up and say something inane to an

(continued on page 148)

she's a free spirit, a long way from home

WE LOVE LUCY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH



Lucy Gill is a golden girl. She's as sparkling and refreshing as the flowing cider of her native Somerset. But her peaches and cream English complexion is now lightly dusted with the honey-gold gleam of a Down Under tan. With one Queensland summer behind her, Lucy's looking forward to settling down in Australia.

"I really love it here," she says. "I came to Australia originally because of the climate and work opportunities. But it's the beaches and the leisurely lifestyle that I love the most. The coastline is wonderful: the beaches are so sandy and open, quite different to the rugged cliffs of England's West Country and Cornwall."

Lucy first captured our undivided attention during the recent PLAYBOY *Girls of the Gold Coast promotion. She ended up walking away with the show by winning our Playmate Parade and now she's moved to Sydney to pursue a modelling career. To introduce Lucy and her English friend Tommy Fraser to Sydney beaches, we took the couple to Manly for a bit of old-fashioned sightseeing. "I love running on the beach," laughs Lucy, "it makes me feel so healthy!" Lucy and Tommy were soon throwing a ball around on the sand, chatting to the locals and soaking up the atmosphere. Next visit, they'll try catching some Manly waves: "We love surfing. . . any water sports really. And I like to go skinnydipping," admits Lucy. "I've never had any inhibitions about things like that."*

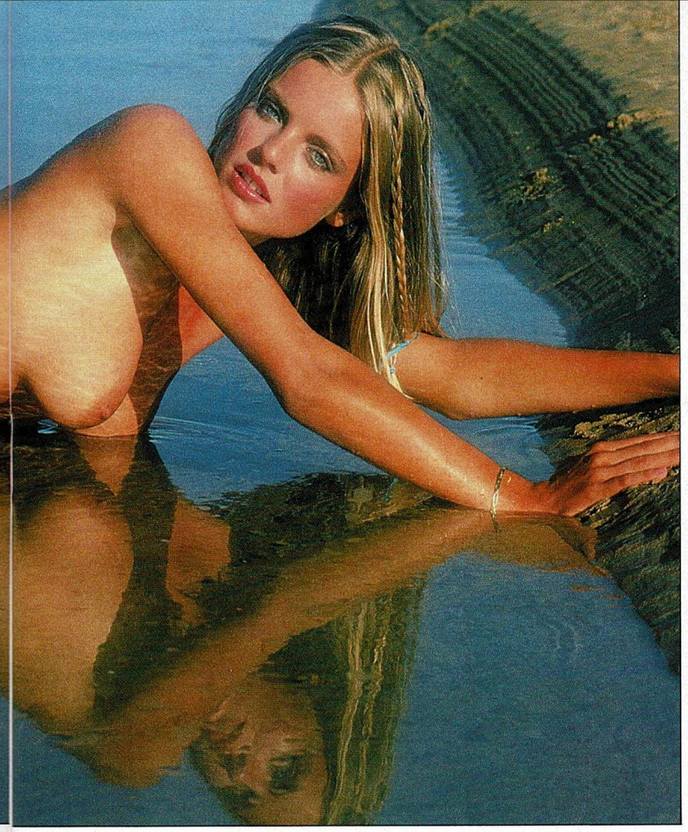
But Lucy Gill is not a totally uninhibited girl. "There are two sides to my nature," she explains. "Sometimes I'm very introverted and other times I'm very outgoing. Part of me wants to stay at home and read, eat chocolate biscuits and do really domestic things, while another part wants to go disco dancing, meet new people, travel to exotic places and have a wild time."

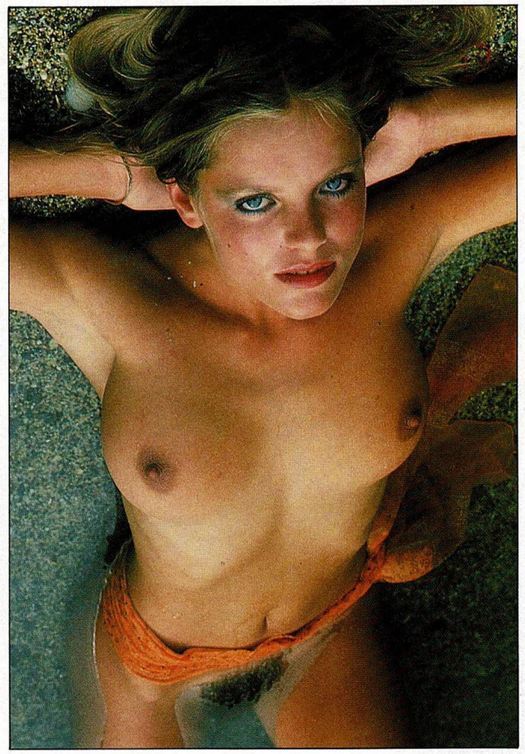
So how does Lucy reconcile this dual nature? "Well," she smiles, "for the moment, I'm doing lots of extroverted things., But in, say, 10 years, I think my homely side will take over and I'll settle down, have children and live in an old rustic house. But meanwhile, I'm having a great time."

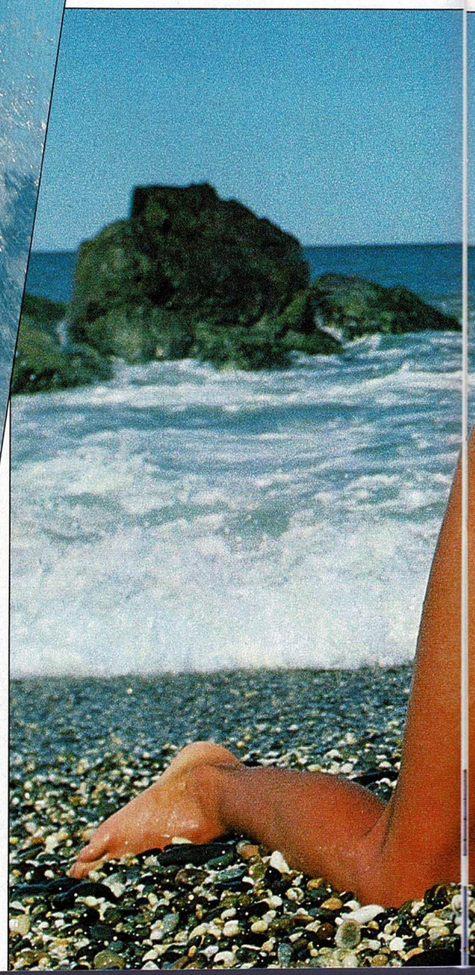
Okay, so Lucy's in the sky, no diamonds, but she says that when the ring is placed on her finger, it'll be by a very sensitive and passionate man. "I'm happy to make the first move when he comes along. In fact, I consider it a challenge to do the pursuing. I've never failed yet to get the man I want!" This is a pretty determined Cancerian speaking. "Oh yes, I've got a fiery nature," she continues. "I'm a terrible loser and I hold grudges. Otherwise I'm fairly easy to get along with! I really love life and everything's great at the moment, just great. . ."

"I'm fussy about beds. I like a really soft and comfortable place to sleep and I just can't stand nylon sheets. It's wonderful to snuggle up to someone very special at night and then to make love for hours in the morning. Sometimes I wish every morning was Sunday. . ."

"A woman needs to feel loved and protected but she doesn't want to be overpowered. I don't like aggression. That goes for lovemaking too. I like to make the moves sometimes. . . I don't see why the woman always has to be the passive partner. I believe that if you want something, you should go in there and get it."





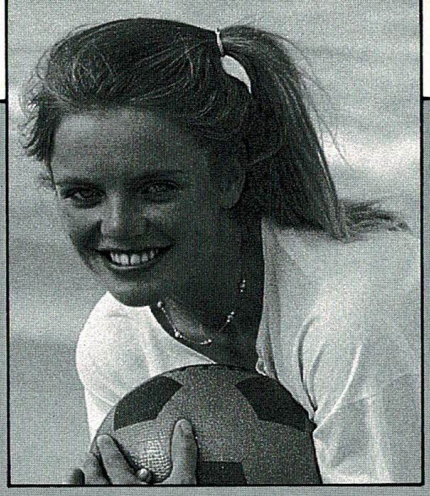


"I feel very free when I'm on the beach and can feel the sun warming my skin. I've always felt comfortable about being naked. ... I think it's very natural. I can't see the point in covering up your body. It's a wonderfully free feeling to skinnydip in the ocean and then stretch out on the sand and be dried by the sun."

"I guess I must be a bit old-fashioned. I like to make love in all the traditionally romantic places — in front of an open fire, in a big, cosy bed or sometimes outdoors, like on a secluded beach . . ."

MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: LUCY GILL

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'6 WEIGHT: 7st6 SIGN: CANCER

BIRTH DATE: 28/6/63 BIRTHPLACE: ENGLAND

AMBITIONS: TO SEE THE WORLD

TURN-ONS: DANCING TO BEAUTIFUL MUSIC, RUNNING ON THE BEACH IN THE EVENING, GYMNASTICS AND SKIING

TURN-OFFS: PUSHY MEN AND NYLON SHEETS

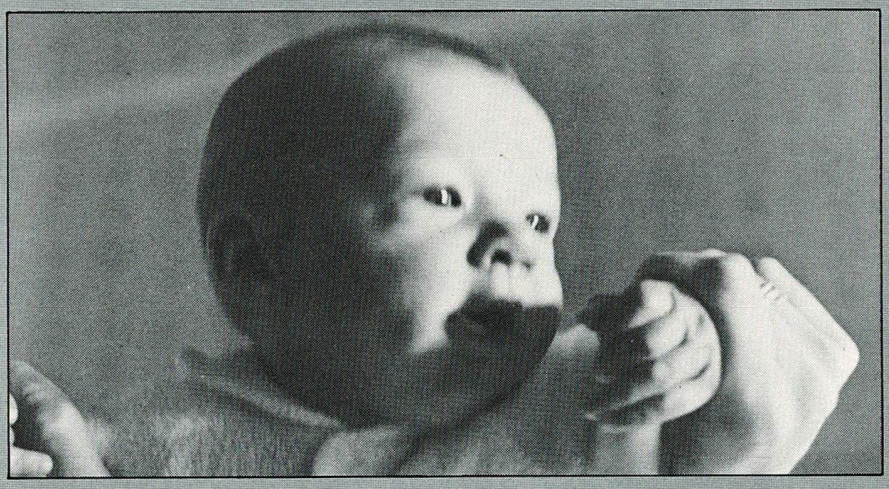
FAVORITE BOOKS: THE MOONS A BALLOON, BRING ON THE EMPTY HORSES, THE MANGO TREE

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: MIKE YARWOOD AND PAUL HOGAN.

FAVORITE SPORTS: GYMNASTICS, SKIING, SWIMMING

IDEAL MAN: A SENSITIVE AND PASSIONATE PERSON

SECRET FANTASY: SKINNY DIPPING IN A BEAUTIFUL LAKE, TO OWN A PINK PORSCHE



FIRST BABY PHOTO

"IT'S RAINING, IT'S POURING"

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An Australian salesman made the acquaintance of a rather attractive Swedish lady whilst holidaying in Bali.

Since neither spoke the other's language, they mimed a great deal, laughed a lot and enjoyed each other's company immensely.

On their final night together, they decided to spend up big and dine at the hotel restaurant.

During dessert, the Swede produced a piece of paper on which she had sketched a picture of a bed.

Back home a few days later, the Aussie told his astonished friends about the encounter and then added: "I just can't figure out how she knew I worked for a furniture company!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *69* as doing a number on each other.

Then there was the naive young girl from Wagga Wagga way who was so pleased with herself when she had sucked her first cock that she pressed the feathers between the pages of her favorite book.

A bloke turns up at a building site looking for work. After chatting to the foreman, he is told to start early the next morning.

He arrives at the site the next day in a chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce. When the foreman sees the car, he runs over and asks the man how on earth a brickie's laborer can afford to own such a car.

"Well," says the laborer, "I'm a gambler. I will gamble on anything. The more outrageous, the better. In fact, I bet you $100 that the tip of your penis will turn green by four o'clock this afternoon."

After thinking this absurd offer over, the foreman agrees and the laborer commences the day's work. At the appointed time, the foreman goes up to the laborer and informs him that he has lost the bet.

"Okay," he replies, "I'll pay up, but first I'll have to see for myself." The foreman glances around to check if anyone's looking and then drops his pants. The other man bends down and lifts the foreman's penis on to the end of his trowel. After deciding that it isn't green, he pays the $100.

The foreman pockets the money and with a big grin on his face asks the laborer how on earth he could get rich making such ridiculous bets.

"Easy, mate," he replies. "See the five men sitting on the fence over there? I bet each one of them $1000 that I could get your penis on my trowel at four o'clock!"

While they dined at The Hilton, McGill
Planned his conquest with cunning and skill:
He unzipped, wrapped a ten
Round his manhood, and then
Told his date she'd be stuck with the bill!

Four union members were discussing the intelligence of their respective dogs.

The first claimed his dog could do mathematical calculations. The pet was named T-Square and when told to go to the blackboard, he could draw a square, a circle and a triangle.

The second worker claimed his dog could do better than that. The canine's name was Slide Rule and, with no effort at all, he could fetch a dozen biscuits and divide them into four piles.

The third man admitted that the feats of these two dogs sounded quite remarkable but his dog, named Measure, could fetch a stubby of beer and pour seven ounces into a 10-ounce glass.

The three men turned to the fourth worker and asked what tricks his pet could perform.

"My dog's name is Tea Break," the unionist replied, "and he could show you bastards a thing or two. He'd eat the biscuits, drink the beer, piss on the blackboard, screw the other three dogs, claim he injured his back, file a worker's compensation form and shoot through on sick leave!"

The newly-wed couple were settling down to sleep after a night of passionate love-making.

"If you wake during the night, my darling, and feel like making love," murmured the groom, "just reach over and pull on my penis once or twice."

"Okay, honey," she replied sleepily.

"But, on the other hand, if you don't feel like making love," her husband continued, "just pull about 50 times!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"Face it, Edwin — it isn't that we've all turned into Teddy Bears, it's that you're going crazy!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRENT MELTON

BODIES BEAUTIFUL

to prepare for the season of the body beautiful, our team takes the fitness and fashion plunge

Get ready for the summer of the body. This season, like never before, the body business will be booming with the look focusing fully on torso and tan. Nice look if you can get it, and you can! Just step inside an operation like Sydney's Hyde Park Health Club and witness

Men's supa-briefs $14; ladies' navy blue cross-back $20; sports bag $13; towel $19.

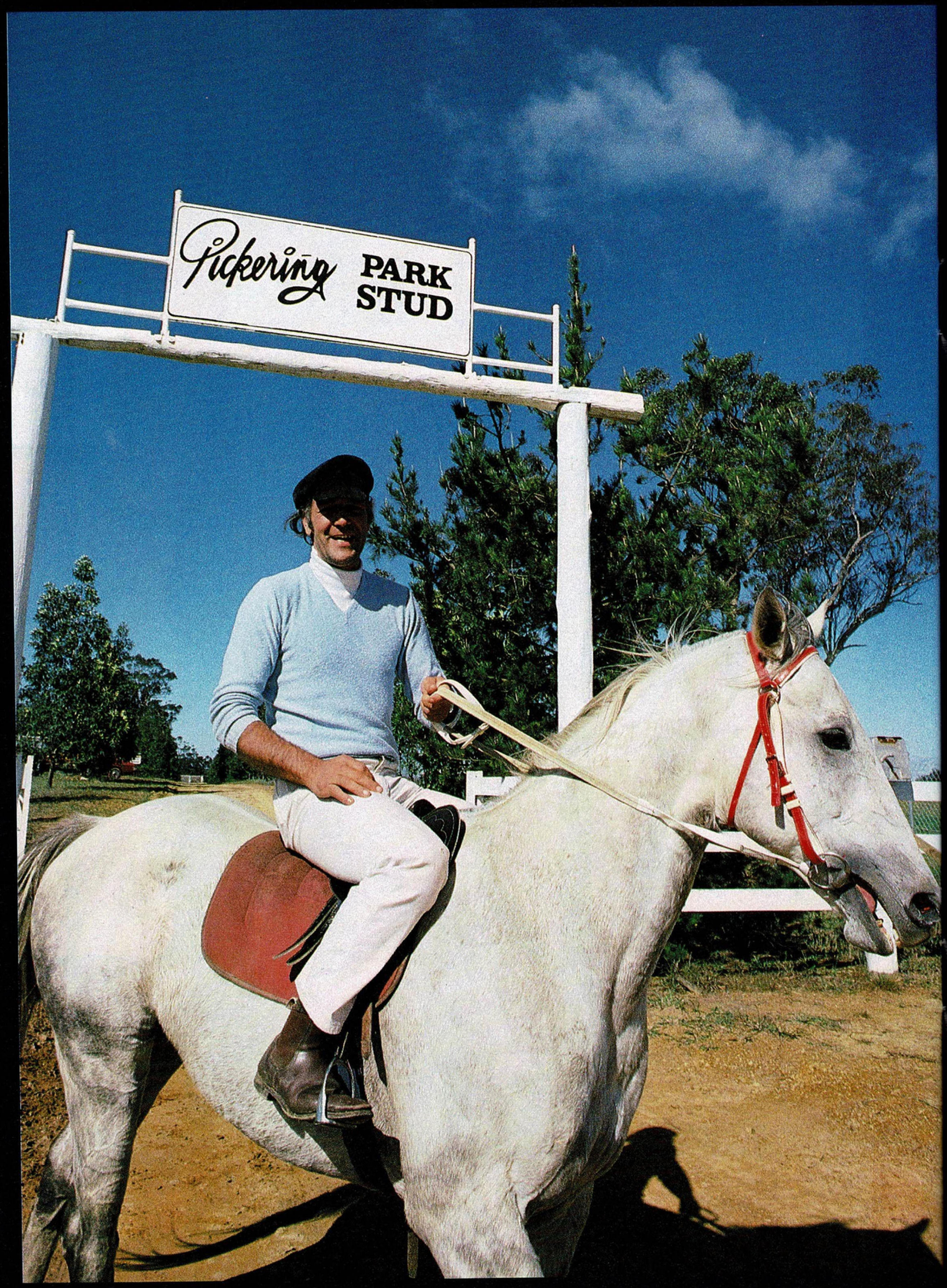
how fitness and vitality are dispensed in the most civilised fashion imaginable. This is not the sort of fashion you can walk in and grab off the rack — you do have to work at it. But that can be fun, particularly with the help of sophisticated aids such as the Nautilus

Her navy blue pool suit with red piping $23; men's supa-briefs $14.

equipment. Take a look at these bodies beautiful and you'll appreciate the benefits of getting fit to face the summer. To complete the effect, we wrapped these bodies in Speedo swimwear, the product of an Australian company that has kept the most successful

(continued on page 110)

His supa-briefs $14; her black cross-back $20. **SWIMWEAR BY SPEEDO**



larry won and lost his shirt on cartoons and tomatoes. now he's putting it on the real thing, reports russell deiley

Pickering AT THE RACES

THINGS HAVE CHANGED since last we chatted on Mangrove Mountain. The host of greening tomatoes has gone, ploughed into the heavily fertilised soil in the wake of the first January hailstorm to home in on the mountain in 21 years. A fortune went down the gurgler in that act of whichever god decided to finger Larry Pickering. "Whoever was looking after things up there that day was a cunt," says Pickering, who has long since given tomatoes the flick in favor of the noble steed. "We had four million dollars worth of tomatoes on the vine, we had a half-million dollar harvester oiled up and ready to go and we had a team of hand-pickers on the blocks. Then this column of hail appeared over there in the south-west. It looked only about 20 feet wide, but as it got closer, it got a lot bigger. I've never seen anything like it. . . it was like something out of the fucking Bible. It came straight through here and it cut every bloody tomato on the place to shreds." Reminders of Pickering's plunge on tomato futures remain. Some of the 100,000 monogrammed cardboard boxes on standby that January to take the fruit to markets offering $40 a case, have been pressed into use as containers for medicine and other horse paraphernalia. But "tomato" is a dirty word. These days, the horse is king on the tomato plantation-turned-stable on the Wollombi gateway to the Hunter Valley, an hour's drive north of Sydney. Weanlings browse and frolic on lush grass in the shadow of the Pickering-designed, elevated gazebo from which we watch his small team work on the three tracks which criss-cross the property. Out of sight — but not out of mind — in a spelling paddock, the tough little three-year-old champ, Veloso, contemplates his and, inevitably, Pickering's immediate future. Veloso is both Pickering's joy and his despair. This is the horse which could catapult him into the front rank of horse trainers where he wants so desperately to be, but Veloso is also the horse he dares not train. We will come back to Veloso's place in the schemes of Pickering. Right at this moment, as we sit in the gazebo watching less talented horses gallop by, Veloso casts his shadow on the crossroads which have spaced Pickering's life. Pickering began playing two-up with his fate at 14 — at an age when his parents were dedicated to leading him down the path of fundamental righteousness by

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROWAN FOTHERINGHAM

way of the Christadelphian Church. Pickering decided to bypass fundamentalism for the brutal school of life as a shunter and general hand on the Victorian Railways.

Marriage at 17 and a growing brood created a new series of challenges and responsibilities which Pickering discharged by working up to 20 hours a day as a trucker, contract musterer, anything which would help feed and shelter a family.

A stint in the reading room of a Melbourne newspaper tuned him in to the heady, influential world of the fourth estate. The smell of ink fed a restless creativity within Pickering — a welling urge he expressed in a succession of naively-drawn cartoons posted on dunny doors. Eventually, the self-taught black and white artist graduated from the toilet gallery to the pages of *The Canberra Times*.

The rest is folklore history. Pickering's first cartoon lampooning the bastardisation of Duntroon cadets netted him 90 cents. Within a couple of years, on a wave of national exposure through *The National Times* and *The Australian*, Pickering commanded a $6000 fee for a privately commissioned cartoon.

The crossroads appeared to be behind him. He was off and running. For the first time in his life, Pickering could afford to be his own man — free of the newspaper barons, charitable to paint manufacturers and other advertisers willing to pay him a cartoonist's ransom to endorse their products.

The combination of the grey Fraser years, the call of the Big Red and financial independence, persuaded Pickering to sheath his acid-charged pen to await the greening of the tomato crop and the coming of Bob Hawke to the Lodge.

The tomatoes withered in the dream, Hawke has ascended to the prime ministership and Pickering's politically-honed quill continues to moulder. Rupert Murdoch has been trying to lure the cartoonist back to his private lobbyland of the "Oz", but the wooer and the wooed cannot agree on terms. Murdoch wants him to come down from the mountain to a Surry Hills studio where the Dirty Digger and his lieutenants can keep an entrepreneurial eye on their investment. With caricatures of Hawke and his henchmen straining at his mind's leash, Pickering would love to get back into the media mainstream and pocket the loot. But he also wants to stay on the mountain ("it's beautiful here") where he can think his thinks and send his Canberra-based barbs to the Murdoch factory by pigeon post or facsimile link.

Only one thing remains unchanged in Pickering's life: a love of horses. The bond was forged in his teens as a contract musterer rounding up maverick cattle. The love descended to the vicarious during the helter-skelter years of high lampoonery, when the closest he got to the saddle was through the hot-line to his bookie.

Pickering's decision to quit daily graphic journalism to concentrate on those ill-fated tomatoes has accelerated his long-term plan to resume a touch contact with horseflesh. When he originally took out his trainer's licence, it was more as a wealthy man indulging his passion, but the failure of the tomato crop changed all that. Training horses has become an obsessive necessity. His calendar, which bares the high and mighty, grosses round $1.5 million each year, but while the profits of pudenda keep the Pickering household afloat, you don't set up and run a stable on hay alone.

"It costs $1000 a month without extras to keep a horse in training. I suppose we've invested $3 million in setting everything up here," he says with a casual sweep of the hand which embraces the 160 acres on Mangrove and the 50-acre homestead property a few kilometres to the east on Peats Ridge which he has earmarked for his stud.

The cash apart, he has also invested an immense amount of time and study on his entry to the industry. Before he took the fork signposted Royal Randwick, he visited most of the top studs and racing establishments in the country, milked the experts and read 50 books on horses in a month. Today his reading time is largely confined to *Racetrack* magazine, another branch of the Pickering racing stable.

But predictably, having seen, heard, read and digested, he decided to go racing his own way. And just as predictably, he has already upset the establishment and the traditionalists of Sydney racing. Stewards at Hawkesbury were apoplectic when he responded to their request for him to remove his omnipresent cap by telling them to get fucked. But Pickering and a gateman at Randwick, who insists that male trainers must be correctly attired at all times, have agreed to a truce. He wears the demanded tie, cut from precisely the same shade of cloth as his shirt. It's a new slant on the king's new clothes.

But it's not only officialdom that he rubs the wrong way. Racegoers are also seen and heard to resent Pickering's informality in dress and manner. As one punter shouted to Pickering at a recent Gosford meeting: "Thank Christ you've led in a winner. . . maybe you'll be able to afford a pair of laces for your sandshoes."

Pickering acknowledges punters' right to have a go at him, but he continues to feel comfortable with the tongue of his open sneakers turned down beneath the regulation jeans. He can understand the deeply-ingrained feeling among punters that Aussie trainers should continue to mirror the upper class English traditions of racing, but he reserves his right to ignore those traditions.

Just as he has been baring his arse to convention all his life, he has no intention of tailoring his training style to Ascot, Randwick, Flemington or anywhere else Poo-Bahism survives. And despite the obvious reluctance of an industry to accept a brilliant cartoonist as a conditioner of dollar-demanding horseflesh, his singular methods are proving remarkably successful.

From the first 50 horses which have entered his stable — most of them cast-offs from other trainers — Pickering has either won or earned placings with 48 of them. The purists will shudder at the irreverence of the comparison, but measure those results with the fruits of T.J. Smith's first four full seasons of racing. Between August, 1941, and the end of July, 1945, the man the doyen of racing journalists, Bert Lillye, describes as the greatest trainer in the

Pickering ON PUNTING

EVEN AS the protest siren sends punters scurrying round Broadmeadow looking for discarded tickets on the hot pot Holborn Court, Larry Pickering's face beams beneath the cap. His five-year-old mare, Heroine, has nosed out the favorite in a driving finish and not even the prospect of losing the race to champion jock Ron Quinton's protest can chill the thrill of being first past the post.

Not only have he and his horse beaten the powerful Neville Begg-Quinton combination and the educated money, but they have embarrassed the hell out of the man poised to become the first trainer in 31 years to topple T.J. Smith from the Sydney training premiership. A cast-off from the Begg stable, Heroine has become another reject to re-enter the winner's circle in Pickering's colors — red for the bitter memory of a lost tomato kingdom, and black and white for the artist.

"I like Neville — he's a beaut bloke and a great trainer, but it feels really good to beat the best, especially with one of his old horses," he says as the stewards mull over Quinton's claim that he was disadvantaged when his whip was knocked from his hand as Heroine and Holborn Court came together in the shadows of the post.

The stewards dismiss the protest and that makes Pickering feel even better. Pickering has managed to get 12s in the ring and, with Heroine confirmed as winner of the open race on the Newcastle Jockey Club's card, he is $15,000 richer on the punt. And that in itself is unusual these days. Compared to those harum-scarum times when he wouldn't dream of going to the course without leaving an average bloke's annual salary in the bookies' bags, Pickering the trainer is a modest, percentage punter.

"I'm still punting, but not irresponsibly like I used to. I only punt on my own horses now and only when I think we have a top chance," says Pickering as he tots up his bookie's account. He is $26,000 in the black — not bad for a punter whose instinct plunges once kept the bagmen in Havanas and Mercs.

His private training track gives him the edge. His horses work only for the stable stop-watch. The early morning clockers, who keep the bookies in touch with the track-burners on the public courses, would get lost trying to find their way to Mangrove Mountain. The stable dogs also have the habit of sniffing out casual callers.

Not that Pickering, gregarious fellow that he is, keeps the good oil from his mates. The day before Heroine beat the city slickers at Newcastle, he had spent hours on the STD telling his world that the mare was great value. He even goes on talkback radio in Sydney and Melbourne to spread the word.

By the very open nature of the man and his mounting success, the stable is beginning to attract an almost cult following among the TAB battlers. But because the professional touts and the professional punters are still not convinced that a tomato-growing cartoonist can condition winners, his horses continue to provide great each-way value.

Yet, the best laid plans. . .

Last year Pickering and his mate John Singleton were confident they could make a first-start killing with a horse called Comics: "Comics was really working well on our track, but a couple of blokes talked me into sending him down to Randwick for a training gallop," he says. "They reckoned a green horse needed other horses working round him to teach him what racing was all about. He beat two or three horses at work, coming home the last 600 in a tick over 34.

"I sent him down under the cover name of Calendar Kid, but I didn't fool anybody. John and I figured we could outlay something like $5000 each to win half a million. But when we got to Gosford on race day, every jockey, every bookie and all the smart punters knew. Comics opened at seven to four favorite, but we were still that confident we plonked $30,000 on.

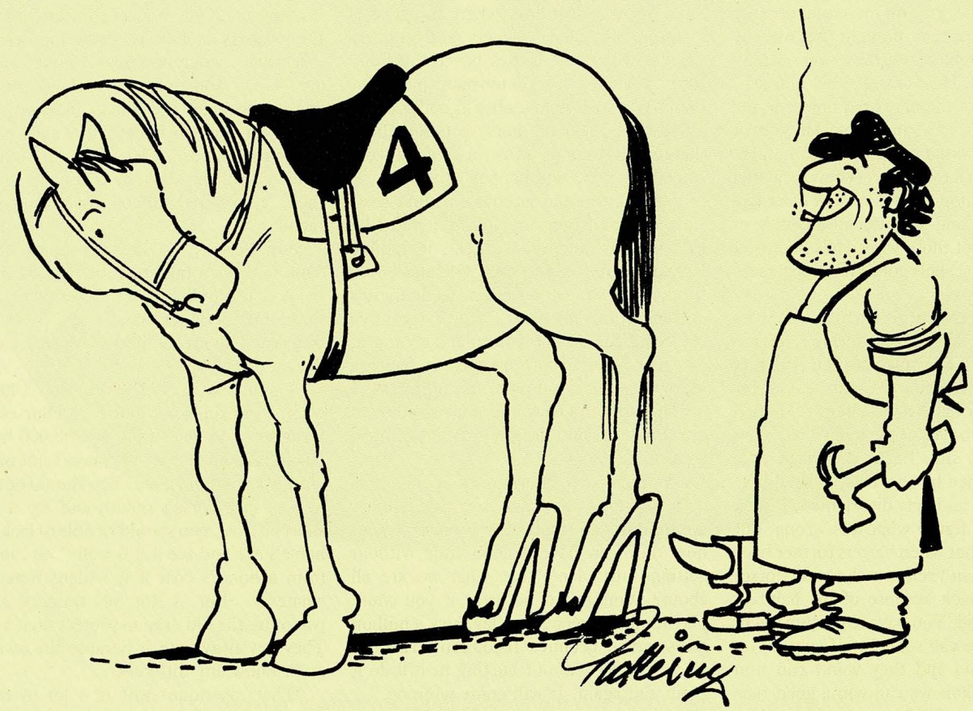
"Then this bloody horse came out of the barrier sideways and knocked us for six. We lost 16 lengths at the start, yet Comics ended up losing by only a whisker. It should have been a sure thing. We should have won by 10 or 12 lengths. But there is no such thing as a good bet. I used to think there was when I was an insane punter. I am far more sensible these days. But there are absolutely no guarantees. As Tommy Smith said the other day when he was up at my track: 'Whatever you think, whatever happens, it all boils down to the fact that you are betting on a horse race.' There is a lot of wisdom in what he is saying.

"All horses have got problems. Take Comics — our 'sure thing' first up. He's only got three legs and as Smith asks: 'Why back a horse that has got an obvious problem? Enough can go wrong in a horse race without backing crocks.'

"That's exactly what happened with Comics and our half million. He had four legs that day, but he got knocked over at the start."

As Larry Pickering, big winner, big loser, warns: when it comes to the punt, you need all the start you can get.

But then those days come along when a horse called Heroine can win at 12 to 1 and Benjamino gets home at 50s. They are the days when an Aussie punter down on his luck gets a transfusion of the national plasma. They are the days when we punters believe again in miracles. . .



world, led in just nine winners. More significantly, Pickering has achieved so much in so little time with what he describes as a stable of crocks. His first city winner, Gaelic Yacht, was on the verge of being pensioned off before Pickering revived the will to race in the old grey. T.J. himself banished Benjamino from Tulloch Lodge as a rogue, a bleeder and a cripple.

After the Pitt Street-like activity in the big stables of Randwick, Benjamino settled beautifully on the mountain. Pickering worked the big chestnut son of Vain quietly, returned him to racing in a Newcastle Flying where he ran a steady race to finish a creditable seventh and then took him to town where he spread-eagled a handy field of sprinters at the juicy tote odds of 50 to one.

"T.J. advised me to get rid of Benjamino after John Singleton and I bought him," he says. "He told me that he was not only unsound, but that he was a biter, a kicker and that no jockey would ride him. From the moment he settled in here, he has been quiet as a lamb."

And so the calendar of crocks runs on — Lunar Gold, a dicky suspensory ligament; Sovereign Bay, a bowed tendon; Lord Turfman, broken ribs and psychosis. With a little bit of help from his stable foreman and son, Jamie, and his stable apprentices, Erica Pennington and Rodney (the Squid) Keily, Pickering has nursed the lame and the rogues back into the prize-money. Some, like Lord Turfman, might turn out to be the bonanza horses for which Pickering has been searching the bargain barrel.

"Look at that beautiful, free-going stride," he says as Erica allows the Lord a bit of rein. "We got him for a song because his original owners thought he was no good. Their problem was they were running him in sprints. He wants at least a mile.

"He is one of the best bred horses in the frigging land; bred in the purple. He's out of Lawn, the dam that got the classic winners Purpose and Hemisphere. They reckoned he couldn't gallop and we've won three in a row with him and we jumped a couple of classes in two of those wins. He's got to get better, of course, he's got to win a few races in Sydney."

A week later Lord Turfman goes to Randwick and fails, but Pickering is not too disappointed: "The track was so bad that day that they decided to close the course for a couple of months. Besides, he got chopped back and had to race in the field. That's not his style. I'm sure he hit his head as a youngster. When he gets back in a field, he turns his head and gets disoriented. It took me a while to figure what was wrong, but now I realise that when he gets further back than fifth, he can't relate to the other horses or even the track because of his habit of turning his head. You have to get him out in front where he can see a bit of space. Get him to the lead and they won't run him down. We reckon we can win a good race with him up to 2000 metres. If he does develop into a really top horse, he could be worth three million as a stallion."

Working out horses, their problems, their likes and dislikes is what Pickering is all about. It is the plank on which he plans to build the success he is confident will come to him in racing.

"All horses are basically the same in the head," he says. "They might look a lot different, but that rubbishy little palomino pony down there is basically the same in the head as Lord Turfman. A horse's main interest is in having a good time. They have to be convinced that they can have a good time racing, that it feels good to pass another couple of horses in the straight. But a lot of them have too much brain. They learn how not to race.

"The horse is the most logical animal I know. It is the trainer who is illogical. Look at what most trainers do: they race a horse until it starts losing then they send it for a spell. What do you reckon a horse makes of that? I'll tell you what it says to itself: 'Shit, if I put in a bad one, they'll put me in a paddock by myself.' It doesn't take much for a horse to work out where the grass is greener. Yet some owners and trainers wonder why some horses never show any form. The horse has got too many brains for them. You spell a horse after a good run, not a bad one. Then the horse gets to believe that every time it puts in a good run, something good will happen to it.

"A horse's main interest is in having a good time. They have to be convinced that they can have a good time racing. But a lot of them have too much brain."

"The stewards insist that if a horse has a chance of finishing in a place, it must be ridden right out. So, with this incredible logic, the horse says to itself: 'If I stay out in front, I don't get a bigger feed; there's nothing in this for me if I win. I've got two choices: I can go to the front and try to win and that is going to hurt and the frigging jockey is going to whip the arse off me; or I can drop out the back and it is not going to hurt my lungs and the jockey is not going to whip me.'

"A big part of training a horse is understanding what makes it tick. Horses are thinking all the time and mostly about how they can have a good time without getting hurt. Isn't that what *we* are all about? Wouldn't it be great if you could play football every Saturday, kick a million goals and not get hurt? If you can get a horse to do its best without hurting it, it'll do it again and again. It will enjoy winning."

Another essential part of the Pickering plan is to give every one of his horses space. Each horse in training has its own quarter-acre yard. The horses are only boxed the night before a race and only then to make certain that they don't eat anything that is going to throw a chemical bomb in their metabolic works. The generous space allocation is designed to relax a horse to keep it fresh.

"Most Sydney trainers believe that the best way to keep a horse fresh is to lock it up in a box for 23 hours a day. The theory is that a boxed horse keeps building up and up until all that pent-up energy explodes on race day. I believe a horse will race better if it is relaxed and I'm bloody sure they don't relax in a box like they do in their own little quarter-acre yard. I don't know of anyone else who is using our technique, but I know that I can get 20 or even 30 runs out of the same horse that was starting only four or five times for a Sydney trainer.

"You have got to know your horses. . . you have to understand what it is they are telling you. If you just sit in an ivory tower and work from figures, you are going to come a cropper. You have to be down there in the paddocks and in the boxes with your horses."

Not that Pickering ignores figures. Every one of his horses has its own card on which every detail of times, work, blood count and other metabolic rates, feed, medication and performance is recorded. His video library includes films of every horse's race and trackwork. He has now installed a computer into which all the information on his horses and rival horses will be fed and stored.

Ultra-refined breeding selection and techniques demand the most advanced training methods, but, brash newcomer to the industry that he is, Pickering believes Australian owners of absurdly priced horses are being short-changed. As a punter peering through the murky looking glass, Pickering used to believe that racing was rife with scoundrels. Now that he is on the other side of the glass, he is convinced that there are more dubbos than crooks in racing.

Sure, he says, a trainer can sling a jockey $400 to drive a bolter to the front to make the pace for his horse, but Pickering regards this as tactics rather than fixing. He is more concerned about the horse-shit that cloaks the industry.

"I still hear the old wives' tales I heard when I was knocking round with horses as a teenager. You can't train a $100,000 horse on old tales and hope. Of course some of the old ways still hold good. You should be able to look in a horse's mouth and see if it is short on iron. You should be able to look in a horse's eye and see if it is well. You can tell from a horse's coat if it is dehydrated or whatever. But a lot of trainers keep parroting the old crap to protect their aura. They get away with it because the owners don't know any different.

"That mystique stuff is a lot of crap. They say that T.J. can tell a good horse by

"It's a good thing you called us about this wild party, lady. Otherwise, we might have missed it!"

just looking at the animal or by watching the way it walks. What the hell has a walk got to do with a horse whose business is running at 40 miles an hour? The worst looking horse you have ever seen could also turn out to be the fastest. As for that 'something in the way it moves', that is all shit and mysticism.

"A horse has a body just like we do, just like an athlete. The only way you can help it reach its full potential is by finding out all the factors that contribute to its peak fitness and putting them all together properly. You can't do that with the old bullshit ways."

Pickering estimates that even the top Australian trainers are only getting their horses to produce 80 percent of their capacity. He is adamant that overall techniques have to be improved and adopted from Europe and the USA, where all the advances are made, to get as close as humanly possible to tapping 100 percent of a horse's potential.

"We keep telling ourselves that because we don't have to compete directly with those poofters in the northern hemisphere, we can go our own, old way. But if we are going to be fair to the owners who keep putting up the money, we have to rethink our training methods. Hit and miss is not good enough when it costs an owner at least $250 a week to keep his horse in training. We have to stop leaning on all that bullshit that an Aussie has got a good eye for a horse."

Pickering admits with customary immodesty that he is doing pretty well with his new training methods, but he also concedes that with the exception of a couple of old mates, especially John Singleton, not too many people share his belief.

"Most of the fraternity think I'm a mug, think I'm a bit of a joke. It's the story of my life. Because I was hauling trucks before I began cartooning, editors kept advising me to stick to driving trucks. Now that I've pinned my future to horse training, they are telling me to stick to cartooning.

"That disappoints me because I know I will bloody well succeed in racing. It's just a question of time, hopefully no longer than four or, at worst, five years to be where I want to be with 40 horses in work.

"To achieve that, I need a constant flow of horses. I need clients who will entrust me with well bred horses that will win races. Until those clients come along, I can only prove myself by buying my own horses. You go broke that way. I'd probably be broke now if it hadn't been for Singo."

He is unstinting in his gratitude to Singleton, the only bloke who has consistently shown faith in him and his methods: "I'd probably have given up if it hadn't been for him. At one stage I had trained 22 second place-getters without getting a winner. I'd have been better off if they had finished last. Getting beaten by centimetres just kept encouraging me. Those were the days when everyone kept asking me when I was going back to planting tomatoes.

"But Singo left his horses with me and we started to win. I'll be eternally grateful to him. It is not very nice to sit and think you have invested $3 million in a business which continues to regard you as a jerk. That kind of talk must affect your capacity to earn a living. It's un-Australian.

"Some blokes have had to wait six years to train their first winner, but they haven't had to cop the shit I have. But the sceptics are finally starting to prick up their ears."

Pickering is also aware that those same people are talking about his connection with last season's most consistent and durable three-year-old, Veloso. Pickering and Singleton paid $450,000 for the honor of owning the winner of the last Sydney Cup, but the registered trainer remains Mal Barnes. Since the Cup, the knockers have had a field day: if Pickering is such a shit-hot trainer, then why doesn't he train Veloso himself?

"Yes," says Pickering, "of course they have a point. Veloso has become an embarrassment to me — such an embarrassment that I'm seriously considering [divesting] at least part of my share. I don't want to because he will be such a valuable stallion, but it has got to that stage.

"As long as I retain a significant interest in the horse, people will continue to regard me as a hobby trainer who has got to give a champion to someone else to train. I'd give my right ball to train him, but it has not been that simple. Mal did all the negotiating to buy the horse and when it came to Singo and me deciding on who was to train him, there was only one man: Barnes.

"It wasn't just the loyalty thing. When we got the horse, I didn't want to train him, couldn't afford to train him. I'd have been on a hiding or nothing. Say I'd stuffed it up, say Veloso had done the same thing for me as he did for Mal and ran all those seconds. . .

"Everyone would have said that if we'd left the horse in Neville Begg's stable, Veloso would have won all those races. If I'd trained Veloso and he had won every race, they would have said a drover's dog could have trained the horse because he is a champion. So what it boils down to is that I have got to make a decision — a decision which could well see Veloso finish his racing career overseas."

So Pickering is back at those crossroads.

It's the kind of decision most of us would give our left ball to be saddled with. Pickering has set a price tag of $450,000 for his share of the horse. That means that if his share is sold, he will have made a profit of around half a million on his investment when you take into account the prize-money Veloso has won since it entered the Pickering-Singleton silks.

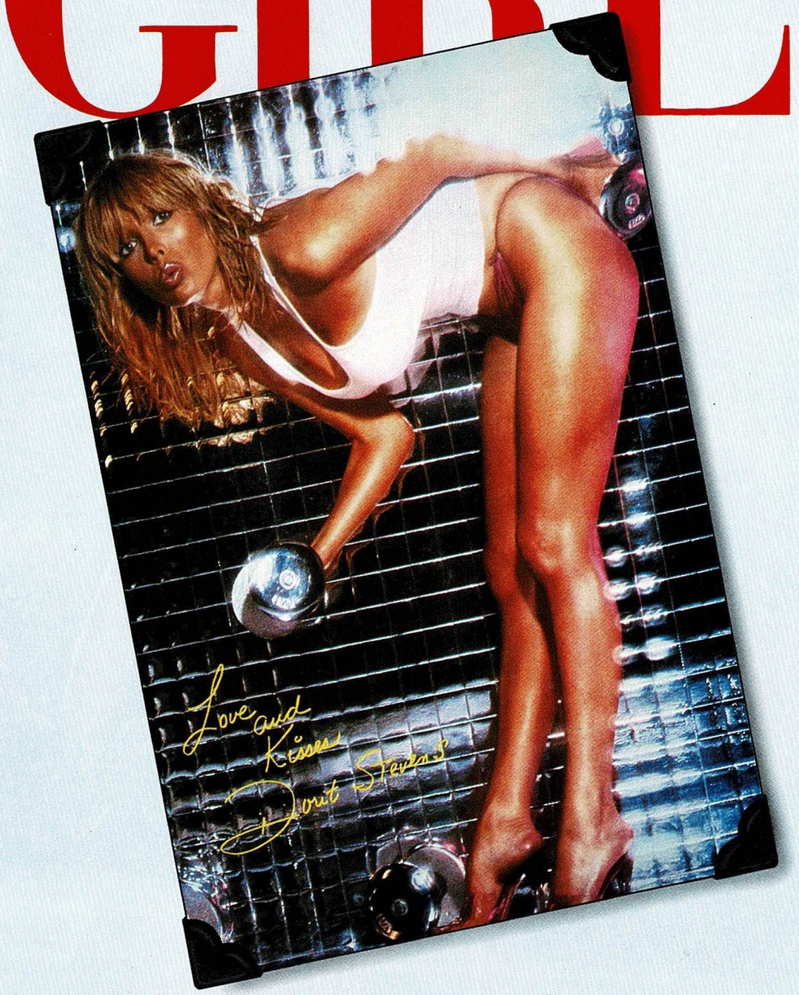
But throughout all the six and seven-figure talk, Larry Pickering remains a loveable lair. Who else would have taken the latest addition to his family stable, Larry junior, to the Sydney Cup celebration just six days after the lad had entered this world?

Who else could have turned his back on the position as one of the highest paid cartoonists in the world to grow tomatoes?

And who else could have shrugged off a $4 million loss, ploughed in what the hail left of his plants and decided to become Australia's leading horse trainer?

"You can get up to 10 words without having to pay additional. Wouldn't you like to tell him more than, 'Fuck you'?"

PIN-UP GIRL



IN HER POSTERS AND LIFE, DORIT STEVENS IS A MARVEL

Dorit Stevens has one of those faces you just know you've seen before. And her anatomy is pretty memorable too. You probably have seen both her face and figure as Dorit has adorned more posters and billboards around the world than just about any other model. But this young woman is much more than just a pretty face: as a child she travelled the world with her roguish Russian father, she speaks five languages and has developed a very practical attitude toward her career. "I'm a fantasy," she muses, "but that stuff is all right. I understand it. We're all impressions of life."

The legacy of Dorit's Italian mother shines through in this shot, reminiscent of *la bella* Sophia Loren. Indeed, the first time Dorit appeared before the camera, at the age of 10, was as an extra in one of that Italian actress's films. Obviously, her competitive edge has increased since then. She has — and awaits — bigger parts.

Dorit has finally settled in Los Angeles. Now she can play a weighty game. "Being a big star," she says, "is not life or death to me. I'll be happy to know that I have my house; I have nature; I can go to the desert, to the mountains; I can lie on the beach in a bikini. I just want to be remembered as somebody who didn't hurt anybody, someone with ethics and integrity who just liked to have fun and laughter and smiles and flowers. That's it!"

"When I was little," Dorit recalls, "my father taught me to say 'I love you' in 12 languages. He said that was the best way to get through life." Now, as an actress and model, she speaks the universal idiom, delivered in a seductive accent with all the allure and mystery of any exotic place that comes to mind. *Mais oui*, her smash-hit posters have sold so well that she's unlikely to ever be cleaning anyone's windows, even French ones.

When Dorit and her father settled in Tel Aviv, she took combat training in the Israeli army — hoping, perhaps, to bring a lusting peace to the Middle East. Another version of this photo, with the uniform rearranged for a family audience and emblazoned DORIT WANTS YOU so impressed the US army that it may be used as a recruitment poster! Sure beats Uncle Sam.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PENNY WOLIN

20 QUESTIONS: RANDY NEWMAN

america's best songwriter wonders why europeans take reagan seriously, why his 15-year-old son cut off all his hair and why he doesn't sell more records

Although many critics and musicians believe that Randy Newman is the ranking satirist and the major talent among living American songwriters, he has received most attention for his score for Milos Forman's Ragtime, *which earned an Academy Award nomination, and for a funny song about a lunatic who hates* Short People. Trouble in Paradise, *Newman's most recent LP, includes* I Love LA, *a bouncy send-up of his home town, and a disturbing, edgy vision of Cape Town, South Africa, as well as a cluster of societal woes and personal miseries. Although a recluse at heart, Newman, who comes from a family of musicians, met with* ***David Sheff*** *in Beverly Hills. "I asked him about his much-reported eye problem, which causes him to see double," reports Sheff. "He shrugged it off. 'It's no big deal,' he said. 'I can see fine.' To prove it, he focused on me and said, 'I know which one is you.' He pointed toward the window."*

1.

PLAYBOY: What *is* the trouble in paradise?

NEWMAN: You know, places like LA, Miami, Cape Town are supposed to be, and probably used to be, like Bora-Bora or some other paradise. But things went wrong. But I do love LA. It's not the most beautiful place in the world, but I love the weather and everybody I know well lives here. I admit that the song is a little ambiguous; the streets I picked are not the most beautiful, and I took a few shots here and there — like the bum — but, basically, I do love LA. I love The Beach Boys. Like I said in the song, "Rollin' down the Imperial Highway/With a big nasty redhead at my side. . ." That wouldn't be bad.

2.

PLAYBOY: Do you like to be in the centre of the music business? Do you take meetings at the Polo Lounge?

NEWMAN: I've been to a meeting there, but I didn't get into how awful it was that I was doing it. I didn't give a shit where I was. Except a lot of nice-looking women were there in hats. Black hats. I like that. I may be back there.

Otherwise, I don't pay attention to the music business. I don't read the magazines or look at the charts. If I were in the magazines occasionally, I might. When *Short People* was a hit, I subscribed. But, really, I'm not interested in that at all.

3.

PLAYBOY: On *Trouble in Paradise*, the list of background singers is pretty impressive: Linda Ronstadt, Wendy Waldman, Paul Simon, Jennifer Warnes, Don Henley, Bob Seger, Rickie Lee Jones, Lindsey Buckingham, Christine McVie. Why did they agree to sing on your record? Did they need the money?

NEWMAN: A lot of them like me, I suppose. I don't exactly know why, but they like what I do. I think. You should check. Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe they did it as charity.

Linda and Jennifer have done my songs. Other people called Lenny [Waronker] and Russ [Titelman, Newman's producers] and asked if I needed background things. I can't do backgrounds. I sound like a bunch of sheep. I didn't know some of those people. I like Seger's stuff, but I didn't know he liked mine. Henley called; we're friends. I sort of knew Simon. I knew Rickie Lee. And they were great to work with. They all have real enthusiasm for music in general. They worked really long hours, to where I would get embarrassed and say, "Don't you have to go to a fitting or something?"

4.

PLAYBOY: Because of your song, a lot of people think you really *do* hate short people. Does it bother you when people misinterpret you?

NEWMAN: Sometimes, though it may be my own fault — the execution. I remember in high school, you analysed poetry and some of the hippie teachers would say, "That's fine, that's fine — however you see it is fine." But that isn't fine with me. I set out to do something, and that's what I want people to get. Sometimes I don't care. A song comes — *boom!* Sometimes there is a lot of work with your head: "Is this funny? Or is it merely vulgar? If it's merely vulgar, why do it?"

5.

PLAYBOY: Your sound-track for *Ragtime* was nominated for an Academy Award. How did that project come to be?

NEWMAN: After turning down many movies, I agreed to do that one because I knew it had great music potential.

I had read the book. Some of it I did in advance of shooting, like when you see musicians playing in the movie — they actually had to be playing something — but the rest was done afterward. In some ways, it was easier than writing my own songs, because I didn't have to pull something right out of the air, but in other respects it was harder, because I was dealing with someone else's ideas and writing for an orchestra — which I really liked. It's a real art to match and enhance what is going on up there. You try to help tell the story. You make the romance mean a little more. If the guy is looking happy driving his car, you try to make happy music.

I'm not used to having to deal with other people when I work. I do what I want to do. But film is a director's medium. Music is about 14th in importance. If the director wants to take a piece of music and cut it down or move it from here to there, he does it. So I wasn't entirely overjoyed with the experience, but I did all right, I thought. And I was rather proud of the job I did. In the time of the movie, there were fewer chords than they know now, so I liked it.

6.

PLAYBOY: Your uncle Alfred won nine Academy Awards for his scores for such movies as *The King And I* and *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. Did that make your Oscar nomination particularly gratifying?

NEWMAN: I guess I was gratified by it. I knew I wasn't going to win, but I went for a weird experience, and it *was* a weird experience. I sat next to Johnny Williams, and Liberace did a medley that included our music. He played *Ragtime* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. You know what they have at the Academy Awards? They have people who sit in your chairs when you're gone. Johnny Williams and I went to the bathroom and — ppfffttt! — two people were in our seats. That way, if the camera pans the audience, there are no empty seats.

7.

PLAYBOY: Since *Ragtime*, do you follow music written for Broadway and films?

NEWMAN: I don't enjoy Broadway music. I haven't seen a Broadway musical I have enjoyed. Oh, *Fiddler on the Roof*, years ago. *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*. The movie of *The King and I*. I did admire the music in *A Chorus Line*. But I saw *Cats* and *Sweeney Todd* and actually *saw Chorus Line*, and I tell you, I felt like I was from Yugoslavia and didn't understand English. I felt like I used to feel at high school football games when I'd be getting loaded in the corner and the crowd would be going, "Yea! Yea!" and I didn't feel a part of it. I wanted to — I'm telling you — because I paid $29 or something for a ticket. At *Cats*, I kept looking at the price of the ticket. To me, there is more in *Kiss on My List* than in all of *Cats*.

Movies are another story. They are the

great art form of the 20th century. One of my favorite scores is my uncle Al's *How Green Was My Valley*. I like his *Song of Bernadette*. I like *Superman*, by Williams. I like *Patton*, by Jerry Goldsmith, and *Stagecoach*. *Psycho*, by Bernard Herrmann. *Chariots of Fire* was a good score. I noticed it only the second time I saw the movie. The first time, I was too bitter, because of the Academy Award [*laughing*]. I wouldn't have done it that way. It was the Twenties, and I would have had an English band perform the score instead of synthesizers, but then it wouldn't have won the Academy Award and the picture wouldn't have made 80 billion dollars. There are a lot of good scores. I like *Gone with the Wind*, by Max Steiner. Leonard Bernstein did a good job for *On the Waterfront*. When I go to movies, I notice the scores more than anything else — which is bad, because you can't tell whether a score is good out of context of the movie. A good score shouldn't jump out at you.

8.

PLAYBOY: Are there performers and songwriters whose work you particularly follow?

NEWMAN: Yeah. Neil Young. I don't know about his new computer stuff, but I may grow to like it. I don't know whether he can compete with people who have grown up with synthesized brains. It's sort of rudimentary music for someone who is as complex and talented an artist as he is. I like Seger, Emmylou Harris, George Jones. I admire Hall and Oates and Michael McDonald very much for writing those things that are complex harmonically.

Lyrically, there are only a few people I pay much attention to: Young, Rick James, though he only did one really good record I love. Van Morrison. I like Rickie Lee's lyrics. Prince's, X's. I admire some stuff critics absolutely hate. Rod Stewart. Some people don't like his persona or something, but I take him seriously, because he can relate a lot of information in a short amount of time, which is very hard to do. He is expressing something that is true. He brags a little and stuff, but *Only a Boy*, on his last record, is a very good song. He is the best of English rock. People won't like that, but that's the way I feel. Elvis Costello may be better, but I can't hear the words all the time. I bought a songbook, so I'm looking.

9.

PLAYBOY: What music did you grow up on?

NEWMAN: Mostly classical. I always studied music and figured I'd be a musician. And then Ray Charles, Fats Domino and that sort of R&B. Sonny Boy Williamson. John Lee Hooker. And when I got into high school, The Beach Boys.

10.

PLAYBOY: You're the first to admit that your work hasn't sold well, with the exception of *Short People*. Does it bother you after so many years in the business?

NEWMAN: Yes. It's a drag. I would like to be able to go on this tour and not worry about the poor promoter's taking a beating. It would be nice to be a part of mainstream America, the way Seger is — you know, to be on the stations. I listen to his albums and my albums, and there isn't a great deal of difference in how hard they rock or in the content of the lyrics. I mean, he's got a bigger voice, but the disparity isn't the difference between having a number one record in the country and not getting played. Programmers don't think I'm right for rock radio or something, but I don't know why. I sell records in Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and Norway and stuff. In Europe, the record is number 20 or something, and in the US it is number 8,000,000. They are really serious about music there. They listen intently. Radio isn't as strict. They aren't afraid to play something different. Maybe American stations think that if they played my records, people would turn off the radio or something. It's a little frustrating, but it doesn't bother me too much.

Maybe American stations think that if they played my records, people would turn off the radio or something. It's a little frustrating.

11.

PLAYBOY: Is there a certain satisfaction that comes with being out on the fringe?

NEWMAN: Well, there is satisfaction in appealing to the people I appeal to and in being critically received the way I have been, but it's not enough for me anymore. I can't change the way I write, but I would change anything else. [*Thoughtfully*] I'm whining, aren't I? You should cut some of this whining about not selling records. I hate whining, don't you?

12.

PLAYBOY: Is the darker side of things — the trouble in paradise rather than paradise itself — the side you see the most?

NEWMAN: You see, I don't necessarily know the places I am writing about well at all. Of those on this record, I've been to Miami once. I've never been to Cape Town, and after *Christmas in Capetown*, I doubt I'll ever go: I don't think they'll invite me. I know San Francisco pretty well and I know LA very well. But for *Baltimore*, I just went through the place once and immediately went home and attacked it. Of course, there is a danger that your observations may be totally inaccurate. Before Bertolt Brecht had ever seen America, he had done his stuff about Chicago and gangsters. It wasn't true, but it was more interesting than the stuff he wrote after he had seen it. I remember seeing this one side of Baltimore in *National Geographic*: all the white-marble stairs and the pretty porches. It was just great-looking. But when I wrote *Baltimore*, it was about a different side. And I had no case when the mayor was angry about my song and Miss Baltimore gave me a bunch of letters saying things like, "Randy Newman is not human." I had no case, because I didn't know the town well.

13.

PLAYBOY: You have described the classic Randy Newman song as being "a real pretty song with nasty intent." Does that still apply?

NEWMAN: Sometimes I've written real pretty songs, you know. I've never thought of my songs as particularly nasty. I've always thought that the audience is better than the people in my songs. Almost everyone is, in fact.

14.

PLAYBOY: One theme that has pervaded your music, from *Sail Away* and *Good Old Boys* to *Trouble in Paradise*, is racism. Do you remember when you first became aware of it?

NEWMAN: I remember it very well. I was five or six, walking in New Orleans with my mother, and I saw a water fountain that said COLORED and one that said WHITE. I asked my mother what that meant. It was a shock. I didn't cry, but I couldn't understand it. I saw the same thing on an ice-cream truck that had two doors on the back. One said WHITE and one said COLORED. Such a strange idea did not jibe with ice cream.

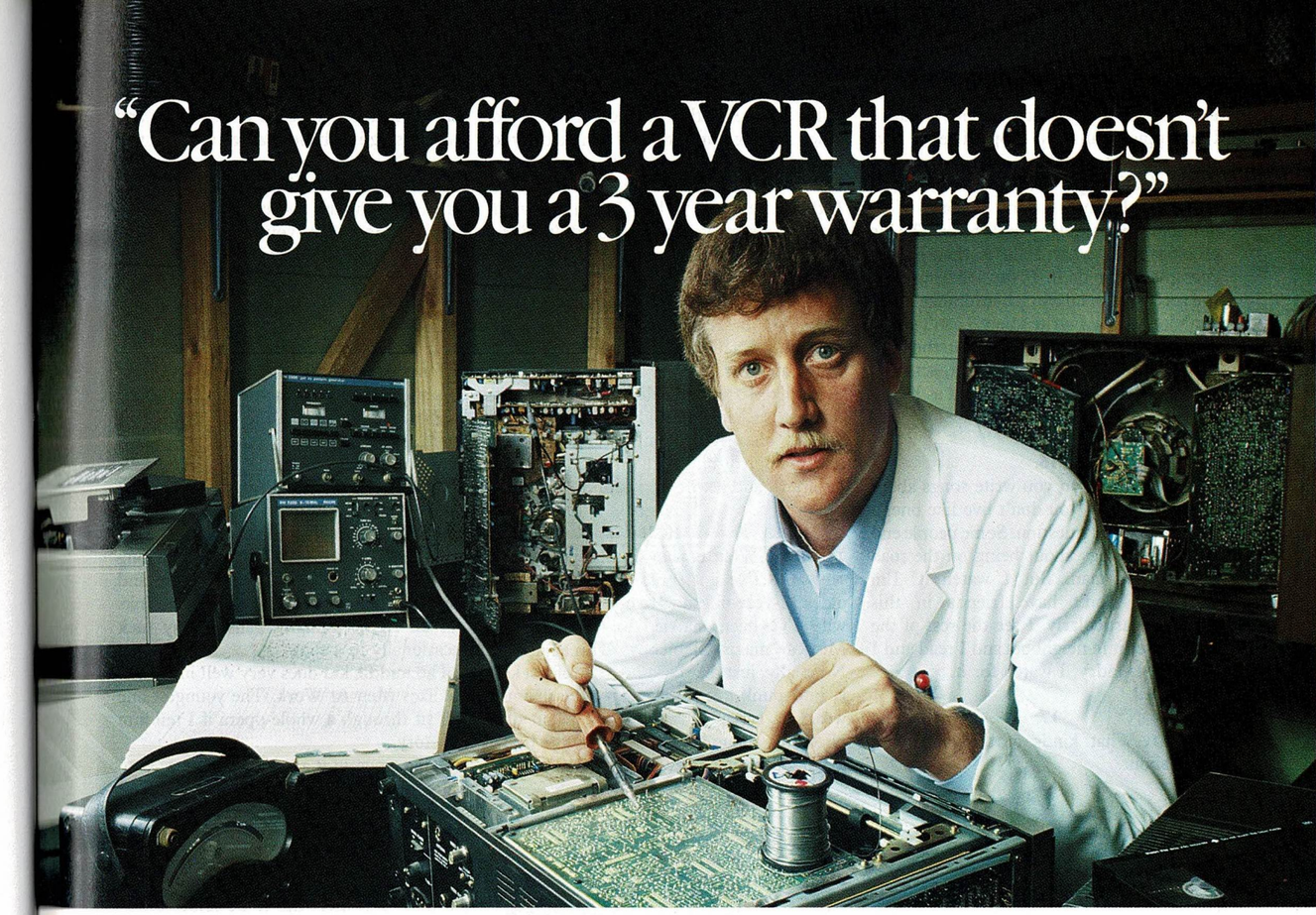
That is why it is so surprising to me that some change has come about. It's still awful for blacks in this country. I don't think it will ever be the way it should be really, but the South has improved. You can see it. And that's something.

People in the North think they are so superior, while their cities are racist as ever. It hits me when I am touring. I go into a town and, invariably, you know who is going to live in the worst neighborhood. It's naive to think that it's going to get better, but in the US, it just shouldn't be. It hurts. You know, when you go to Germany and you look for the slums, you can't find them. It's getting a little worse there now, but nothing compared with the US. As an American, that hurts. I'm always happy when I see some slums outside Paris. I can't help it. I still tend to think that everything should somehow be better here. Because Americans *are* the nicest people in the world. [*Laughing*]

15.

PLAYBOY: Are you the pessimistic and depressed artist your songs suggest?

NEWMAN: I don't like to write. I feel great when I get something going. I feel terrible when I don't have something going. But my



Peter Elliott. VCR Technician.

The reliability record of the average VCR is hardly inspiring. It is not surprising therefore to find that the average VCR manufacturer is reluctant to give anything over the standard one year warranty.

Now there's an exception to the rule.

The giant Orion Video Corporation of Japan have designed a VCR which not only produces a superb picture with a wide range of features, it also succeeds in eliminating the well known trouble spots of video technology. Orion's acclaimed crystal clear picture is produced by a combination of sophisticated electronics and a simplified design. Its moving parts have been minimised and refined to avoid problems of wear. Even its features have been made 'owner proof' to protect against the problems of accidental misuse. And Orion VHS isn't just simple to use. Its superior technical layout also mean it's fast and easy to service.

The Orion VHS. If it wasn't that much better, we couldn't afford to give you a 3 year warranty.

Now available from all good video retailers.

☐ Crystal clear picture.
☐ Cord remote with cue and review.
☐ Quartz-locked, direct drive video head cylinder.
☐ High speed fast forward and reverse.
☐ 14 day, every day pre-record.
☐ Feather touch controls.
☐ Easy to operate.
☐ Fine editing facility.
☐ Bright light L.E.D. counter.
☐ Quick/slow picture search.
☐ 3 year warranty.

ORION VHS·VCR

The choice is crystal clear

Distributed by Ultronic Industries (Aust.) Pty Limited Telephone (02) 233 7604

ULT1458

subject matter is not all depressing, and I'm not depressed when I write about it. I'm happier than most people I see. I have every reason to be. I live in a nice place. I have a nice family. I don't have to work nine to five for a bad boss. I don't have a lot of the problems that regular people have. The big problem with what I do is that I can't guarantee I can do it. If you sell insurance, you sort of know how to sell insurance. But I don't know how I write songs. I can't go out and say "I'll write you a song" and then just do it. But my life is pretty good, actually. And I never forget it. This is not as bad as working.

16.

PLAYBOY: How can you write songs about regular people if you don't live like one?

NEWMAN: Good question. Some people end up writing songs about being on the road and the tax man. But I watch it. I'm isolated. I don't have friends in this business, particularly. I see the rest of the world. I see it in neighbors and I read and I go to the laundry. I watch for it.

17.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of things do you worry about?

NEWMAN: My work. My kids. What kind of father I am. And that's it. I don't worry too much about getting bombed or nuked or the economy or Reagan. They sure do in Europe, man. I mean, they are really scared. I think he's crazy, but I found myself defending him over there. I couldn't *believe* it. I'd say, "Ah, don't worry, he's all right."

"What do you mean he's all right! He's going to blow everybody up! He wants to put nukes in my back yard!"

I said, "Naah. He'll be gone soon. Don't worry about it."

It's like I said: we believe our country is the best place in the world, and so we defend it even when it's ridiculous. For me, it's hard enough dealing with three kids who are different, and a wife and people.

18.

PLAYBOY: What is your family like?

NEWMAN: I've got three kids. A 15-year-old, a 12-year-old and a five-year-old. And a wife I've been married to for 16 years. Mexican maids. Stableboys. Three butlers. No, really, just the five of us. The oldest kid is into punk music. He plays the drums, wears an earring, has all his hair cut off. Nice boy, though. He's probably the best-looking person who ever did that to himself. It's usually an excuse to be ugly, but he's real good-looking. So he plays drums and used to sing in a band that fell apart. It was called Smashed Infant. He's against the army and the police. I asked him, "Why go after such an easy target?" And he hates hippies. How can you hate such nice, friendly people? He and the band did have some good songs. At least, they were genuinely angry. I always thought the name was a little too obvious. They changed their name to Armed Response. Now it's Civil Defence or something.

I had to punish him for something the other day. I had to tell him, "You can't get your hair cut." Honest. I couldn't believe it. That was punishment for him. He thinks Woodstock is a million laughs. I knew it would happen. It's a reaction. It just happened so fast. It seems to me that I was just 14 and I was in the '60s and had long hair and purple curtains everywhere and dope. Like San Francisco still is. He thinks I'm all right, though, 'cause I say fuck occasionally in a song.

The middle kid does very well in school. He likes Men At Work. The youngest one will sit through a whole opera if I tell him the story.

Being a parent is a tough job. There is no training for it. I think we're doing a better job with this last one than we did the first time around. We believed in all that let-him-do-his-own-thing stuff and sent him to a free school and all, which was current at the time. But there has to be some sort of structure, I've discovered. It seemed like the right thing to do. We were really trying all the time. But love and good intentions aren't enough. You have to know what you're doing. We jerked him around all the time.

19.

PLAYBOY: What is it like for your family living with Randy Newman?

NEWMAN: It's all right. He's sort of a remote figure in his room, reading. I'm not bad, a little selfish. Like, I'll eat too much for dinner and want to read or lie down or something and they'll say, "Daddy, let's play chess." Now, playing chess with a five-year-old is an experience all its own. But I try to do it. So all in all, he's not a bad guy.

20.

PLAYBOY: What do you think when people call you one of the best living American songwriters?

NEWMAN: It's not going to buy me a cup of coffee anywhere. When I was a kid, boy, I wanted that. I thought it would be great if people who knew music would really think I was great. And I got that. And sometimes you get your dream and you ask, "What do I have now?"

But I'm grateful. And they're probably right. I'm probably one of the best — but what do I know?

"These are my last words. . . No, these *are my last words. . .! Those weren't really my last words! Here are my real last words! Here they are!. . . These are my last words! No, no, just kidding! These are really and truly my last words. . ."*

". . . 'ello, 'ello, 'ello. . . you look 'armless. . . 'op on!"

UP A LAZY RIVER

susan kurosawa steams along the murray in grand old style

"They found it (Echuca) a busy, noisy place, with a vista along nearly every street of gum trees and church spires; and on almost every corner was a hotel. From up-river came the scream and whine of circular saws biting into red-gum logs at Mackintosh's mill. Beyond the row of warehouses and Customs buildings they could hear the bustle of the wharf — the shunting of trains, rattle of winches, scream of whistles, hiss of steam.

"The wharf was 20 feet above the river's surface, for at present the water was low. They ran along reading aloud the names of the steamers tied up there: *Rothbury, Alert, Nile, Success, Adelaide, Lancashire Lass, Invincible, Enterprise* — large and small, side-wheelers and stern-wheelers, smart and dowdy."

— From *All The Rivers Run* by Nancy Cato

•

The bustling scenario painted in Nancy Cato's tempestuous saga would have been common enough on the banks of the Murray a century ago. But it's 1983 and here we are at 6pm on a Friday evening in Echuca. The corner pubs are still in evidence and we've tried a few since we arrived in town an hour ago. It's early winter but our near-frozen spirits have been buoyed by generous transfusions of local Tisdall reds.

As we shuffle back to our car parked at the old Port Echuca Wharf, the most noticeable sound is the crackling of dry gum leaves underfoot. No whistles, winches, shunting or sawmills. Never mind: I haven't poured through 530 pages of riverboat romance for nothing. We are about to board *Emmylou,* a genuine 19th-century-style paddle steamer that will take us some 80km along the Murray and at least 100 years back in time.

The dozen or so passengers are all on deck as *Emmylou* slips her moorings and begins to steam down the river. The rhythm is precise and the pace is brisk.

We watch the side-paddles churn the river into foaming waves, while from the stern, the water is rolled into glossy, unbroken folds. The headlights on the bridge illuminate the silvery riverside gums and they present a ghostly chiaroscuro against the night sky. The throb of the wheels and the buzzing nocturnal noises gently mesmerise.

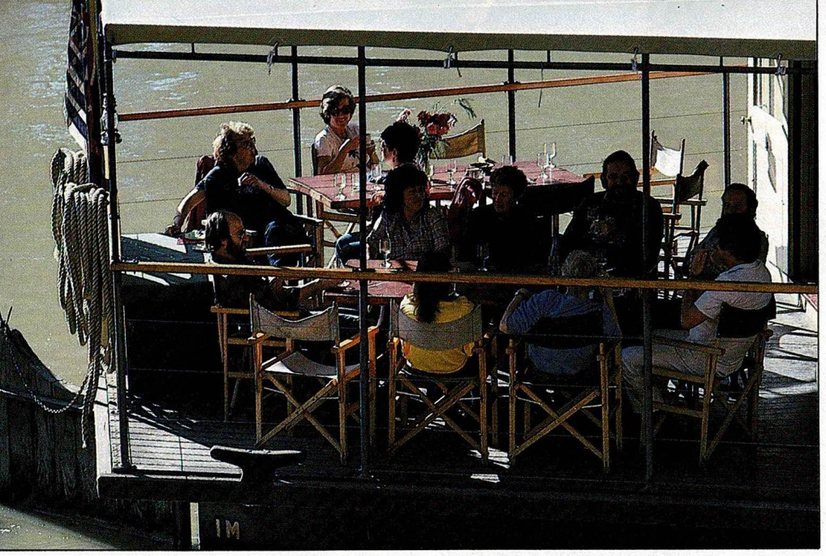
We're shown to our cabins: compact nooks with double bunks, basin and narrow hanging cupboard. There's a removeable panel over the insect screen on the door for extra ventilation in summer. We leave it intact: the Murray in May is fully air-conditioned.

The cabins are located on upper and lower decks and there are toilets and shower rooms on each. The wheel-house is perched on a third level and the open engine room is visible from the lower deck. *Emmylou* is a pert 30 metres long and 10 metres wide and the cabins and public areas have been cleverly planned to wedge into this limited space.

Skipper Alan moors *Emmylou* in a sheltered river alcove for the night and we descend to the lower deck for dinner. Meals are served in an enclosed eating area which opens on to a rear sundeck. Passengers sit on long benches at two tables in elbow-nudging cosiness.

Dinner the first night is a treat. Chef Barry is innovative and exuberant; he

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WENDELY HARVEY



The Emmylou *is geared for unremitting relaxation.*

produces veritable mountains of food utilising local ingredients and cleverly kitsch decorations. Gum leaves leap from the salads and specimens of native flora girdle the cheese platter. It's fun, it's filling. By the end of the trip, I know just how force-fed geese and Kobe cows must feel. Okay, so my next port of call will be the gym, not the slaughterhouse, but I warn you now, this is not a physical weekend. The *Emmylou* is geared for unremitting relaxation.

Day One and the weather is perfect. We've discovered that the water in the showers is luxuriously hot and the loos flush on cue. Time to read a little Mark Twain, slot *Death On The Nile* into the saloon's video recorder, gamble mildly with a few hands of poker and generally adjust to the rhythm of the river. Time, too, to talk to Anthony Browell, *Emmylou's* owner and creator, about his enterprise.

Browell escaped the bright lights of Sydney's advertising industry several years ago and, with his wife Tuesday, embarked on a scheme that had the locals in Echuca scratching their heads in amazement. He assembled a naval architect, a group of itinerant shipwrights and craftspeople and set about replicating a 19th-century river-boat. The aim was stem-to-stern authenticity and the project was to take two years to complete.

Many old Murray paddle steamers have been restored by enthusiasts in recent years but, prior to the *Emmylou,* it was in 1937 that the last such boat actually was built and launched. No wonder the townspeople and old river hands were sceptical. The biggest obstacle that Browell faced was the acquisition of an original twin-cylinder steam engine. He eventually uncovered a disused 1906 Marshall portable in a timber mill shed, it was substantially rebuilt and then installed in *Emmylou's* engine room. His dreamboat was launched in late 1981.

All the materials and fittings on board *Emmylou* are traditional. There's no plastic or aluminium, she's steel-hulled and timber-decked, the taps and doorknobs are brass, the furniture is scrubbed pine, even the cream and red paintwork is re-presentative of her predecessors. Browell has registered her with the American Bureau of Shipping and the little riverboat conforms to that body's very strict specifications. He confesses that he nurtures a dream of one day taking *Emmylou* up the Mississippi from New Orleans to the Hudson.

Well, I must admit I exaggerated a bit about the total lack of exercise. On Saturday afternoon, a chain gang is formed and passengers amiably load pre-cut dead red-gum logs on board to top up the fuel supply.

"*Emmylou* burns just over a tonne of timber a day," says Browell. "For those who may be concerned that our steam engine and boiler are gobbling up Australia's forests, rest assured. The country along the Murray River is abundant with dead timber as a result of the past 80 years of railway-sleeper cutting. *Emmylou* is fired on this wasted wood, and we are committed to the preserving of Australia's natural forests."

Saturday night there's a barbecue ashore but neither a T-bone nor a tinnie is to be found. Barry has rustled up some satays in spicy peanut sauce, pork spareribs and colorful salads. We roast jacket potatoes and bananas in the huge campfire and sip our port into the wee hours. By the time the bottle is empty, we've solved the problems of the world but face the more immediate dilemma of negotiating the ladders to the top bunks.

Sunday is overcast and we sit on canvas chairs watching the Murray meander by. It's a muddy, rather unattractive river, but its role in Australian history has been vital. Explorer Sturt described the Murray as "a broad and noble stream", and the river was to become a major source of communication and commerce during the nation's formative years. Between the 1850s and 1890s, more than 300 paddle steamers plied the river carrying a diversity of cargoes and passengers. Echuca became the chief Murray trading centre and in the 1880s it was the second largest port in Victoria.

By the turn of the century, the railways had reached most of the river centres and the prestige of the paddle steamers had diminished. The demise of river trading was sad but inevitable: by the late 1940s, the port of Echuca was completely derelict. Enter a local historical society and the National Trust, and a government-subsidised restoration scheme was under way by the early 1970s. Today, Echuca and other historic riverfront areas do a lively trade in nostalgia. It's a very palpable and practical commodity and operators such as Browell have been instrumental in boosting weekend and holiday tourist traffic to the area.

But the commercial element doesn't intrude at all as we wave to picnickers, watch pelicans parading on the shore and argue whether we'll have the semillon or chardonnay with lunch. There are brief stops for a wander around lovely old Perricotta homestead and a look at Torrumbarry Weir. Passengers are invited to make impromptu script changes: the skipper will nose *Emmylou* into shore so you can walk along the banks, swim or explore any particularly appealing stretches of shoreline. If you make advance arrangements, you can waterski or do some fishing, but the chocolate-chomping waterskier in a certain TV commercial is nowhere to be found during our trip. The closest Barry comes to offering us a Mars Bar is the chocolate cake he whips up for a passenger's birthday tea.

Browell is anxious to see *Emmylou* establish a reputation as a novel seminar and small conference venue. He has installed telex, video and other communication facilities and says his boat is ideal for meetings of up to 16 people. Special interest and club charters are proving popular and special rates apply for group bookings.

Otherwise, it's $245 per person for a two-day trip and sailings are twice-weekly (6.30pm Friday to 6.30pm Sunday; noon Wednesday to noon Friday). The package includes all meals, unlimited cups of tea and coffee and a couple of complimentary drinks from the bar. A running bar tab is kept for each cabin and the wine list includes a good selection of Tisdall whites and reds plus specially-bottled *Emmylou* "house" wines from the same maker. A maximum of 16 passengers is carried and the crew numbers five. Contact Echuca Travel Centre, Victour or your local travel agent for full details.

We waddle off on the Sunday night and prepare for the three-hour drive back to Melbourne. We've experienced a pleasantly slothful diversion and a tangible taste of Australian history. Anthony Browell's riverboat gamble has, we agree, most certainly paid off.

Beta

Not just a pretty face...

Sanyo's New VTC 6500. Featuring the Beta video format with convenient front loading, 2 week-8 programme timer, infra-red remote control, clean picture search, forward and reverse at seven times normal speed, 10 pre-set soft touch tuning system, electronic tape counter, tape remainder indicator, auto rewind and camera terminal. All this and every bit as good as it looks but that's life.

Nothing By Chance

BETACORD

VIDEO CASSETTE RECORDER VTC 6500

SANYO That's Life!

BODIES

(continued from page 87)

The ultimate sauna simulates summer sun, tropical rain, Japanese steam, spring showers, drying wind.

sportsmen and women looking good for years. It's the style you would want to be wearing when churning up and down the Hyde Park Club's 22-metre heated pool or taking the drop into the refrigerated deep water plunge pool.

The club's facilities depict the new civilised trend toward health and fitness, and explain why the body business is a booming industry. Take a stroll around and consider the options. Fancy a game of squash? This place boasts two championship courts. How about a relaxing session in a four seasons sauna after a rigorous workout on any of the 40 pieces of Nautilus equipment? At the push of a button, the ultimate sauna simulates summer sun, tropical rain, Japanese steam, spring showers, drying wind and the traditional Swedish effect. Try something equally invigorating with a session in the steam room.

If you want to monitor your stamina, then wind the system out on a computerised Life Cycle exercise bike. This is the ultimate development of the exercise bike and can tell you more things about your body than you would have imagined. You may be one of those whose fitness motivation level peaks during group activity. If so, get involved in an aerobic exercise class that clubs such as the Hyde Park run.

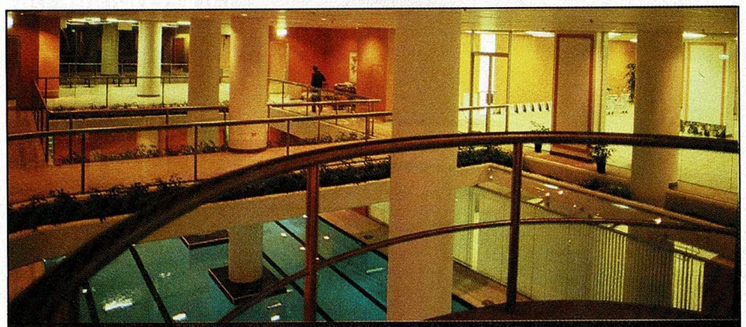
The place is tailored to suit anyone who once used the excuse that he was too busy to look after his health and fitness. The service includes telex and secretarial facilities and if you've got to eat and run, there's even a restaurant on the premises. But does it serve health food, too? Of course. If there is an appointment you just can't dodge, then arrange to meet the client in the club bar or lounge area. He'll be impressed, too.

The inner city attitude to getting fit means that some club members have an early morning workout, game of squash or swim; then they shower, shave and shampoo on the premises, dress for work and enjoy a healthy breakfast before heading for the office. Others get their daily exercise and a bite to eat within the lunch hour and there are those who settle in for an after-work session while the rest of the city workers are outside fighting the traffic. If you think it has revolutionised the fitness industry, you're right!

Part of that revolutionary approach rests with the Nautilus system. It comprises a selection of perfect exercise tools especially developed to exercise every muscle in the body. One hour a week of Nautilus exercise can replace five to 10 hours of jogging, weight-lifting and aerobic classes. Top athletes, professional football clubs and other sportsmen of all persuasions have been using the Nautilus system in their conditioning programs for some years now and the majority of them could not envisage doing without it.

When joining a facility like the Hyde Park Club, the member is given a fitness evaluation and undertakes a personal program geared to his physical capabilities and requirements. But can't he cheat on it? No, because the emphasis is on supervision to guarantee results. One interesting aspect is that the club member using the equipment next to you just might be a very well-formed female. It's a myth that training with weights will produce a female version of Mr Universe. The average girl's genetic gearing won't permit that.

The Nautilus experts, aware of the boom in female fitness, point out that some forms of exercise have their shortcomings. For instance, swimming is great but it does not offer the flexibility factor. Squash offers limited cardiovascular benefits and little flexibility. Jogging is great for cardiovascular fitness and helps keep the body lean, but that's about all.



Hyde Park Club: the civilised trend toward health and fitness.

The idea behind the Nautilus system is that it covers the fitness range, ensuring that every major and secondary muscle group will receive attention. When you notice how it firms up the body, improves the tone, sheds some of that unwanted fat and reacquaints you with something called stamina, you'll start to understand just why you feel a whole lot better. And maybe then you'll invite a girlfriend down so she'll be able to get among the benefits. Unlike the old, traditional gym where boxing and body odor made it an all-male domain, a club of the Hyde Park's calibre is the sort of place you'd like to bring your lady for a mutual workout.

There is no doubting that exercise can improve your sex life. That old animal instinct that suggests we are physically attracted to the opposite sex because we like what we see, still holds true. There is no better packaging than a fit, well-toned, well-tanned torso, and most members of both sexes won't argue with that. If the packaging is right, chances are that girl you're out to impress this summer is going to be happy with the product, too. The right exercise means you look better, feel stronger and are genuinely much fitter. And when we get right down to it, that's all going to improve your chances of joining the hit list of the real red-hot lovers.

You've developed muscle strength and that helps the body burn up calories at a faster rate, meaning you're less likely to put on unwanted weight. The flexibility factor offered by the Nautilus training makes the body more supple and the stamina input has greatly improved heart and lung performance. You'll find that your appetite is sharper, you're eating better and are gaining an educated taste for healthy food. It feels good to be lean and fit again, you look good and you know it.

If you plan on playing a particular sport, the supervisor can tailor a series of Nautilus exercises for your needs. During autumn, snow skiers prepare for the fun ahead by embarking on a series of strength and fitness regimens. The same applies for summer: swimmers, squash players and even cricketers can work on their special programs. There's a body for every need. Additionally, a third of the Nautilus equipment can be applied for medical and remedial use.

Anyone trying to overcome an injury can keep himself fit by exercising the rest of the body while going as lightly as necessary on the damaged part. As it heals, he can improve the workload. For those interested in fitness for fitness's sake, that need should rarely arise, but for competitive sportsmen it is a crucial aid to helping them get back in the game.

The majority of us are primarily interested in employing fitness as a device to make us look and feel a whole lot better. You can believe us when we say that health and fitness are going to be pretty fashionable this summer, so take the tip and get in early.

They say everything about America is larger than life. The drinks. The meals. The smiles.

So why fly with another airline and wait until the USA to enjoy it all?

Fly with Continental now and get everything America is famous for right away.

Friendly service in the great American tradition. Generous meals. Because your average American expects them.

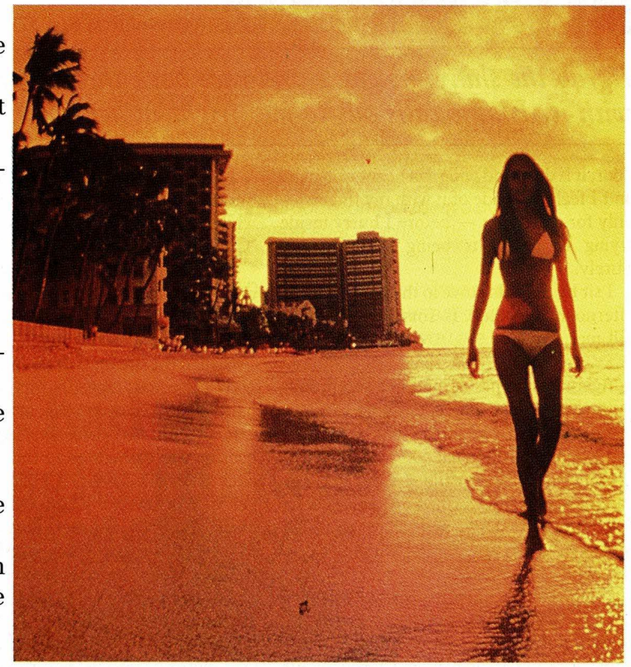
Innovative, money-saving fares and holiday packages. Because your average businessman and holiday-maker expect them.

Fares that let the whole family see the sights they've always wanted to see. From Disneyland to Broadway.

After all, Continental virtually re-wrote the book on fares across the Pacific.

You should check our latest offerings! An extensive network that covers 72 cities in the USA and ten more in Mexico. That's more than any other airline across the Pacific.

And big comfortable seats with enough legroom for a large-sized Texan.



You are obviously a nature lover. If you want to see more of Hawaii's natural beauty, ask us because we know the Hawaiian Islands best. Exclusive Budget Stretcher Holidays from Hotels at $73 per week to luxury condominiums.

If you can't fly Continental, try to have a nice trip anyway.

Prices subject to change without notice.

If all this is giving you itchy feet, you should see Continental now. We fly to the USA every day.

Get more than just a seat on a plane. Get a great time.

Just see your Travel Agent, any TAA Overseas Travel Consultant, or call Continental on Sydney (02) 232 8222, Melbourne (03) 602 4899, Brisbane (07) 221 7961. Country areas and other cities, WATS (008) 22 2122.

CONTINENTAL AIRLINES

If you can't fly Continental try to have a nice trip anyway.

PKBCON8162

MY FATHER'S AXE (continued from page 57)

I grab the shiny, new axe and race back through the house with it. Elaine calls out to me, fright in her voice.

door; it is deep and wide as a heavy axe-blow and I feel the inside of it with my fingers — only for a moment — before I hurry inside trying to recall its being there before. Surely.

I sit by the cold stove in the kitchen in the afternoon, quaking. Is someone trying to kill me? My God.

●

Again Elaine has turned her sumptuous buttocks against me and gone to sleep dissatisfied and I lie awake with my shame and the dark around me.

Some nights as a child I crept into my parents' room and wormed my way into the bed between them and slept soundly, protected from the dark by their warm contact.

Now, I press myself against Elaine's sleeping form and cannot sleep with the knowledge that my back is exposed.

After an hour I get up and prowl about the house, investigating each room with quick flicks of light switches and satisfied grunts when everything seems to be in order. Here, the room where my mother read, here, Jamie's room where I slept as a boy, here, where my father drank his hot, milkless tea in the mornings.

I can think of nothing I've done to offend the neighbors — I'm not a dog baiter or anything — though some of them grumbled about my putting my parents into the Home, as though it was any of their business.

I keep thinking of axe murders, things I've read in the papers, horrible things.

In the living-room I take out the old Scrabble box and sit with it on my knee for a while. Perhaps I'll play a game with myself.

●

This morning when I woke in the big chair in the living-room I saw the floor littered with Scrabble tiles like broken, yellowing teeth. Straightening my stiff back I recalled the dream. I dreamt that I saw my body dissected, raggedly sectioned up and battered and crusted black with blood. The axe, the old axe with the taped hickory handle, was embedded in the trunk where once my legs had joined, right through the pelvis. My severed limbs lay about, pink, black, distorted, like stockings full of sand. My head, to one side, faced the black ceiling, teeth bared, eyes firmly shut. Horrible, but even so, peaceful enough, like a photograph.

And then a boy came out of the black — it was Jamie — and picked up my head and held it like a bowling ball. Then there was light and my son opened the door and went outside into the searing suddenness of light. He walked out into the backyard and up to the chopping block in which an axe — *the* axe — was poised. I felt nothing when he split my head in two. It was a poor stroke, but effective enough. Then with half in either hand — by the hair — he slowly walked around the front of the house and then out to the road verge and began skidding the half-orbs into the paths of oncoming cars. I used to do that as a boy: skidding half-pig-melons under car wheels until nothing was left but a greenish, wet pulp. Pieces of my head ricochetted from chassis to bitumen, tyre to tyre, until there was only pulp and an angry sounding of car horns.

That does it; I'm going down to the local hardware store to buy another axe. It's high time. I have thought of going to the police but it's too ludicrous; I have nothing to tell: someone has stolen my axe that used to be my father's. A new axe is what I need.

It takes a long time in the Saturday morning rush at the hardware and the axes are so expensive and many are shoddy and the salesboy who pretends to be a professional axeman tires me with his patter. Eventually I buy a Kelly; it costs me $40 and it bears a resemblance to my father's. Carrying it home I have the feeling that I'm holding a stage property, not a tool; there are no signs of work on it and the head is so clean and smooth and shiny it doesn't seem intended for chopping.

As I open the front gate, axe over my shoulder, my wife is waiting on the verandah with tears on her face.

"The Home called," she says, "it's your father. . ."

●

The day after the funeral, I am sitting out on the front verandah in the faint yellow sun. My mother will die soon; her life's work is over and she has no reason to continue in her sluggish, crippled frame. It will not be long before her funeral, I think to myself, not long. A tall sunflower sheds its hard, black seeds near me, shaken by the weight of a bird I can't see but sense. The gate squeals on its hinges and at the end of the path stand a man and a boy.

"Yes?" I ask.

The man prompts the boy forward and I see the lad has something in a hessian bag in his arms that he is offering me. Stepping off the verandah I take it, not heeding the man's apologies and the stutterings of his son. I open the bag and see the hickory handle with its gummy black tape and nicks and burrs and I groan aloud.

"He's sorry he took it," the man says, "aren't you, Alan? He. . ."

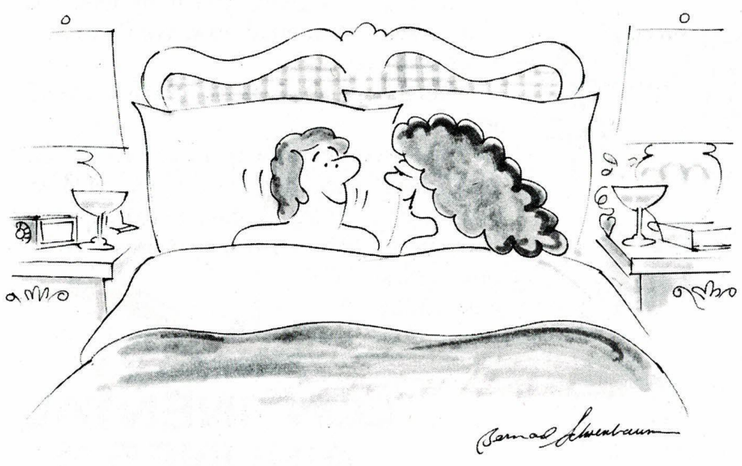
"Wait," I say, turning, bounding back up the verandah, through the house, out on to the back verandah where Elaine and Jamie sit talking. They look startled but I have no time to explain. I grab the shiny, new axe which is yet to be used, and race back through the house with it. Elaine calls out to me, fright in her voice.

In the front yard, the father and son still wait uneasily and they look at me with apprehension as I run towards them with the axe.

"What. . ." The man tries to shield his son whose mouth begins to open as I come closer.

I hold the axe out before me, my body tingling, and I hold it horizontal with the handle against the boy's heaving chest.

"Here," I say. "This is yours."



"How do you like my tennis grip?"

Ford Bronco is a rare combination. It's not a contender in the drawingroom stakes. Neither is it your typical harsh-riding off-roader. Rather, it is rugged and aggressive, with its own special brand of stand-up styling engineered on a full chassis frame. Among its advanced features is fully independent front I-beam suspension that helps improve ride comfort by reducing cabin pitching. It also assists front wheel traction, tyre adhesion and steering effectiveness, especially off road. In addition, the latest Ford Alloy Head II 6-cylinder engine provides more power than most other four-wheel drives on the market. While the 5.8-litre V8 engine extra-cost option turns mountains into molehills with ease. Automatic transmission is also available at extra cost with the V8 engine. Limited slip differentials and free-wheeling front hubs are standard features.

When you take the Bronco wheel . . . high, wide and handsome takes on new meaning. The instrument panel is broad and business-like. There's loungeroom comfort for five adults. And loads of luggage space behind the fold-down rear seat.

See your Ford Dealer for the latest Bronco and discover the new frontier in four-wheel drive. Ford Bronco – it's as individual as you are.

Once you had to choose between an English drawingroom and boxy, harsh-riding off-roaders.

Ford Australia-We're moving with you.

Bronco 4WD

FORD BRONCO Ford

4278

FRIENDS

(continued from page 60)

"I guess the worst thing about it all is I still don't know why. . . why I did it at all. Maybe it was pride."

smarter than I, believe it or not. As soon as I got to Melbourne, I realised that although he was nowhere near the top, he ran the Melbourne office. Not by instilling fear or the like, just because he was so bloody clever."

Then, at least, Brown was the same friend whose company and sense of humor, Standfast had enjoyed in Sydney. "He liked a feed of prawns, a beer and Australian rules football," says Standfast. "He was also, at that stage, dedicated to his family."

But Brown and Standfast were on lousy wages, considering the risks of undercover drug detection. They also suffered the frustrations and dangers of being ultimately at the mercy of Canberra bureaucrats, whose authority to make arrangements for drug busts, rendezvous and the like, had nothing to do with actual experience in the field.

Brown's and Standfast's disillusionment was deepened by Bureau bungling of hair-raising proportions. Here's an example from the good old days, when Standfast, bearded and long-haired, was devotedly pursuing the "Turkish connection", posing as a drug buyer: "The Bureau made its first blunder by grabbing two of the guys I was dealing with, who'd gone aboard a ship in Melbourne to pay the deposit. These Turks had nothing on them except a revolver and curly daggers. But the Turks decided then not to bring the drugs off until the ship reached Sydney. I was scared shitless by then. These were violent, unpredictable people and one of them packed a .45 that was *huge*, a two-handed job.

"I needed money to buy the drugs in Sydney, so what happens? The Bureau gives me a hundred dollars — not even enough for the plane fare. I finally get to Sydney with the two Turks. I'd asked the Bureau to have an Avis car waiting for me at Mascot, not under my real name of course.

"I'm getting the car from the Avis counter with one of these gorillas looking over my shoulder and there it is — the fucking Customs Department stamp right next to my undercover name, Bill Allen. The idiots had used a department credit card. Jeez! I scrawled over the paper — I was so rattled I think I signed my own name anyway, and I didn't stop shaking until we got to a coffee shop in Redfern."

At the Sydney docks, the Bureau agents assigned to bust the sailors bringing off the hashish were distracted by something. The sailors escaped in a cab. Hours later, with Standfast still on the spot with the Turks, Bureau agents busted the wrong group nearby in Redfern. The bust became a comedy of errors out of which not one conviction was gained. For a time, Standfast and Brown laughed over such close shaves and stuff-ups down at the pub between jobs. Then Brown began his metamorphosis, and Standfast couldn't believe it was his old mate going to exclusive salons for blow-waves and manicures.

"It hit home finally the afternoon I saw him at a swanky pub looking like something from Monte Carlo. With him was a million-dollar blonde, very classy. I thought, 'How does a guy on $12,000 a year do this?'

"I knew something bad was happening to Brownie and I told what I knew to my senior officer. They more or less told me to put up or shut up. That night I broke into Brownie's locker and found evidence that within a few months he had deposited $65,000 in various accounts."

Standfast photostated the documents and put them on his boss's desk next morning. Brown was officially interviewed, but his experience and icy nerve prevailed. Brown had answers for everything. Frustrated, the brass placed him on administrative duties and assigned Standfast to work on him undercover.

But even Standfast didn't know, then, that Brown had been swiping blocks of Lebanese gold (hashish) from the Bureau safe and replacing it in the cheesecloth wrappers with carefully weighed bricks of plaster of Paris. Being confined to office duties gave him more opportunity to continue this sideline. Repeated stocktaking never detected the thefts until Standfast got an admission from Brown on tape.

By then, after being suspended in 1975, Brown had resigned from the Bureau. Standfast, whenever opportunities arose, continued to work on Brown with the recorder strapped to his body. The transcripts of these tapes, cleared of background noise by technicians at Channel Nine in Melbourne, were used in a paperback, *The Brown Tapes*, by John Halpin.

What follows is a sample, concerning Brown's admission over the stolen Bureau hashish:

BROWN: When they get around to having a look at some of those fucking sacks in the fucking safe, they'll find it's plaster of Paris [laughing] They fucking. . . [Brown claps Standfast on the back].

STANDFAST: Don't do that — fair dinkum, oh Jesus — I tell you what, you're a bastard Brownie. You're a dead-set drop kick.

BROWN: They haven't even fucking looked at it. . . [later, same tape] So all that's gold doesn't glitter. . . it's fucking Lebanese gold, mate, and it doesn't glitter!

When the Bureau was satisfied that Standfast had enough on tape to nail Brown, he was arrested at his home in the leafy outer suburb of Dingley on September 25, 1975. He was remanded twice — the first time Brown jumped bail and was rearrested several months later while working as a car salesman in Surfers Paradise.

In 1977 he was convicted by a County Court jury on charges concerning the thefts from the Bureau drug safe and the importation from Bangkok of 1371lbs of Buddha sticks in a Ford Galaxy car. The conviction occurred mainly on the basis of 18 secret tape recordings Standfast made with Brown and his associates — two of whom were also charged. The tapes established that Brown was an important member of a multi-million dollar drug importation racket.

Standfast spent six weeks giving evidence. On the last day, after sentencing, he walked past Brown towards the court-house door. "I hadn't intended to say a bloody word," Standfast told me at our luncheon meeting. "But the words just came out of me: 'Sorry, mate'. He stared through me as though I was invisible. People might not believe it, but there were dozens of times during that investigation when I was on the verge of giving it all up. Just taking the family and getting out.

"I guess the worst thing about it all is I still don't know why. . . why I did it at all. Maybe it was personal pride when they told me to put up or shut up, I dunno. When it started it was like a roller-coaster. Then, when it's all over, you say, thank God.

"And you wake up next morning and think: 'Well, they're in. . . but now they've gotta get out!' So you sit and wait for the news that he's out and wants to say hello. And now the message has arrived."

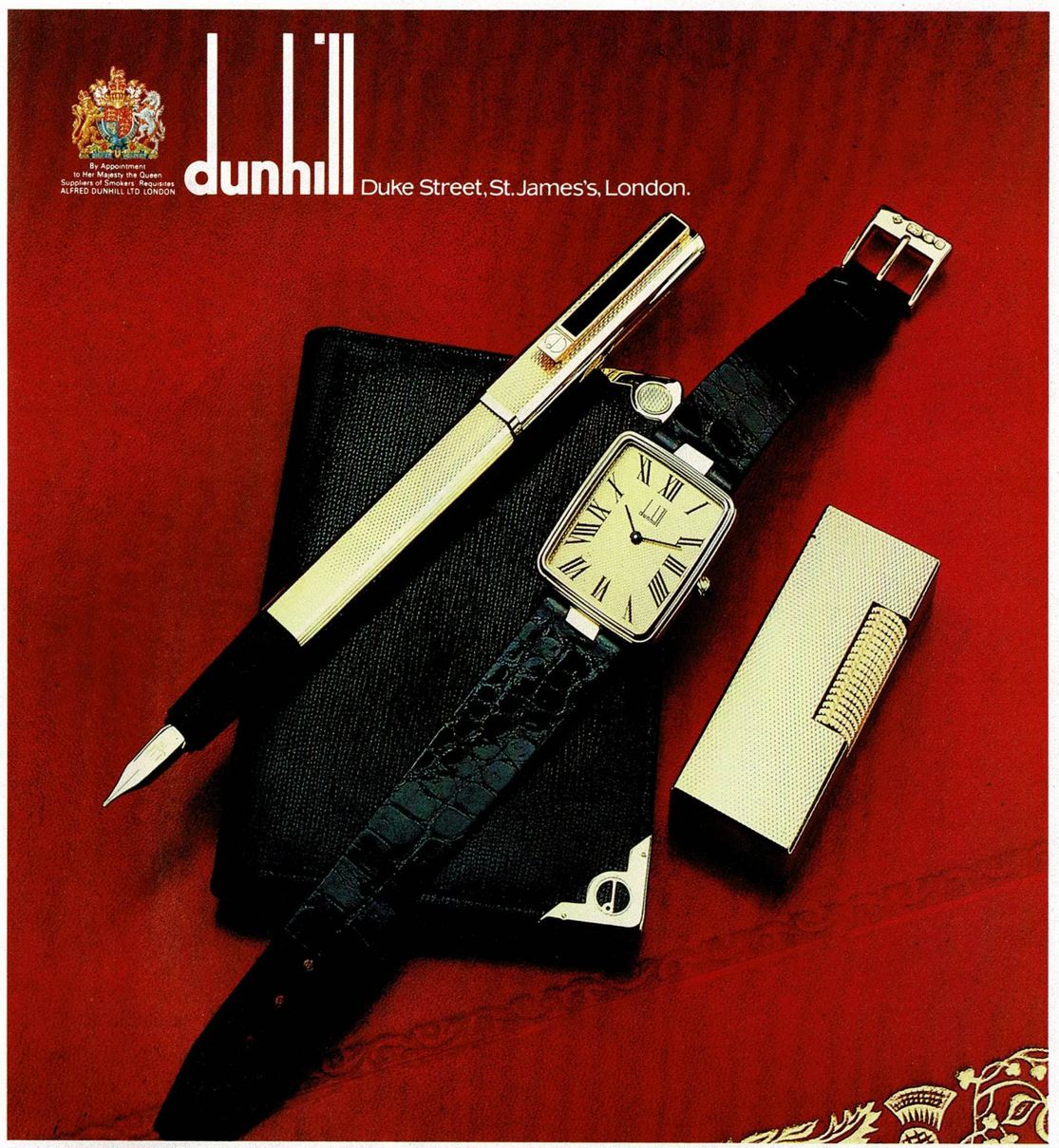
Despite the melancholy induced by going over all this, Standfast seemed a bit brighter for getting it out of his system. "If Brownie asks nicely I might give him a job with Pinkertons, " he said. Surprised, I asked if he thought Brown would accept.

"I dunno," Standfast mused. "I think perhaps he might. But in five years I'd be the employee and he'd be the boss."

I told Standfast that his suggestion reminded me of Maxwell Smart smacking a KAOS agent in the mouth and, seeing that it had no effect, putting an arm around the gorilla's shoulders and saying: "See here, Boris, I hope you didn't take that bit of playfulness the wrong way."

Standfast chuckled. . . briefly. "Yeah," he said. "Well, times sure do change. What I'd like to do soon is just take 12 months off and go and sit on my arse on a little Greek island. Try to find myself."

Makes sense. Somewhere along the path, between the goodies and the baddies, the excitement and the fear, the truth and the bullshit, the real Reg Standfast seems to have gotten lost.



Discover the luxury of Dunhill in Sydney and Melbourne.

The stunning selection of Dunhill personal luxury is on display now in our retail outlets in Sydney and Melbourne.
In addition to our superb Cuban cigars, Dunhill cigarettes, custom blended tobaccos and lighters, there are wristwatches, pens, leather and accessories–all made to the same exacting standards of Dunhill excellence.
Come to see us soon and experience the luxury of Dunhill.

Dunhill at 23 O'Connell Street or Myer City Store, Sydney and 405 Collins Street, Melbourne.

DA4.C3

GETTING IT UP

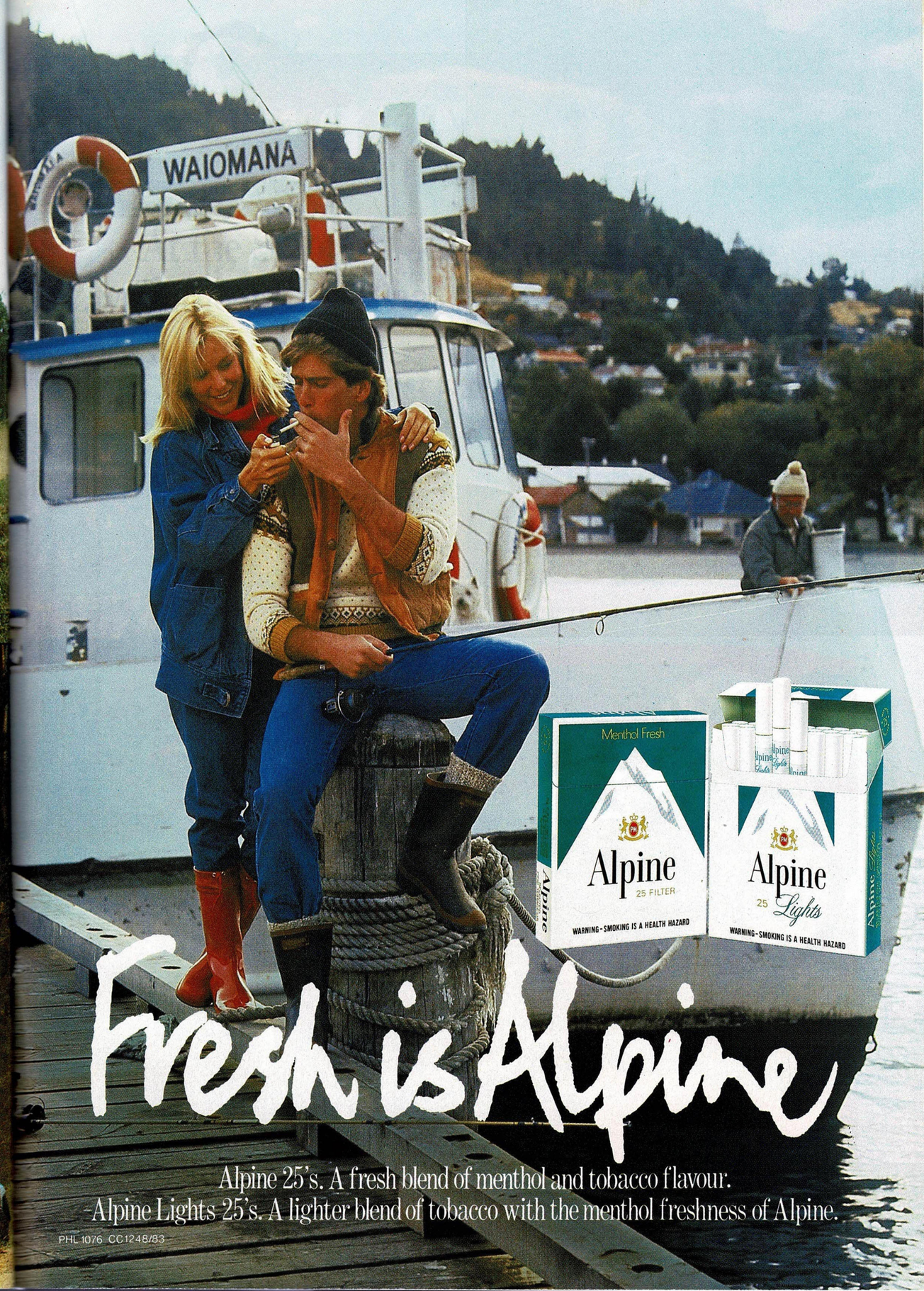
GETTING OFF on getting it up is the going craze in bimotos. Buy a bike, build a mound, rap the throttle, reach for the sky. Winging it on two wheels is the ultimate high.

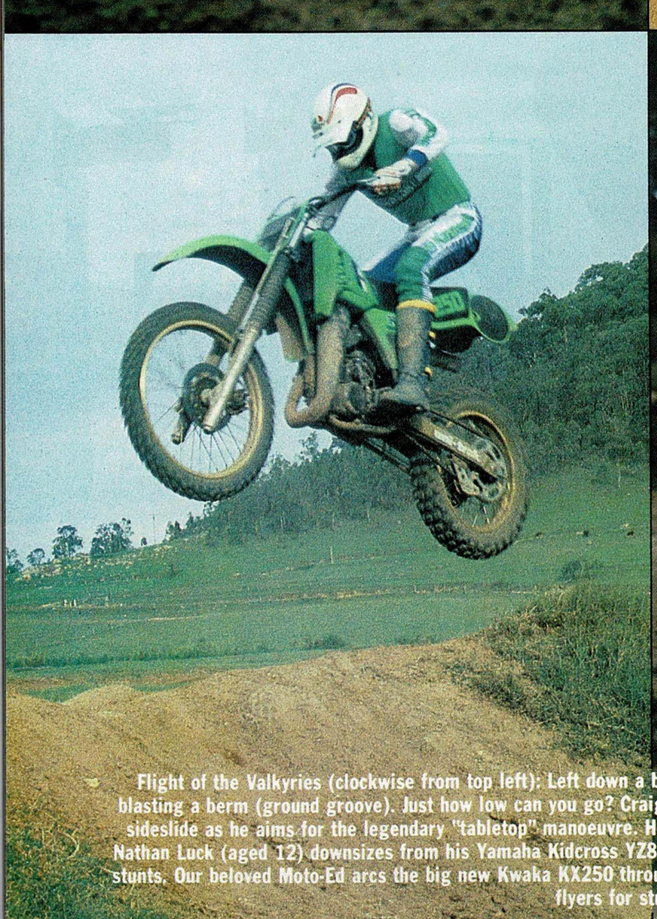
Cyclomotive space cadets have a dazzling range of two-wheel "fixes" to choose from — Yamaha, Kawasaki, Honda, Suzuki (Japanese-grown), KTM and SWM (Austria), Maico (Germany), Husqvarna (Sweden), Bultaco (Spain) and others — magic motocrossers in doses from 125cc through to big "hits" of 500cc. Even kids are catered for (no prescription necessary) with pint-sized power-packed capsules from 50cc to 100cc. Like any form of escapism, there is a big ask up front ($1700 to $2700) and the "pushers" back up with glamor deals on everything from bone domes to zoop suits.

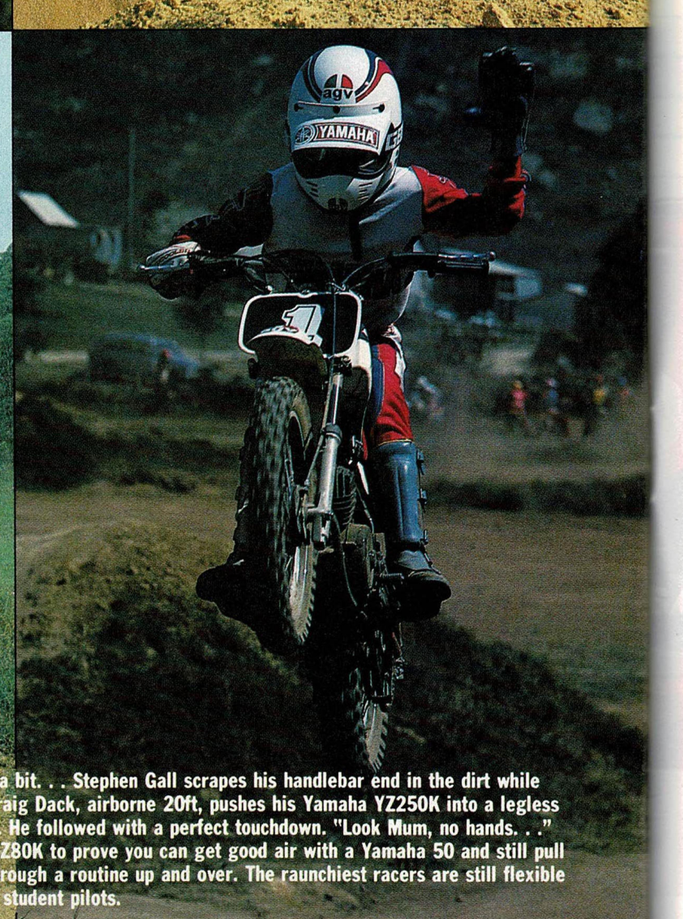
Yammy, Kwaka, Suzy and Honda motocrossers make up most local sales and take most of the top world titles. We mounted our riders on a range of these supercycles and sent them out to "get air". They include: Mister Motocross quadra-champ, Stephen Gall (Yamaha), fresh from a flyaway win in the 500 klick Finke Desert Race; Craig Dack (Hungry Creek instructor); Jenny Miller (Suzuki-sponsored) and Rob Scott (up-coming Honda junior aerialist). They got plenty of ground support from Racemate riding gear, MDS and AGV helmets, Pirelli tyres and Champion spark plugs. Our team claims that the ultimate two-wheel takeoffs are not wheelie dangerous. But before you take a trip, you need to learn how to fly — the aerials are easy, it's the touchdowns that can hurt. Stephen Gall's Motocross Camp at Hungry Creek, NSW, and other coaching centres can get you high. Yes, there's still rmmm at the top. Shown here, Gall (Yamaha) pulls a mighty mono wave-turn on a Hungry Creek sand-wall.

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY ROB LUCK

Wheel good fun (clockwise from top left): Jenny Miller, sporting new sponsorship from Racemate, MDS, Champion and Pirelli, carves a clean trajectory over the Hungry camel humps on her new Suzuki RM 125 — so can you, for around $1700. Natchamp Stephen Gall gets very nearly vertical with this nosewheel mono stunt — he recovers straight into a rear wheelstand! Robert Scott (Honda CR 125) proves that age (16) is no handicap as he steps out into a sideways twister over the woopy-dos. Mr MX, S. Gall, punches over the Giant Double in full lean-out stance above a moonscape of swirling dust and curious "aliens" dotted below.







Flight of the Valkyries (clockwise from top left): Left down a bit. . . Stephen Gall scrapes his handlebar end in the dirt while blasting a berm (ground groove). Just how low can you go? Craig Dack, airborne 20ft, pushes his Yamaha YZ250K into a legless sideslide as he aims for the legendary "tabletop" manoeuvre. He followed with a perfect touchdown. "Look Mum, no hands. . ." Nathan Luck (aged 12) downsizes from his Yamaha Kidcross YZ80K to prove you can get good air with a Yamaha 50 and still pull stunts. Our beloved Moto-Ed arcs the big new Kwaka KX250 through a routine up and over. The raunchiest racers are still flexible flyers for student pilots.

Money to go.

At the State Bank, we now have money available for Personal Finance, even if you're not a customer.

So, if you want a new car, step on the gas.

If you've always wanted a swimming pool, dive in.

Or, if you want to start working on some home renovations, get cracking.

Call into any of our branches and talk it over.

There's a good chance we can help you get the things you want.

The State Bank.

We do more for you personally.

State Bank

SBO816.FMH.

BOARDING PARTY!

playboy's guide to summer fun on and under the water

SPLASH OUT! Aqua fun still comes cheap because the waterways are free. This land of ours is surrounded by water and Aussies spend more cash than just about anyone else in the

MINOLTA WEATHERMATIC-A

For about $140 you get the world's first watertight, 110 cartridge film-loading camera.

BUOYANCY VEST

The Nautical professional for keeping skiers' heads above water. $85

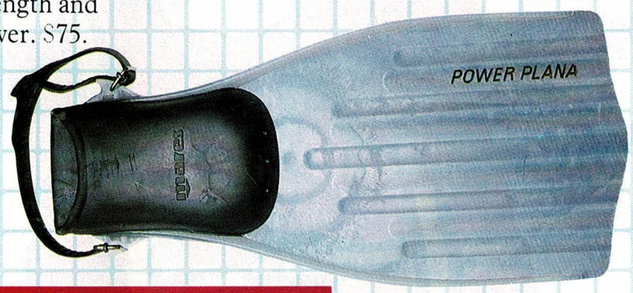
KAWASAKI JS-550

In standard trim, this jet ski can squirt along at 35 knots. It sells for $4150.

world on ways to have fun getting wet. Your budget doesn't have to run to the purchase of an ocean racing yacht either. You can find escapism on a sailboard, jet ski or

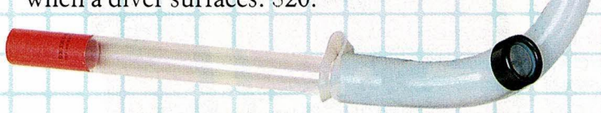
DIVE FINS

By Power Plana, silicon-moulded to provide strength and power. $75.



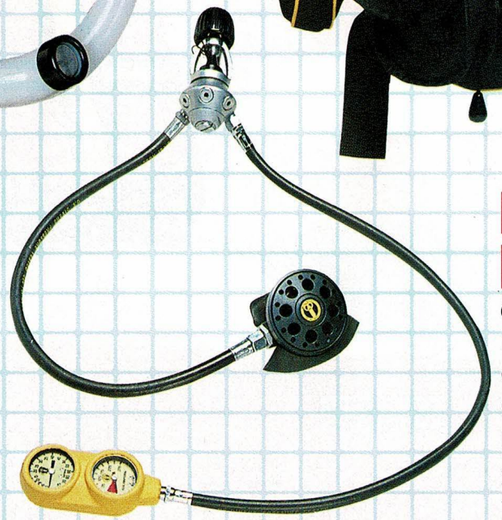
SHOTGUN SNORKEL

Gets its name from the one-way valve that permits easy drainage when a diver surfaces. $20.



AQUALUNG JACKET

From US Divers, this buoyancy control jacket is rated for its comfort and durability. $399.



REGULATOR AND GAUGES

Going down with the Royal regulator plus combined gauges for depth and tank pressure, from the US Divers company. Regulator $399, gauges $200.

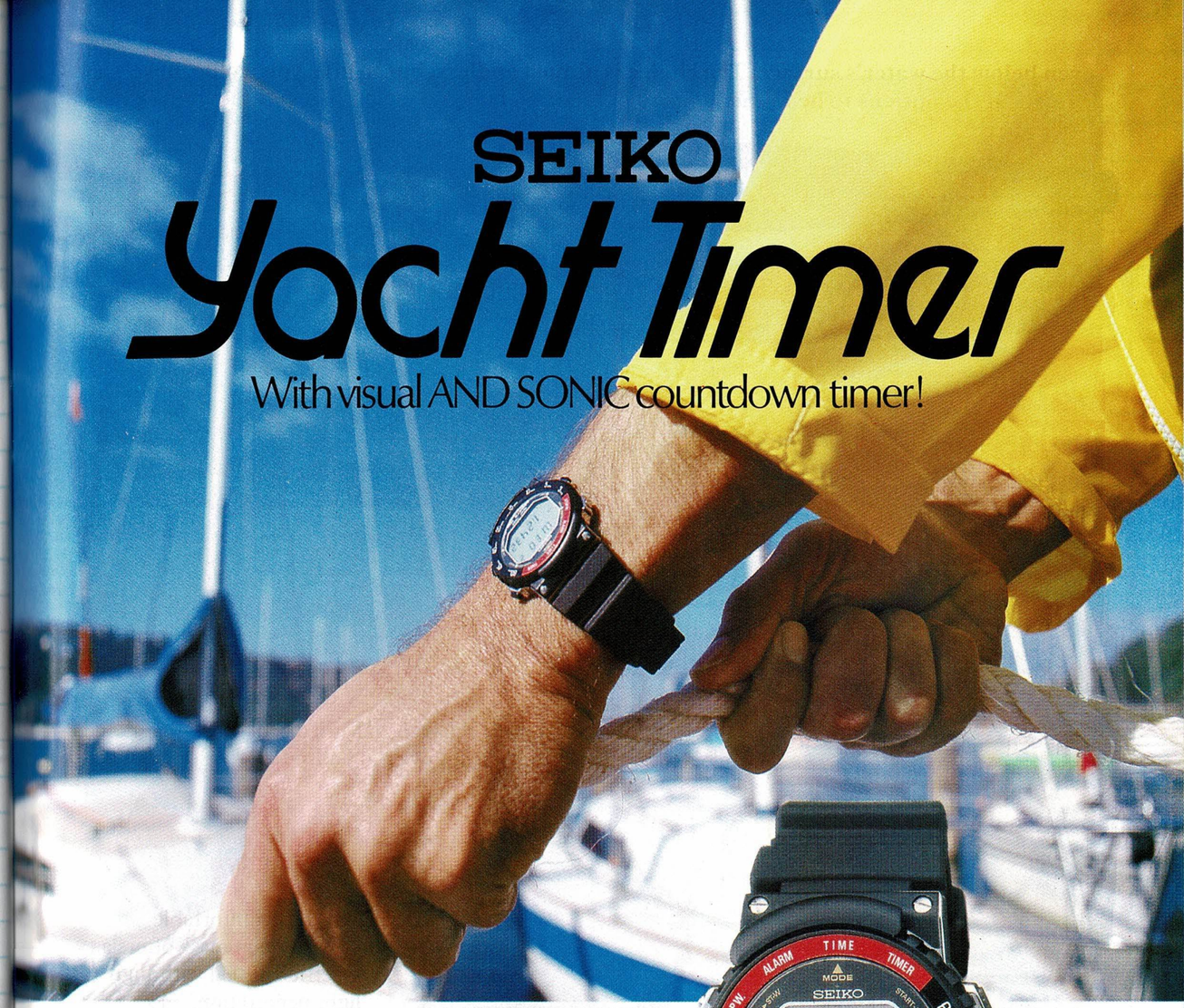
ABALONE WET SUIT

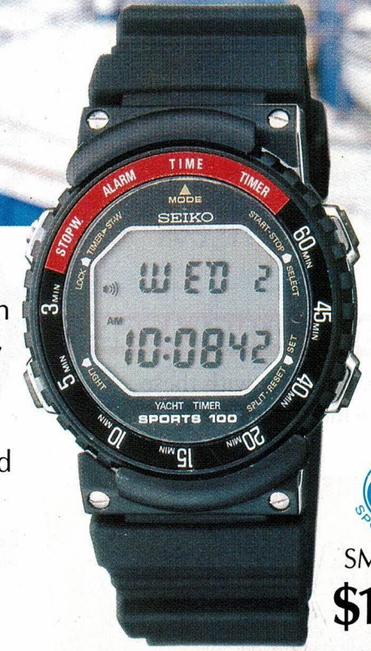
First developed for chillier waters, since redesigned for overall use, it's crafted for comfort and durability. $220.

SEIKO

Yacht Timer

With visual AND SONIC countdown timer!





No more missed starts! This alarm chronograph Sports 100 gives you visual AND SONIC countdown timing, so that you can keep your eyes on the water, not on the watch. Timer can be set to 3, 5, 10, 15, 20, 40, 45 and 60 minute increments making this model ideal for a wide variety of sports including yachting, soccer and basketball. And it's water tested to 100 metres. Also available with stainless steel bracelet, $175*.

SMGL01

$165*

Buy Seiko only from your Seiko Authorised Agent.

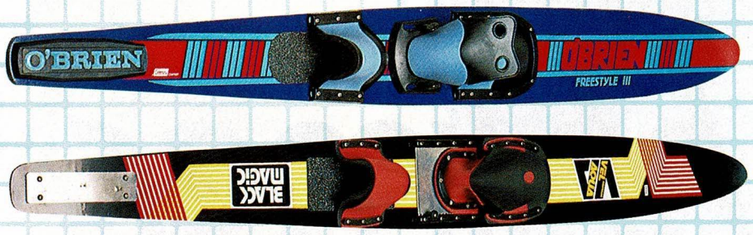
SEIKO

Setting the standard for the world, for the future.

*Price shown is recommended selling price only, and is subject to change without notice.

S672

even below the water's surface. The choice is almost endless, but to give you a clue, here's a taste of the options to be found on your favorite waterway. Just slip your mooring and

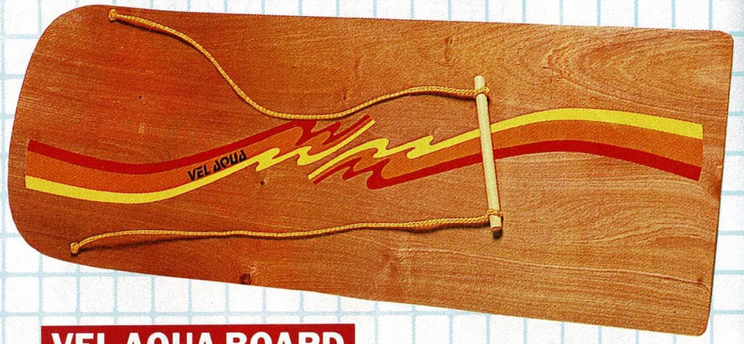


SINGLE SKIS

Grab a rope and slide your feet into an O'Brien Freestyle 111 or a Vel Aqua Black Magic. $330 and $195, respectively.

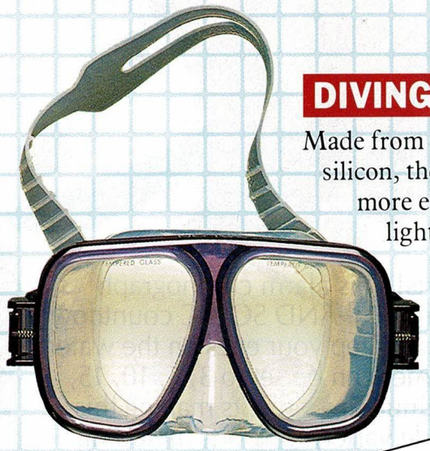
WATER MUSIC SUITE

Sony Sports Walkman gives sailors and skiers water-resistant stereo. $219.



VEL AQUA BOARD

It used to be called a toboggan and still offers a ride behind a boat with power to pull. $138.



DIVING MASK

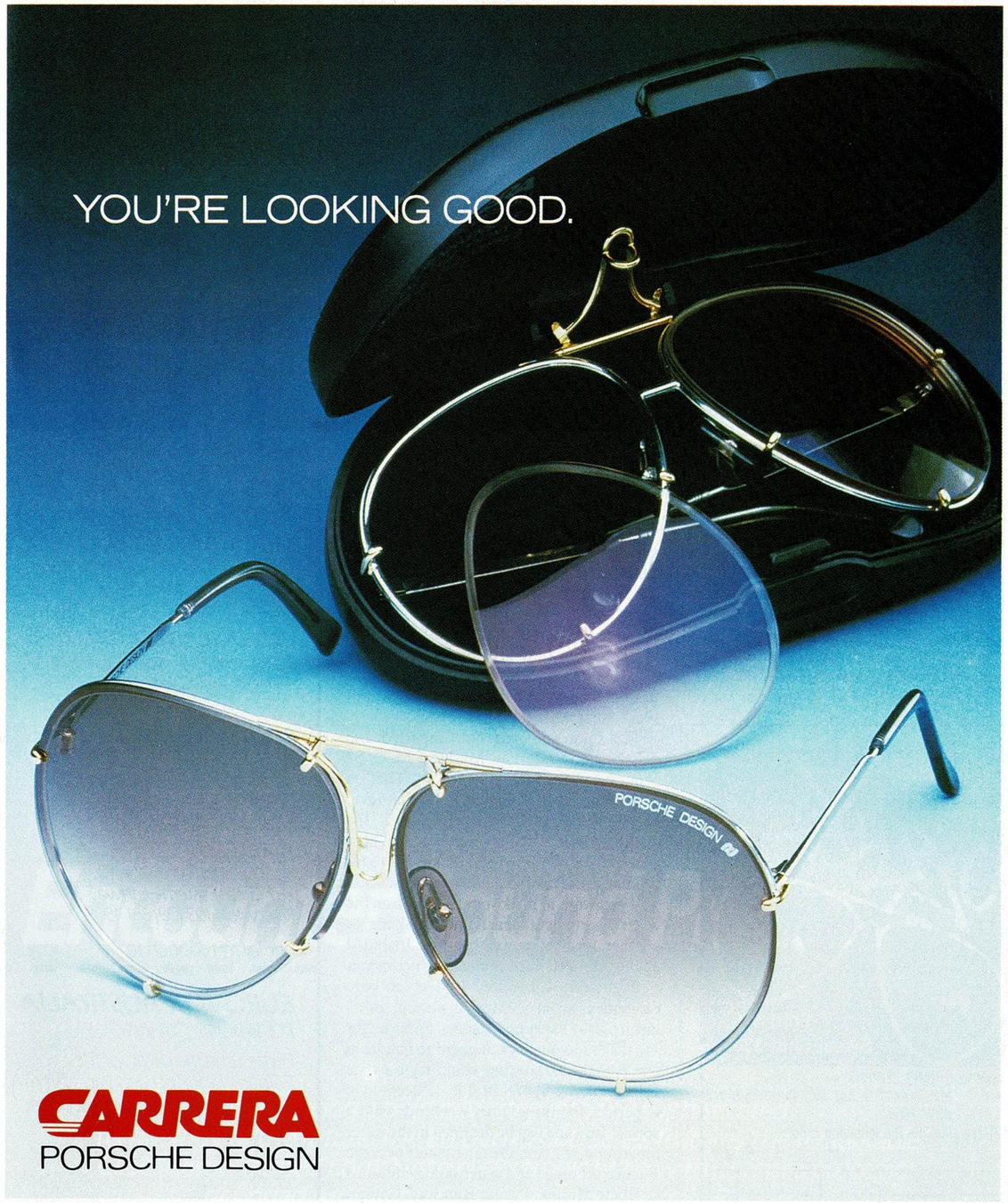
Made from soft, comfortable silicon, the Avalon mask offers a more efficient seal with high light penetration. $45.

PLAYBOY SUNGLASSES

No more water glare with these Austrian-made shades from Optyl. $55.

TEN CATE SAIL-BOARD

TC Leaper costs $1295 and is one of six models imported by Barlow Marine Ltd.



Walk into any branch of OPSM and you'll find the pick of the world's sunglasses.

This Porsche design, imported from Europe, features interchangeable lenses. One set is grey, the other graduated, while the frame is white and yellow gold.

We also have the classic Porsche folding sunglasses, in black, gold or silver.

We'll make sure you walk out looking good. OPSM
YOU'RE LOOKING GOOD

OPS/6173

A Flightcraft takes off, leaving others in its wake.

take a look. Catching a Kawasaki JS-550 jet ski was no easy business, as this potent portable is zapped along by a 37-hp engine that can produce speeds up to 35 knots. The rider can kneel or stand and if he should fall off, it's a comfort to know the propeller is enclosed and the engine will automatically shut off. The JS-550 is sold by Kawasaki motorcycle retailers, marinas or Kawasaki Motors Pty Ltd, Alexandria, NSW.

If the rush of the wind is the way for you to go, then latch on to a sailboard. They come in numerous shapes and designs for whatever purpose you desire. The Ten Cate range is manufactured in Europe and just about covers every style of sailboarding ever devised. From the TC Beacher ($895) for beginners to the specialist TC Win, a Division Two class racer ($1900), there are plenty of ways to get amidst the action. Latest addition to the TC line is the Shot, a full-on wave jumper built for the most spectacular variation of the sport.

Ten Cate sailboards are imported and distributed by Barlow Marine Ltd. of 52 Wentworth St, Granville, NSW. That's a name familiar to anyone who has ever messed about in boats, as Barlow is the world's largest manufacturer of sailboat winches, with 90 percent of its gear produced in Australia for overseas sales.

If you want to hook your friends in on the water sports act, then try water skiing or another form of power boating. Included among our Playmate of the Year prizes was a Flightcraft Liberator, 17 feet of pure excitement from its superb interior to its unsurpassed ski appointments. Some might say that's too much excitement to handle in one package. If so, they could try a sedate Flightcraft 5.4 Sports Profile. It sleeps two, is perfect for those quiet weekends with a special lady and can be dropped in the water for around $13,000. We ran the rule over the Flightcraft range and water skiing additions at Huett Marine, Pacific Highway, Cowan, NSW.

Taking the sub-aqua plunge opens up a new world. With the guidance of Seascape Dive Tours (02-949 6454) and equipment from Frog Dive's three Sydney outlets, we took a glimpse at the challenges to be found below the surfaces. So cast off and join us now.

Boating information co-ordinated by Maurice Drent Boating Services, New Beach Road, Darling Point.

The **ORIGINAL** OZ-ROCK T-Shirt

T-Shirt $15
Sweat Shirt $30

Mail to: URBINO DESIGNS
Mail order P.O. Box 581. North Sydney NSW 2060
Please send me the following order...

	14 SM	16 M	18 L	20 XL	22 XXL
Navy sweat shirt					
Pink sweat shirt					
Full colour sweat shirt					
Full colour T-shirt					

Enclosed is a cheque
or Postal Order for $ _____
or charge my Bankcard No.
or American Express No.
Expires:
Name _____
Address _____
_____ P/C _____
Signature _____ Ph. _____

Encounter Sound Perfection

For details and the name of your nearest dealer contact:
EUROVOX AUSTRALIA

VICTORIA & TASMANIA
6 University Place, Clayton, 3168
(03) 561 5244

NEW SOUTH WALES
133 Alexander Street, Crows Nest, 2065 (02) 439 5488

QUEENSLAND
3281 Pacific Highway, Underwood, 4119 (07) 341 7888

SOUTH AUSTRALIA
AUTO INSTRUMENT SERVICES
11 Dequetteville Terrace, Kent Town, 5067 (08) 42 4881

WESTERN AUSTRALIA
AUTO SOUND PTY. LTD.
287 Great Eastern Highway, Rivervale, 6103 (09) 361 4509

or mail this coupon to:

EUROVOX AUSTRALIA
P.O. Box 345, Clayton, 3168

Please send me details of the Eurovox range of car audio systems and the name of my nearest dealer.

Name .....
Address .....
.....
..... *Postcode*.....

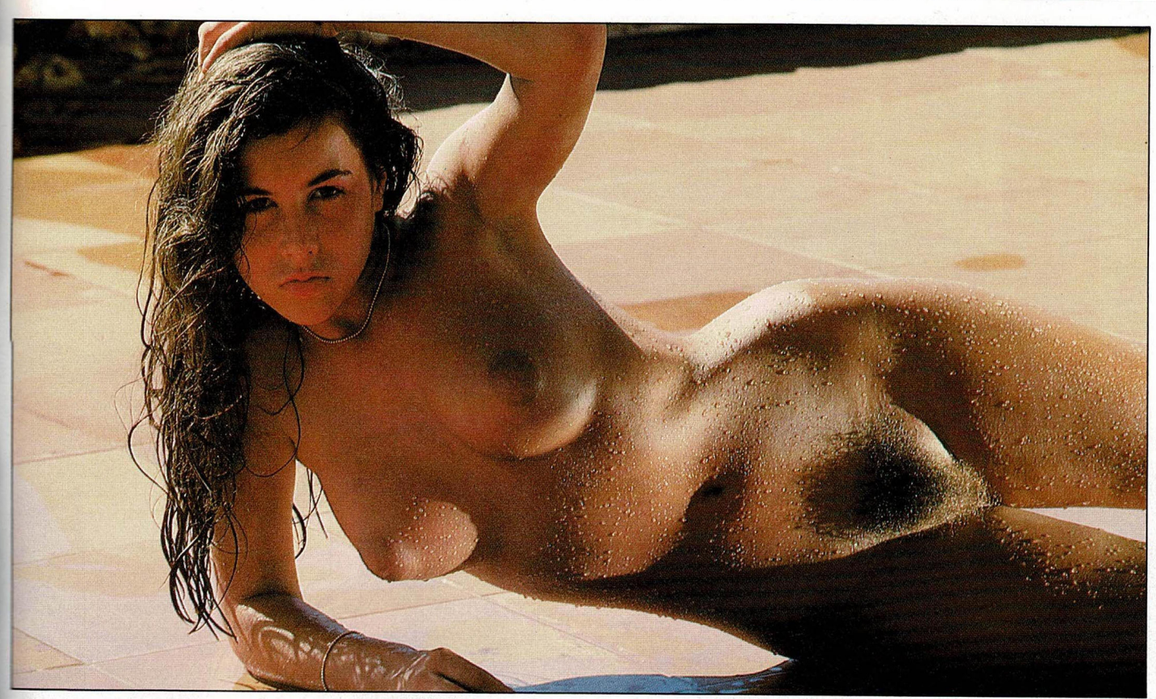
eurovox
Car Audio Systems

DHA/EU4283

A PLACE IN THE SUN

the sunlit meditations of carol ann lend vigor to her pursuit of the extraordinary

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES



Carol Ann has a theory that she was fathered by the sun: she lives for its warmth, and credits both her energy and her ambition to the invigorating effects of its rays. "Every morning, I sit facing the sun and I meditate," Carol says. "And for the rest of the day, I can feel its strength coursing through my body."

She needs that strength for the demanding schedule of study, sport and work that she keeps up seven days a week. "I have big plans for my life," Carol admits. "I don't believe I'm an ordinary person, and I don't intend to have an ordinary life." From what we've seen of this young lady, her extraordinary gifts will insure that the sun keeps shining her way.

1984

(continued from page 47)

It is estimated that the Games will be watched by 2.5 billion people — half the world's population.

scattered in bizarre bits and pieces from the South Bay up to Pasadena, from Malibu to Monterey Park: bars in Westwood and Manhattan Beach, restaurants on Melrose, rock clubs on Santa Monica. . . and in between you've got the homes of the movie stars (which you can see on a bus tour) and the homes of the almost eight million residents of Los Angeles County (which you can't), of whom not quite half are WASP, and of whom the other half are Hispanic, Japanese, Vietnamese, Korean, Arab, or just about any race you can think of. As *Time* magazine observed this year, "*Everyone* belongs to an ethnic minority in LA."

So it is into this tension-filled melting pot, this great basin of heat and waste and rivers hidden from view by concrete slabs, where smog was discovered in 1943 and perfected by the mid-'60s, where poodles have pets of their own on one side of town and bums actually say, "Buddy, can you spare a dime?" on the other, it is into this schizoid pride and shame of a great nation that a million or so will drop in July for what promises to be the most bizarre, dangerous, controversial and fascinating Olympics in history. And while you may argue about LA's suitability as a venue (and really, it had to be better than Teheran) you can't argue that LA doesn't deserve these Games. In this year of the Orwellian apocalypse, it is only fitting that the multi-squillion dollar business of Modern Olympics should come home to shit in the faces of the descendants of the men who invented it, all those years ago.

The Tenth Games of the Modern Olympiad, held in Los Angeles in 1932 — in the middle of the Great Depression — shocked the world by turning a profit, albeit a modest one of a little over $200,000. But they also created much-needed employment, turned the eyes of the world to California and established Los Angeles as a city of the modern world, complete with stadia and coliseum. And, of course, they took the minds of the populace away from the soup kitchen long enough for "olympic" to become a magic word in California, even today.

The 1932 Games were the result of a 1923 bid for them. In 1923, your grandfather might remember, the world looked pretty good. In Hollywood it looked unbelievably good. America, barely touched by World War I, was able to supply the world with movies, a cultural advancement which would line many pockets over the decades to come. There was a carefree air of optimism in LA, and the plans for the Olympic Games of 1932 were elaborate and exciting. Hollywood flair would turn the Games into a spectacle of showmanship never before seen. Then, in 1929, the economy went sour. Money was scarce and the LA Games were in grave danger. However, a bond issue somehow raised $1 million and they were able to proceed with caution. Games officials announced that they would "feed, house, transport and entertain" visiting athletes and officials for $2 a head per day. All they had to do was turn up, and they did.

For the first time the Olympic flame was mounted over the Los Angeles Coliseum and it burnt non-stop for the duration. For the first time since Athens in 1896 — the first Modern Olympiad — white pigeons were released over the city to mark the commencement. Bands played and marchers marched. All tastefully done, mind you. Los Angelinos and tourists paid $1.4 million for tickets (priced between 50 cents and $3) to watch seven world records and 19 (of the existing 22) Olympic records tumble. The sun shone every day, and smog, as we said earlier, hadn't been invented. And, when the shiny bums and pencil pushers totted it all up, they had a couple of hundred grand in the kick. When you talk Olympics in Los Angeles to anyone over 70, you're talking pleasant memories.

But life hasn't been so good for the Olympics since. Generally speaking, they had been a financial albatross for the host city. Only London in 1948 is said to have made a minuscule profit, or at least broken even. But the London Games were held in the debris of the blitz, and no one expected anything too flash. People were happy to pay up just to see different countries playing rather than fighting. In 1976 Montreal completely wrecked civic economy and its residents will be paying off the deficit until well into the next century.

So, if you think Los Angeles is taking a huge risk in staging the 1984 Olympics in a city of far-flung immigrants where anything could go wrong, you're right. But it's a calculated risk. The city has been working towards getting the Olympics back since 1939, when a bunch of fat cats established the Southern California Committee for the Olympic Games, and it has never even considered that money might be lost. To this end, after the third bid was successful in 1978, the Los Angeles negotiating team (led by Mayor Tom Bradley) lobbied to have the rules of the Olympic Charter changed, and made history when IOL chief Lord Killanin agreed in Washington. Whereas previously, financial responsibility for the staging of the Games had rested with the host city, LA '84 would be the responsibility of an independent, non-profit corporation. A business would be set up for one purpose — to stage a 16-day satellite extravaganza.

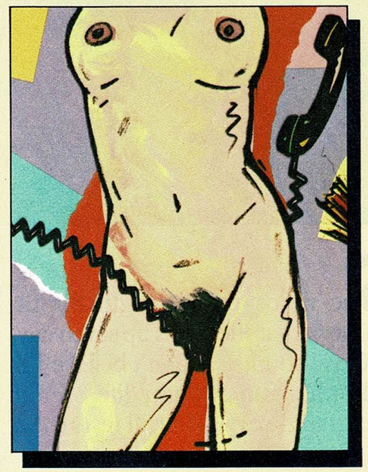
The charter was signed in October 1978, and by March 1979 the bureaucracy had begun to take shape. There was serious work to be done: Montreal and Munich had given the Olympics a bad name (and Moscow was soon to worsen it) and a giant PR patch-up was required to ensure community support. Money had to come from somewhere (not government) and the three sources of budget therefore had to be activated. Too early to sell tickets or merchandising rights (about which more later), the Los Angeles Olympic Organising Committee started selling television rights. First customer was the American Broadcasting Company (ABC) which picked up, in September 1979, the United States rights and the obligation to host and co-ordinate broadcasting for the rest of the world, for a mere $225 million.

It's worth digressing here, just momentarily, to explain the enormity of this purchase — a purchase which would never have been made but for the power, influence and genius of one man, ABC's president of Sport and News, Roone Arledge. Arledge, now in his fifties, joined the network when he was a young man and it was an underdog. A show called *Wide World of Sports* changed them both. Arledge didn't have the budget of the other networks so he televised sports that conventional wisdom said were lousy television. . . like athletics for example. The show revolutionised televised sport and enabled ABC to climb in the ratings until finally, after its 1976 telecast of the Montreal Olympics, it eclipsed both NBC and CBS. And the more successful the telecasts became, the higher the stakes became. By the beginning of this decade, ABC sports had billings of nearly $350 million a year. For its mammoth 16-day telecast to American audiences, ABC will screen more than 3000 minutes of commercials, at a rate of up to $250,000 for every prime time 30 seconds. Get your calculators out, kids.

In addition to its domestic telecast, ABC will provide the raw material for all foreign broadcasts, for which rights have been sold to Australia (for $10.6 million — see box "How Australia Will See The Games"), the European Broadcasting Union ($19.8m), New Zealand ($500,000), The Philippines ($400,000), and Japan ($16.5m). It is estimated that the Games will be watched by 2.5 billion people worldwide — half the world's population — and getting the show out is a logistical problem of such dimensions that it defies comprehension. Except, we trust, of Roone Arledge, who will step down from his lofty executive chair to produce. Of the total rights payment of $225 million, no less than $70 million will be

10 THINGS TO AVOID IN TINSEL TOWN

1. Telephone sex. Sitting in your motel room in deepest Anaheim, far removed from where it's all happening, you will be tempted. Hey, why go out and look for it when you can order up some beer and pizza and get your rocks off on the phone? The ads scream at you from the give-away newspapers and tourist booklets: "Monica's Live Phone Fantasy — beautiful classy ladies available to share your fantasies anytime." "Diana's Sexy Hotline — call me and I'll share my most cock-tingling fantasies with you now." Phone sex comes in two styles — live and answering machine. If you think it might be hard to get off to a lady's voice, just try it pre-recorded.

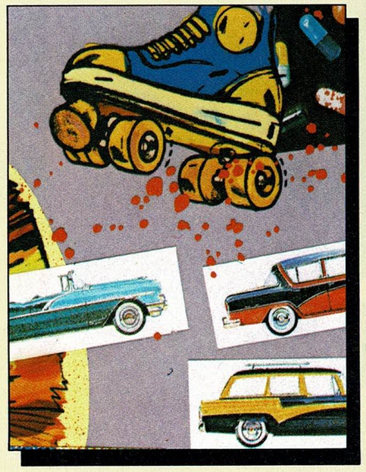


2. Hollywood Boulevard. You *can't* see all the stars as you walk down this famous stretch of autographed cement, but you can see where they've been. . . and it's not a pretty sight. From the crowds oohing and aahing as they gaze at the pavement outside Mann's Chinese Theatre, to the 1001 junk merchants who sell their synthetic wares through every second doorway, Hollywood Boulevard is eminently forgettable. Bright spots? The Universal Book Store is interesting, and browse through the racks of crotchless knickers and edible undies at Frederick's of Hollywood.

3. The Polo Lounge. Situated in plush Beverly Hills Hotel on Sunset Boulevard, this place is a must to avoid unless you're on an expense account from a thriving record company, in which case you'll feel right at home. Drinks are absurdly expensive, piano bar entertainment is ordinary, waiters are rude and clientele by and large unfriendly. Nevertheless, the Polo Lounge drips celebrities doing megabuck deals in corners, so if you like intrigue. . .

4. The Santa Ana Freeway. This choked, grey, dismal artery links downtown Los Angeles with Anaheim (Disneyland) and the far reaches of Orange County. Traffic barely moves at the best of times and stops dead between 7 and 10 am and 3 and 7 pm.

5. Roller skating after dark on the Venice Boardwalk. In daylight hours this can be a pleasurable, if a little bizarre, experience. The beach community of Venice is where the hippies all went after the 1960s. Now they're older and their brains are addled and they roller skate all day long. Joining them for a skate can be fun. At night, however, the junkies start to get agitated and the flashing of knife blades and the sound of distant gun fire takes over.



6. Rodeo Drive. Guccis and pooches. Just the ritziest shopping centre in California, where Jed Clampett and his brood happily frittered away all their oil money. But that was situation comedy. In real life someone who looked like Jed wouldn't have a hope in hell of getting through the door of a place like Lina Lee or Cartier. In Lina Lee's frock shop you need an invitation to browse. At Theodore For Men, shirts start at $125. At the Excelsior eatery in the magnificent Rodeo Collection, a bottle of non-vintage Veuve will set you back $98.

7. The San Fernando Valley. Unless you're in movies or the aircraft business you wouldn't want to go out here. Despite Frank Zappa's description of Valley Girls they're not to be seen as you cruise the dismal avenues. In fact nothing is to be seen, except the shimmer of the intense, dry heat bubbling up from the bitumen. Moonscape suburbia.

8. Doug Weston's Troubador. Situated on Santa Monica Boulevard, this used to be the great place to catch country rock. Relaxed, reasonably priced and tables close to the stage. And always big names. Apparently there was no money left in this formula, because the Troubador has gone bad punk. Slam dancing, amyl nitrite in the dunny, ear-busting decibellage, the lot. You can't hear yourself think on the footpath outside.

9. Homes of the Stars Tours. These all leave from places along Hollywood Boulevard, and purport to show you the glamorous abodes of such people as Mary Pickford and Lana Turner. The only problem is that while stars may have once lived in these places (and, on some rare occasions, still do) it doesn't really matter because the hedges prevent anything more than a glimpse down a leafy driveway.

10. Ma Maison. Reputed to be the best restaurant in Los Angeles, this famed Hollywood eatery is grossly overrated and overpriced. And the waiters are rude unless you're on their VIP list. How much of a wank is it? It has an unlisted phone number. In the same part of West LA, you can eat well and have fun at such places as Nucleus Nuance, Moustache Cafe or the China Club.

How to make a month's salary last forever.

De Beers

If you had to put a price on a priceless moment, a month's salary is just about where you should be.
Because that's all it takes to buy a really beautiful diamond engagement ring.
Which is hardly a lot when you think what it will mean to your fiancée every day of her life.
A month's salary...a small price to pay for something that lasts forever. A diamond is forever.

your HOURGLASS jeweller

From left to right:
0.30 carat solitaire diamond ring, $1,100.
0.27 carat marquise diamond ring, $1,200.
0.40 carat solitaire diamond ring, $1,530.
Prices may be altered by varying the diamond size.

HOURGLASS JEWELLERS

SYDNEY METROPOLITAN AREA
AMBARVALE, Hennings Jewellers.
CAMDEN, Hennings Jewellers.
CAMPBELLTOWN, Hennings Jewellers.
CARLINGFORD, W. J. Hallmark Jewellers, Carlingford Shopping Square.
CRONULLA, Corfield's Jewellers.
GORDON, Tapner Jewellers.
HURSTVILLE, B. Stern & Sons.
LIVERPOOL, Hennings Jewellers.
NORTH SYDNEY, North Sydney Jewellers, Shop 9, MLC Building.
PARRAMATTA, Hennings Jewellers.
PENRITH, Gillers Jewellers.
ST IVES, Tapner Jewellers.
ST MARYS, Doves Jewellers.

NEW SOUTH WALES
ALBURY, Nicholson & Smith.
ARMIDALE, Evan J. Lewis.
BATHURST, Regency Jewellers.
BLAYNEY, Regency Jewellers.
BOWRAL, Estreich Jewellers.
CASINO, Pinkerton's Hourglass Jewellers.
COFFS HARBOUR, Parry's Jewellers.
COWRA, Hutchison's Jewellers.
DUBBO, Regency Jewellers.
DUBBO, Everly Jewellers.
GLEN INNES, Priest's Jewellers.
GOSFORD, Reid's Jewellers.
GRIFFITH, G. W. Speirs.
GUNNEDAH, Ron Brown & Sons Jewellers.
INVERELL, Parmenters Jewellers.
LEETON, Exclusive Jewellers.
LISMORE, Pinkerton's Hourglass Jewellers.
MACKSVILLE, Hahn's Jewellers.
MOREE, Freeman's Jewellers.
MURWILLUMBAH, Preston's Jewellers.
NARRABRI, The New Kings Jewellers.
NARRANDERA, Fajler's Jewellers.
NOWRA, Nowra Jewellers.
NEWCASTLE, Whitaker's Jewellers, Garden City, Adamstown.
NEWCASTLE, Coulston's Jewellers, The Mall, Hunter Street.
ORANGE, Regency Jewellers.
ORANGE, Everly Jewellers.
PORT MACQUARIE, Black Opal Jewellers.
SINGLETON, Coulston's Jewellers.
TAMWORTH, Kings Jewellers.
TAREE, Loretan's Jewellers.
TEMORA, H. Nicholson & Co. Jewellers.
WAGGA WAGGA, Pocock's Jewellers.
WARILLA, Barrett's Jewellers, George Street, Warilla and Shellharbour Square.
WARRAWONG, Stephens Distinctive Jewellers.
WOLLONGONG, Stephens Distinctive Jewellers.
YOUNG, Waymans the Jeweller.

A.C.T.
KINGSTON, E. & C. Chandler & Son.

MELBOURNE METROPOLITAN AREA
FRANKSTON, Hosking Your Hourglass Jeweller.
MOONEE PONDS, Majestic Jewellers.

VICTORIA
SHEPPARTON, Purdey's the Jewellers.
WARRNAMBOOL, Staffords the Jewellers.

BRISBANE METROPOLITAN AREA
BRISBANE, Anthony's Jewellers, Chermside Drive-in Shopping Centre.
BRISBANE, Jim McCarthy Hourglass Jeweller, Wynnum Plaza; Wynnum Central; Mountainview Centre, Mount Gravatt.
KIPPA-RING, Richardsons Jewellers.
REDCLIFFE, Richardsons Jewellers.

QUEENSLAND
BILOELA, Prestons Jewellers.
CAIRNS, Clauson's Jewellers.
CAIRNS, Adorn Jewellers.
GLADSTONE, Neville Gregory.
GYMPIE, Keith Jamieson Jewellers.
HERVEY BAY, Beresfords Jewellers.
INGHAM, Bennett's Jewellers.
MACKAY, Tilse's.
MARYBOROUGH, Beresfords Jewellers.
MOUNT ISA, Tadman Jewellers.
NAMBOUR, Glasgow Jewellers.
ROCKHAMPTON, Phil Peel Jewellers.
SOUTHPORT, Birkbecks Jewellers.
STANTHORPE, Kev Holmes Hourglass Jewellers.
TOOWOOMBA, Hay's of Toowoomba; Hay's Hourglass Gifts.
TOWNSVILLE, Horn & Petersen; Diamond Design.

NORTHERN TERRITORY
DARWIN, Pauls & George's Jewellery, City and Casuarina.

TASMANIA
HOBART, Precision Jewellers, 60a Murray Street also at Fitzgeralds.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA
ADELAIDE, Wendts Jewellers.
PORT AUGUSTA, Milhinch Jewellers.
PORT PIRIE, Evans Jewellery.
WHYALLA NORRIE, Westland Jewellers.

used to finance the worldwide broadcast centre.

The headquarters of the Los Angeles Olympic Organising Committee is a modern, black-windowed, three-storey building on the edge of the Westwood campus of the University of California, Los Angeles. When the Olympics are over it will become a UCLA administration centre, which is what it was intended to be when built. Armed with its television payments, the LAOOC stepped in and offered to finance construction by way of six years' rent in advance. After this flourish, the LAOOC put most of its money in the bank where the monthly interest on some several hundred million pays for all the bureaucracy's administration costs.

In the large foyer of this building many people sit in cages, into which the reporter must thrust such personal details as passport, driver's licence, credit cards and so forth before his identity is accepted as factual. This is all done with as many "you're welcomes" as possible to counter the feeling that if you make a break for the button-operated double door that leads to the inner sanctum, you're a dead man. So this reporter waits, casting occasional favorable glances in the direction of the post-Impressionist Ronald Reagan on the far wall. This man, a Californian by all that is holy, will of course open the Games. . . and anyone who makes a silly move during that little operation will be equally dead.

Even though the LAOOC and its friends have been working at this since 1939, and seem to have most things reasonably under control, the powers that be seem to have neglected one very important fact: bureaucrats breed. A committee almost invariably begets a sub-committee, which in turn, might beget an advisory panel or two. The net result is that the Olympic Committee has already outgrown its lovely three-storey building and, with the rent paid up for another year, they ain't going nowhere. Instead, what we have is Very Important Poor Bastards (VIPBS), whose job it is to monitor everything written, spoken and thought about LA '84, then distort it for public consumption, sitting, God help us, in pigeon holes barely big enough for a man, his coffee and his computer.

The information officer assigned to the task of heading me off at the pass has, as it turns out, a photographic memory and can recite verbatim every word of every press release put out by the LAOOC. In the way of direct answers, he is, shall we say, oblique. Sample: Q: Surely no Olympics has been spread over such a wide area. Doesn't this make security a huge problem? A: Well, LA is pretty big and far-reaching, but back in '56 at the Melbourne Games, the equestrian people had to be transported to Sweden.

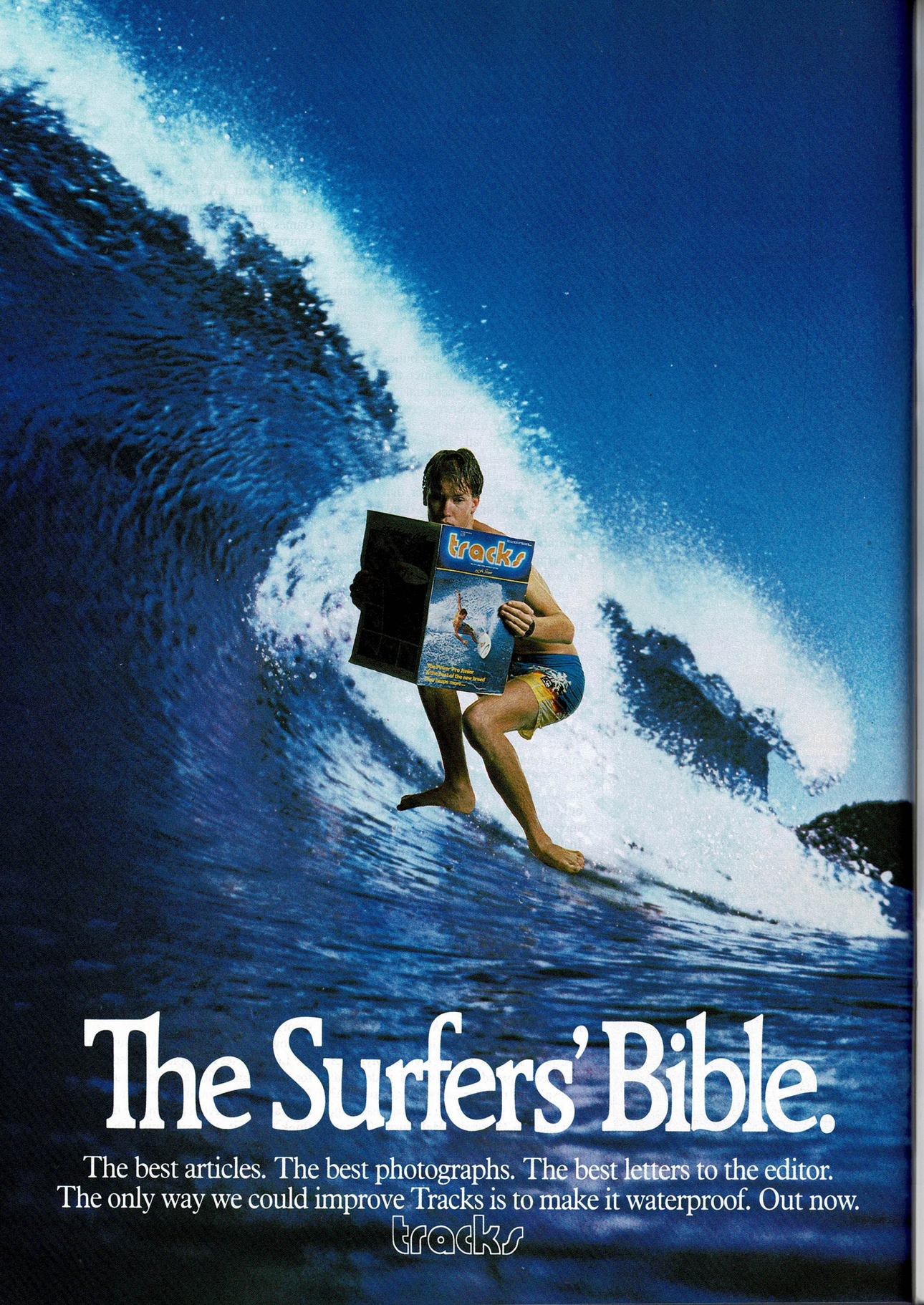
This sort of thing is not meant to be serious evasion, rather it is simply the process of rampant bureaucracy at work. The LA Games are all about public accountability and accessibility, but the problem is the people to whom you are given access are not authorised to tell you anything you don't already know.

As you might expect of an organisation which, in June 1983, employed 340 people full time, another 100 part time and 500 volunteers, the LAOOC doesn't miss a line written about LA '84. The press clipping file is immense. The public image of these Games is of paramount concern to the committee because, for a long time, Los Angelinos were sceptical. If the Games cost the city a fortune, would the taxpayers have to wear it? In October 1982, the LAOOC signed an agreement with city council that no Olympic-related cost would be passed on to the taxpayer. But what about the traffic chaos? The LAOOC has commissioned "independent studies" which reveal that fewer than 800,000 out-of-towners will visit LA for the Games, and not more than 300,000 on any one day. And terrorism? Former FBI man Ed Best is co-ordinating the master plan, which will split responsibility for anything that might happen between two dozen city and county law enforcement agencies. Mr Best appears to have ensured that accountability for a Munich-type disaster will be a long and messy business — particularly if it takes place on a county line — but what about details?

So it's like this: Ed Best will look after anything nasty, very few people will actually come to LA (preferring to watch it on TV) so there will be no traffic congestion and no additional smog which might inhibit athletic performance, and, essentially, everything will be rosy at the biggest sporting event in the history of the world. Sure it will.

Unfortunately for the LAOOC, and despite the reams of propaganda it issues daily, the Los Angeles press is filled with fear and negativity. Or "alarmist nonsense", if you work for the LAOOC. Most of it concerns security and the expected traffic chaos. "California Highway Patrol Lacks Olympic Escort Capability", warns the *Los Angeles Times*. Yes folks, CHiPS is too durn busy to look after durn busloads of athaletes as they travel from LA to Long Beach or Santa Barbara. And furthermore, we have the chairman of the LA County Board of Supervisors claiming that the LAOOC can only afford to pay $3 million of the $10 million required for adequate security measures.

Now there is every reason to suspect that the Los Angeles Olympics is already a target for terrorism. With a viewing audience of 2.5 billion, you could make your point in a big way and everyone, given five minutes to think about it, can come up with a logical reason to hate the most powerful nation on earth. What we have as a tactical response to this very real threat is former FBI agent Ed Best attempting to co-ordinate 24 law enforcement bodies — most of them already taxed to the max by the tourist influx —with



$7 million less than an "adequate" budget. Why doesn't the LAOOC allocate more? Because this is private enterprise, my boy. The LA Games will cost $463 million and the three sources of revenue will realise $472 million, creating a $9 million surplus (profit is a dirty word) which will be donated to amateur athletics. So what do you want? Surplus or safety?

In the vastness of Los Angeles there is a good chance that wherever the terrorist bomb lands it won't be on you. The security issue is therefore somewhat removed from street life, more the stuff of boardroom slanging matches. What really has Los Angelinos up in arms is the thought of the traffic congestion and resultant high smog levels. "The traffic situation will not improve during the Games," says the LAOOC spokesman, "but there is no evidence to suggest that it will be any worse." Well, when you've stopped moving you've stopped moving, I suppose, but informed opinion in Los Angeles is that for the duration of the Games, rush hour will go on all day. "We are gonna have a lot of problems throughout the county," says CHiPS captain Ken Rude.

"Olympic fortnight will be a glimpse of the Los Angeles of the future without a mass transit system," says University of Southern California futurist Selwyn Enzer, who predicts freeway nightmares in which cars are simply abandoned. That may be a little bit far out, but the suicidal parking scenario with which we began this yarn is very likely. Consider this: although the Olympics cover an area that is 140 miles long and 40 miles wide, and traffic might be expected to be reasonably spread, three of the most popular sports will be housed downtown at Exposition Park. On seven of the Olympic days within the space of a couple of blocks will be track and field at the Coliseum, boxing at the Sports Arena and swimming and diving at the USC swimming stadium. If these events are full houses (and they are expected to be) a total of 127,000 people will pour into the area twice a day. If two-thirds of them come by car (a conservative estimate) and there are 2.4 people per car (the LA average) then the freeways will be clogged all day and, according to the LA City Department of Transportation, the area will be 20,000 parking spots light. And wait: that's taking into account "reasonable walking distance", which the authorities calculate at two miles or less.

The slow and gaseous progress of all these cars, out on their long drive to nowhere, is not going to do the air a lot of good. "Will Air Turn Games Into A Disaster?" asks the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*. The famous LA smog has lifted slightly since pollution controls were enforced in 1965, but as recently as 1979 there was an all-time high of 120 first stage smog alerts (this is when the air could be injurious to your health; second stage is when you go for the gas mask), and in 1982 there were still 64. All this is a bit unpleasant for the tourist, but for the competing athlete, particularly those in distance events, it is a serious problem. Not surprisingly, the LAOOC's chief medical officer says, "The smog problem is over-rated. We don't expect it to interfere with athletes' health or performance." Dr Steven Horvath, director of the Institute of Environmental Stress at the University of California, Santa Barbara, says, "There is definitely potential for interference with performance." And a plethora of worried coaches agrees with him.

Closer to home, Australia's Olympic team medico, Dr Brian Corrigan, is worried but resigned to the fact that nothing will be done about the problem. "There is no doubt in my mind that oxygen is going to be scarce for competitors in long distance events, particularly the marathon." The Australian Olympic Federation is taking it so seriously that the chief medical adviser to the AOF executive, Dr Ken Fitch, was sent to Los Angeles to investigate.

Says Fitch: "If we get some particularly bad smog days there's no doubt some of our athletes will be disadvantaged, but I believe the authorities in Los Angeles will be taking special precautions to ensure that smog levels are down. Just the same, most of our

As a rule, designer shirts are very expensive...

014.P.301

ARE YOUR BUNNIES IN NEED OF PROTECTION?

An Australian PLAYBOY binder showcases 12 issues in a stylish package offering protection and perfect presentation for your future enjoyment.

Complete the coupon and return it to: Australian PLAYBOY Binder Offer, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010. Upon receipt of your order, we will forward your binder/s, individually packaged to ensure their arrival in perfect condition. Price includes postage.

PLEASE SEND . . . AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY BINDERS @ $11.95 EACH.
I have enclosed a cheque/postal order for the required amount.
Name .....
Delivery Address .....
.....
State ..... Postcode .....

athletes will be acclimatising in more congenial cities. We're looking at Honolulu, San Diego and Seattle for starters."

Your humble reporter, equally concerned with our medal prospects, took it upon himself to jog, during morning rush hour, from his downtown hotel to the Coliseum and back. He reported severe respiratory and digestive problems, but this may have had something to do with the Davidoffs and cognacs the night before.

●

So, weary with the weight of these problems, but cheered by the seemingly unsinkable optimism of the crowded staff of the Los Angeles Olympic Organising Committee, your reporter wandered out of the admin building and into the streets of Westwood Village. This is up-market LA, close to Beverly Hills, the beach and the Hollywood hills. Funky bars and cinemas abound, and while I nursed a margarita at the Crystal Palace Saloon, I spied through the window *the* O.J. Simpson cruising down the street. Beat that. Adjacent to one of two Olympic Villages and the venues for gymnastics and tennis, Westwood Village is almost the hub of the LA Games. It was interesting to note that its dozens of T-shirt, souvenir and curio shops are also, apparently, the hub of the Olympic bootleg business.

All over Los Angeles, shop window displays trumpet the coming of the Big Event: guide books, shirts, hats, flags, stickers, you name it. But nowhere is the handiwork of the Olympic pirates more evident than in Westwood, just a block or two from the bureaucracy which has pledged to stamp it out.

In the United States, use of the words "olympic" and "olympiad" and the various logos and symbols of the LA Games is protected under federal law by an Act of 1978. Officially, only companies which have used the name since before 1950 are allowed to call themselves, say, "Olympic Tours". The LA Games has 35 official sponsors, and a further 40 suppliers and licensees, each of which is supposed to have a monopoly on its line of product. The Los Angeles Button Company, for example, makes the only legal LA Games button. Everyone else is making the illegal one. ABC will publish the *Official Olympic Guide to Los Angeles* many months after all the unofficial ones have sold out. Levi Strauss has rights to T-shirts and all other apparel, which hasn't hurt sales of everyone else's bootleg gear. Even former decathlon Olympian Bruce Jenner is in on the act. His Stars In Motion clothing label is not a million miles removed from the official "Star In Motion" Olympic logo. And Sam the Olympic Eagle, give us a break! Illicit Sams are as commonplace as sale-price ETs and *Return of the Jedi* paraphernalia.

All of this is highly amusing (I was particularly tickled by the use of the five rings under a gas-masked Olympic torch-bearer: in fact, smog and mayhem are the dominant themes of the bootleg T-shirts) to everyone except the LAOOC, which is counting on $120 million in revenue from merchandising — $30 million more than from ticket sales. To try and stop this erosion of their potential market, the committee sends out thousands of cease and desist letters each week, and, in a recent get tough move, started taking unlucky entrepreneurs to court. But it's a bit like closing the stable door after the horse has bolted. The market-place is swamped with Olympic junk, and Joe Public doesn't give a damn if it's official or unofficial.

●

Okay, sports lovers, still hot to come to LA? Well, why not? The experts are probably exaggerating. It couldn't possibly be that bad. Take a tip: book a hotel now. The LAOOC has reserved 22,000 hotel rooms for officials and press, but you could still be lucky. And buy a book of tickets quick. Only 10 percent of the seven million tickets issued are being offered for foreign sale. And one last thing: don't do it. You can see Disneyland some other time. Buy a case of American beer and watch it on the box. Two and a half billion Norms will be keeping you company.

...but here's a classic exception.

Life's a picnic at Jacob's Creek.

The remarkably mellow red from Orlando.

069.P.051 AB.2432/83

MULDOON (continued from page 42)

I for years called a bloke from Napier "a man who's got more hair than brains". He was bald.

PLAYBOY: You mean with you and your Treasury Secretary?

MULDOON: I wouldn't permit it. The Secretary of the Treasury in New Zealand talks to me, not to my ministerial visitor. He talks to my ministerial visitor when I ask him to elaborate on something. But Stone was much more aggressive in the argument and indeed, on one or two occasions, rather sarcastic in a manner that would not be permitted in this country [*laughs*]. And Keating disappointed me in that he didn't either do anything to stop it or apparently see anything wrong with it.

PLAYBOY: The argument over retaliation by New Zealand against Australian investment unless Australia eases up and allows more New Zealand investment in: the New Zealand position, in essence, is that there should be a special relationship, different from that between Australia and other foreign countries, in terms of closer economic relations?

MULDOON: Exactly, exactly. There was a massive penetration of the New Zealand financial sector by Australia — and has been for many, many years — which is accepted as normal. There's nothing wrong with it. Under CER, there should be some "give" in the Australian policy so that the big New Zealand entities can service the new options that come up under CER. It's no more than that. You already asked me about Keating. I'm disappointed that he wasn't even prepared to discuss that.

PLAYBOY: You're sometimes compared with Queensland Premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen.

MULDOON: Joh's a good mate of mine. He's a sort of an original character. He's one of these people that you say, "When they finished making him, they broke the mould — you won't get another one." And so's Flo, of course. I was having dinner with them one Saturday night at the time of the Commonwealth Games (in 1982). A remarkable character called Russ Hinze was there. Flo said she was going up to the farm on Sunday morning and had to leave early and I said, "How far is it?" and she told me 150 miles or something. She said, "Oh, I've got to do the washing and tidy up." She was flying up 150 miles of coast to do the *washing!*

This is a woman of 70-odd. They're real old-timers.

PLAYBOY: Politically you're sometimes compared with Joh and his wife.

MULDOON: It's a bit like Singapore's Harry Lee. They both do things that I'd never dream of doing — except that, every once in a while, I get the feeling that it might be a good idea. . .

PLAYBOY: It seems, though, on matters such as law and order, New Zealand is a very easy-going country — restrained in terms of things like censorship — whereas, Queensland is not necessarily so.

MULDOON: It's pretty tough up there. The one I like is this business about demonstrators. We would never do that in New Zealand. But it's one of those things I feel, "That's not a bad idea."

PLAYBOY: You've met Russ Hinze?

MULDOON: Oh yes, a number of times. He comes over here and buys racehorses and comes to the races. He's got a very good horse, Sir Tristram, that won the Queen's Gold Cup at the time of the Commonwealth Games in Brisbane. He's larger than life.

PLAYBOY: Presumably there's no parallel in New Zealand.

MULDOON: [*Laughs*] No! Oh, there's no parallel in this country for a lot of people I've met in Queensland. You know, it's a *tough* sort of state and I find them very interesting, but they've got attitudes and they do things that you would never see in *this* country. We have no counterpart for some of these Queenslanders.

PLAYBOY: You have promoted the idea of a Bretton Woods-type international conference to reform the world monetary system (*Bretton Woods was a World War II conference*) — what's the response from other countries so far?

MULDOON: Mitterand put the idea directly to the Williamsburg Summit and it appeared in the communique, as you know. So they're going to have a meeting of finance ministers plus the managing director of the International Monetary Fund, and that, I think, will enlarge inevitably. Indeed, there is already a French suggestion that we have a meeting of OECD finance ministers at the end of the year to look at all this and it will be coming up at the Commonwealth Finance Ministers' Conference, at the IMF Annual Meeting, at the Commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting in New Delhi and at the UN General Assembly. There's a lot of momentum behind it.

PLAYBOY: When could such a conference be held?

MULDOON: I think about the end of 1984 early 1985.

PLAYBOY: Is there any possibility that it would be hosted by New Zealand?

MULDOON: We need bigger facilities than we've got and I think it's more conveniently held in the northern hemisphere, where the majority of people who are right in the middle of it are handy to their home base. I've no thought of any grandiose conference coming to New Zealand with all the eyes of the world on New Zealand. No, we can do that with the football.

PLAYBOY: Briefly, about the run-up to the next New Zealand election (scheduled for November 1984). Do you have much faith in opinion polls?

MULDOON: Oh, yes, I do. I look at them very, very closely and my attitude to opinion polls is that at the time they are taken, they give very valuable information. But give it another 12 months and David Lange will be seen to be a bit shallow. Lange's a peculiar person in that he came into the House and the first thing he said was, "I don't know anything about economics or economic affairs. I guess I'll learn." It's a dim-witted thing for anybody to say. And it is true, he's a brilliant impromptu speaker — and that's *it*. In my opinion, he's got no knowledge of economic affairs and very little knowledge of political affairs. His knowledge of politics goes back to the time he became a candidate. He's a fellow who obviously hadn't got much interest in politics prior to that time. He was more interested in the social side.

And by that I don't mean parties, I mean the underprivileged and things like that. He was a police court lawyer. He used to take all the down-and-outs and the little boy who'd stolen the cream buns from outside the dairy in the morning, and all this sort of thing, you know. And he's an awfully good bloke. He's changing a bit in office, but a very likeable fellow and personality.

PLAYBOY: Looking at New Zealand's *Hansard,* it appears there's a great quantity of venom in the House. Yet, within the New Zealand context, it seems a little hard to believe that on a personal level people don't get on.

MULDOON: I would think our Parliament would rank certainly after the British House of Commons and certainly after the Australian Lower House in terms of bitterness, abuse and venom. But we still get lots of people who say you politicians do nothing but abuse each other.

PLAYBOY: A writer in Queensland suggested there is more decorum in the Queensland State Parliament than in the New Zealand Parliament.

MULDOON: Yeah, well, I wouldn't think that's right. Some of the things that, you know, I've heard from the Queensland Parliament. . . No. But we've got our share of invective and fairly robust humor. Some of the things, of course, are quite funny. Many years ago, I referred to one of the Labor members as a "sheep in sheep's clothing", which I thought was pretty witty until I found that Winston Churchill had called Clement Atlee (Britain's post-World War II Labor Prime Minister) "a sheep in wolf's clothing". [*Laughs*] I for years called a bloke from Napier "a man who's got more hair than brains" [*laughs*] — he was as bald as a billiard ball. He retired. They've got another bloke now, the Junior Labor Whip, and I've used the same comment on him. But that's about the level of it, you know.

PLAYBOY: Does it ever hurt when you're the target?

MULDOON: Oh, not too much, no. I think you've got to respond in kind.

PLAYBOY: *New Zealand Who's Who* lists horticulture as a hobby. Is that something that there's still time to pursue?

MULDOON: I have what I think is the best private garden in Wellington at the moment at the Prime Minister's residence. I was captivated by the beautiful lawn and so — I had just become Prime Minister in 1976 —I decided that we would upgrade the garden and renovate the house and make it into something that would be an asset forever. We've done that, it's a beautiful place. And the garden is superb.

PLAYBOY: Are you able to take care of anything in the garden personally?

MULDOON: Oh well, my hobby of course was lilies, and I used to breed them and raise them before I came into Parliament. We've got a lot of very nice lilies there. But we've got a lot of other beautiful things: camellias, rhododendrons, azaleas and it's a beautiful spring garden. I got sick of the Ministry of Works doing it because they used to bring along a horde of gormless youths who used to go through the place like a cyclone, you know, cutting off everything that they didn't like the look of. So we stopped that and I got one man, and he's a beauty. He does the lot himself. He can get a bit of extra labor if he needs it but he usually doesn't.

And he *loves* it. He's been there now for about five or six years and he'll be there until the day he retires.

PLAYBOY: As far as your early days are concerned, we read somewhere that you consciously studied debating techniques by — even on cold nights — going to the Auckland City Council and sometimes being the only person in the chamber. Is that true?

MULDOON: Oh, that's not correct [*emphatically*] — I wouldn't visit the Auckland City Council [*laughs*]. Oh no!

PLAYBOY: Not if it's like most city councils. . .

MULDOON: Exactly!

PLAYBOY: It intrigues people outside New Zealand that people here do so many things themselves around their houses. You partly built one of your houses. . .

MULDOON: I partly built my first home. My father-in-law was a builder and he and I built it. I did all the laboring. And then our beach cottage, I built it in weekends before I came into the House. But that's not unusual in this country. We design them too. That's not unusual.

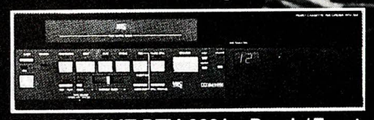
PLAYBOY: This interview: how do you feel about an interview where you might be in between pictures of girls in various states of undress?

MULDOON: Well, let me say that I don't normally read PLAYBOY but as I understand it, the literary material is serious. . .

PLAYBOY: It is.

MULDOON: So, what the heck.

BLAUPUNKT by BOSCH



BLAUPUNKT RTV-322 by Bosch/Front load/Multi head/14 day x 4 programme timer/Picture search/Noise-free freeze frame/etc. Finished in unique, handsome brushed bronze.

DR. WHAT! VIDEO

Franchise enquiries welcome: (02) 387 1100

Video will transform the way you live.

We know, because 100's — No, 1,000's — of happy customers keep telling us so.

Expert sales staff, huge and up-to-date movie libraries, low prices — that's video the Dr. What! way.

This Christmas, instead of re-runs, you and a friend could be warming to, say, Playboy Collectors Video No. 3 on sale now at our special price of $49.95.

First, though, you'll want to get changed.

Call us when you're ready.

Bondi Junction 387 1100, Leichhardt 560 0244, Gold Coast 38 5133, Albion Park 56 5960, Dubbo 82 8333, Parkes 64 2333, Sawtell 53 3955, Moree 52 3328.

PICK UP GIRLS (continued from page 64)

All the best lines I've hoarded over the past days dogpile now in my brain and make a great deal of noise.

attractive stranger. Lots of adjectives could help to describe the feeling you get, but generally, I'd say the word is "unwell".

All the best lines I've heard, read and hoarded over the past days dogpile now in my brain and make a great deal of noise. Next to me, with monumental calm, Murray is chain-smoking. Unaccountably, this irritates me and before I have a chance to recover common sense, I stumble over to the young lady whose fault all this is.

Although I used to have an excellent memory, it's a faculty that seems to have diminished and I can't recall why. This doesn't go far toward explaining what happens next but it may serve as a warning not to repeat what you hear. While I stand there before Her, out of the chaos of one-liners emerge three rather battered options. I choose the easiest one.

"Hi," I say.

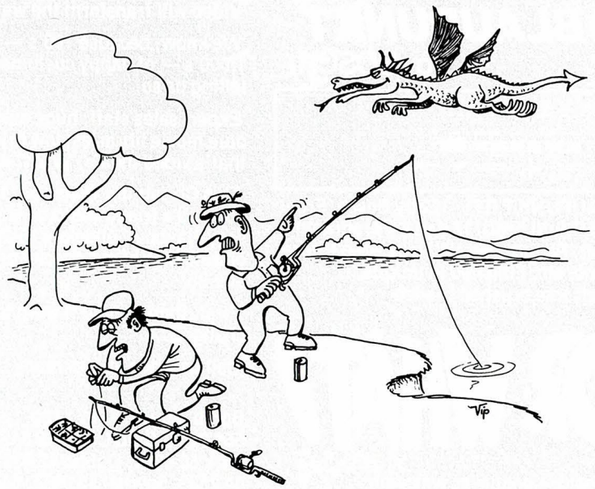
She breaks into a big grin, starts chuckling, keeps chuckling, takes a drink to drown the chuckle, and I realise with horror that it doesn't work, she can't stop chuckling. The one tiny compensation this offers me is the chance to study my oppon- . . . er, companion. I notice right off that she has a nice laugh. I also note that she has a thick silver chain around her left wrist and three cigars in the pocket of her army fatigue jacket. After a stutter of hesitation, I decide if my first line was such a riot, maybe one of the other two options will clinch it.

Both options are in a chapter called "Bridging The Generation Gap", under the subhead "The Older Woman", for closer inspection has revealed that this woman is indeed in the 35 to 40 category and therefore (according to the Bible), "she's capable of a frenzied lust you've yet to imagine if you haven't experienced it." The options are: "You're so beautiful," (which she'll appreciate because she's beginning to worry about how her looks are holding up to time) and, "I want to f*** you."

Unfortunately, my diminished memory has left out the accompanying warning that such lines have to be delivered with self-confidence in order to be effective. I now learn that they also have to be delivered verbatim. Coming up in my rattled state with, "You're so f***ed," I don't even have a chance to add, "I want to beautiful you," because she's on her feet, sans chuckle, and has delivered an uppercut to the midsection matched only in my memory by the jab of a crazed Hell's Angel outside a strip joint in Kings Cross. It's while my bum is attacking the floor that I notice for the first time the large brass ring on her big right hand. I seriously doubt that it was a wedding ring.

" 'The older woman knows just what she wants,' " I quote to Murray, who seems to have contracted a bad case of infectious chuckle himself. This lesson relearned, I decide to bridge the other side of the generation gap, where, hopefully, a woman doesn't have any idea what she wants.

Murray, being a practical sort, opines that going roller skating is the stupidest idea he's ever heard. Neither does he get ecstatic about the thought of sliding, being dragged or propelled across or down any water-based substance while wearing gear more specialised than tennis shoes and a Foster's visor.



"If you've seen one dragonfly, you've seen 'em all."

This negates about 90 percent of the book's advice under the subhead, "The (Much) Younger Woman: Loving Lolita." I decide to try my luck in the only other Lolita-rife situation available, which is at work. Or more specifically, lunch: "the major romantic connection in the understated but highly sexual world of interpersonnel pickups." This time I take the book with me.

Securing a luncheon date with the best-looking Lolita in the place is a breeze. She expects nothing underhand and therefore is oblivious of my left hand underneath the table, my thumb marking the chapter, "Pickups At Work". I've taken her to a place appreciably nicer than Brew & Burger, as per the advice, and am delighted with the added camouflage of a chequered plastic tablecloth. The book counsels to steer her away from shop talk but it quickly becomes apparent that we have absolutely nothing else in common. While she rages on about Miss Jones, the office terror, I sneak my other hand under the tablecloth and turn the page. Eureka! Looking up, I blurt, "Well, Miss Jones is probably just giving you a hard time because she's so plain and you're so beautiful."

She stops gnawing her liverwurst, smiles prettily and replies, "Bullshit."

The book says I have to work fast. The pickup of a workmate should be accomplished during the first lunch. I opt for an Aussie ad lib and suggest (with searing self-confidence), "What say you come over to my place after work, we'll get our gear off and root?"

She smiles prettily again. "I'd love to. It's sweet of you to ask, I've always liked older men. But I've got a rather nasty case of crabs this week."

I riffle the pages and drop the tome. It didn't say one word about this.

If all the foregoing sounds like How Not To Pick Up Girls, let it be said that perseverance and practice eventually prevailed. For example, I told a female lawyer at the laundromat she was so beautiful I had to wash my whites twice. This led to shared tumble-drying and within minutes, we were over at her place examining briefs. Another time, I told a nurse sunbathing at a nude beach that I loved her swim suit. She said, "Tell me one I haven't heard," and in a burst of inspiration, I said she had a great tan for an albino. Not having heard that one, she then allowed me to smear her entire body with coconut oil and attempt to land a Frisbee on it.

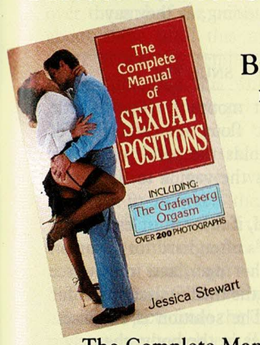
The upshot, I guess, is that if you're rich, witty, good-looking, persistent and sophisticated, you'll have a better than average chance of picking up as many women as you can handle. If you're none of the above, it may be more difficult, but don't ever give up hope. My research has shown that even the most beautiful girls are capable of astonishingly bad taste.

Give a new flavour to the one you love...

With the Love Garden range of tasty lickable massage oils and sensuous body lotions. Strawberry nipple cream, spicy cinnamon love gel, wild fruit body butter . . . they taste as good as they sound. All from sex therapist Bettina Arndt's exclusive erotic mail service, Private Collection.

Private Collection is a unique telephone and mail-order service bringing you the latest imported erotic products: exquisite pictorials, explicit manuals, therapy guides, exciting vibrators and more — all personally selected by Bettina Arndt. Write now for your free catalogue.

Exclusive to Private Collection



Brand new!

The Complete Manual of Sexual Positions. The first fully illustrated manual written by a woman — includes the G Spot (how to find it and use it); latest information and techniques, and more. $16.50 (142)

☐ Please send me a FREE Private Collection Catalogue

Name _____

Address _____ Postcode _____

I would like to order the following Private Collection products	quantity
133. Love Garden Sensual Massage Oil *(8 oz: $11.45)* ☐ *Oil of Almond* ☐ *Oil of Aloe* ☐ *Passion Fruit* ☐ *Natural*	
134. Love Garden Intimate Love Bath *(8 oz: $11.45)* ☐ *Herbal* ☐ *Natural* ☐ *Tangy Lemon-Lime* ☐ *Oil of Aloe*	
135. Love Garden Stim-U-Lotion *(4 oz: $11.45)* ☐ *Wild Strawberry* ☐ *Hot Fudge* ☐ *Passion Fruit* ☐ *Natural*	
136. Love Garden Love Gel *(4 oz: $11.45)* ☐ *Fresh Strawberry* ☐ *Natural* ☐ *Spicy Cinnamon* ☐ *Lemon-Lime*	
137. Love Garden Body Butter *(4 oz: $11.45)* ☐ *Buttery Peppermint* ☐ *Natural* ☐ *Whipped Cocoa* ☐ *Wild Fruit*	
138. Love Garden Liquid Body Soap *(8 oz: $11.45)* ☐ *Natural*	
139. Love Garden Penis Massage Cream *(4 oz: $11.45)* ☐ *Odourless, tasteless lubricant*	
140. Love Garden Nipple Cream *(4 oz: $11.45)* ☐ *Strawberry Frappe* ☐ *Natural* ☐ *Passion Fruit* ☐ *Mocha Cream*	
141. Love Garden Comfort Cream *(4 oz: $11.45)* ☐ *Cooling, Refreshing Lime*	
142. The Complete Manual of Sexual Positions *(Illustrated: $16.50)* ☐ *Softcover*	

☐ I enclose my cheque/ money order for $ _____

Please allow 30 days for delivery. (All prices include postage and handling).

☐ Please charge my Bankcard/ American Express/ Diners Club Card No. _____ Expiry Date _____

For all ordering and enquiries, use our telephone service on (02) 326 1932 — open 24 hours a day!

It's not the size that counts, it's the way that you use it." What a hackneyed cliche. It has been attributed to a guy who obviously had a small one and was looking for a way to get back at all the guys with big ones who love to flash them around gyms and swimming pool change-rooms. As one who has suffered laughingly on the outside at the taunts of fellow surf club mates and the football heroes etc, I have a barrow to push, and that is the predicament of the fellow with a small one. I can only report on my own situation and I'm sure there are many and various other problems suffered by us league of littlies.

My observations tell me that most of the guys with big ones, and by this I mean big on the slack, don't get that much bigger when they're hard. (The surf club competitions used to include how many wet towels you could hang off it when it was angry.) So guys with four inches of slack usually only finish up with six to six and a half inches of real weapon. I can manage two and a half by one inch diameter when it's asleep but it wakes up to a quite satisfactory six inches when aroused. I have no problems with my sex life as my wife fully understands what happens. But it's a bit silly having a sign hanging on your scrotum saying: "It may only be small now but it grows to a healthy six inches when hard," just to satisfy the mob.

And it's no good pretending that it doesn't *matter. Big is beautiful in the all-male fraternity. If you've got one you flaunt it and if you haven't you hide it. I'm very observant.*

And it's not only the blokes who make the taunts. I've even had a good mate's wife (who obviously observes these things), ask me over a few drinks after a day at the beach in my Speedos, did I have a good sex life because it would appear that I didn't have a very big one. Now I ask you! The best thing that has happened to that friendship was their recent divorce.

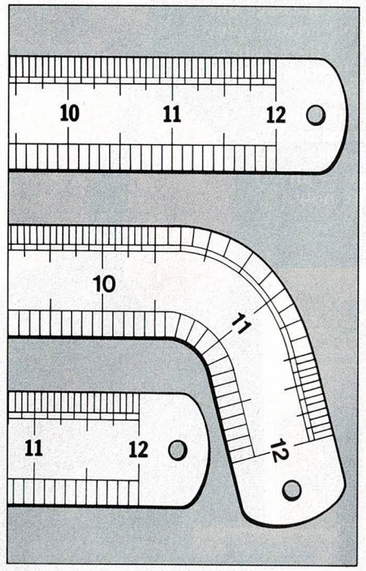
Can you throw any light on this perplexing predicament? The last straw was reached when my son finally told me that I might be bigger and stronger than him, but his dick is bigger than mine. I was mortified.

Anyway, congratulations on your frank comments on sex. The vaginal G spot has been an intrigue for many years but my wife has resisted its high level sensation because of the feeling it creates of the need to urinate. We have gone beyond this now and it has heightened our foreplay and eventual orgasm with many of our intercourse positions. Previously her orgasms came when she was straddling me and I arched my back and this has naturally enough become our favorite position. You have opened new avenues. Keep up the good work.

— J.J., Qld.

Thank you for a fascinating letter. I love hearing from men about their observations on male sexual response and their sexual experiences. There has been so much written about the female sexual response, female orgasms and so on, that it's really nice to learn something about what it's like from the other side of the fence. So come on, men, let us women in on a few more of your secrets!

As for your comments, you are quite right about the cunning way smaller flaccid



penis size can deceive the casual observer

penises catch up to their larger companions when roused for action. Sometimes, in fact, the smaller models leave the change-room champions for dead when actually put to the test. The average length of the flaccid penis appears to be approximately four inches, but this leaves plenty of room for growth. So as you say, the guy with a six-inch flaccid penis may really impress his mates in the change-room, but on erection may only gain another 25 percent or so. His mate with the three-inch flaccid penis doesn't shape up very well at the urinal line-up but he could easily gain between 100 and 150 percent on erection and end up with a similar seven inches or thereabouts. As for width, most erect penises tend to average out at an inch to an inch and a half in diameter.

Like a few more statistics? Well, with the erect penis, the average length increases to six inches with 90 percent of men falling into the range of four and a half to eight inches. I like the idea of the sign hung around your scrotum telling other men of your growth potential, but it just shows how crazy you men are to get yourselves into such destructive competition over penis size. The trouble is many other men may not have had the opportunity of seeing other men erect and worry themselves silly when they compare themselves to other men when in the flaccid state.

Having said all that, I will stick to my guns and say that apart from the ego problem in the change-rooms it *is* the way you use it that is *really* important. Penises are designed for better things than impressing your mates. They are made for giving pleasure and receiving pleasure. (Not to mention a wonderfully handy device for avoiding having to squat down in spiky undergrowth on camping trips.) As I have mentioned before, small penises can be just perfect for finding exciting nooks and crannies such as the G spot, and giving pleasure is certainly no problem. As for receiving it, well there's that lovely joke about the wanton wench who looks at the small penis of her new lover and says: "Who do you think you're going to satisfy with that?" The man's answer? "Me."

It makes sense, doesn't it? Penis size isn't as big a deal as everyone tries to make out. The problems emerge when men get hung up about whatever size they happen to be, because while they are concentrating on seeing whether they measure up to their mates, they usually aren't learning very much about real love making skills. . . like letting your fingers do the talking etc.

In fact, you obviously have the situation fairly much under control, despite the comments of your friends *and* your son. I think you could do with a change of friends, and as for your son, well he has a lot to learn! I notice the only person who obviously isn't complaining is your wife and from the sound of things, she's getting her fill. The proof is in the pudding, as they say.

FOR A SNUG FIT

Remember last month I talked a little about the pelvic floor — that sling of muscles which holds the pelvic organs in place, and causes the vagina to fit snugly around the penis.

As I mentioned, if these muscles become over-stretched, it's often hard for a woman to get a grip on her man, and intercourse may not produce the thrill it used to. . . for either of them. The solution is exercises. Like other muscles in the body, the pelvic muscles can be strengthened through simple exercises. . . and the benefits are not only a more shipshape vagina but also possibly more orgasms (women with strong pelvic muscles appear to respond more easily) and fewer gynaecological problems.

So here goes. . . the easiest way for a woman to learn about pelvic floor muscles involves a simple exercise you can do the next time you go to the toilet. Try sitting on the toilet seat with your knees apart, start the flow of urine, and then mid-flow, try to stop it. Concentrate on what this sensation feels like.

When your bladder seems half empty (approximately!), practise stopping and starting the flow of urine, letting out urine one teaspoon at a time. When you do this you are contracting pelvic floor muscles including those surrounding the vagina. Think about the sensations involved in making these muscles work.

Now try inserting one or two fingers inside the vagina — you may prefer to do this in the shower or bath or else sit on the edge of your bed with your legs wide apart, or lie on your back if you prefer. Then make the same movement you learnt while urinating and see if you can feel the contractions against your fingers. It should feel like an upward, inward clutching movement deep in the vagina, with some grip just at the entrance. How many times can you "pull up" and hold for two seconds? Your fingers will tell you when the muscles are tiring (for variety, use your lover's fingers. . . I'm sure he'd be delighted to lend a hand).

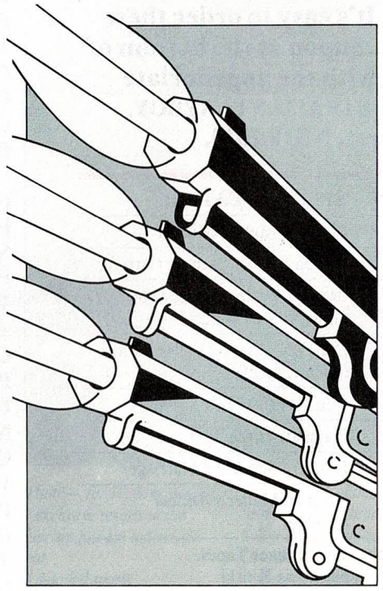
MALE PELVIC MUSCLES

It's not only the female of the species who has a pelvic floor. Men have their own pelvic muscles but until recently no one was able to work out how to teach men to exercise them. I commented on this on my Sydney radio program the other day and couldn't resist describing the surf club competitions involving hanging wet towels over the end of the penis (I'd forgotten all about these until this month's PLAYBOY letter arrived to remind me). I jokingly commented that this would probably do great things for male pelvic muscles.

Lo and behold, since then, I have been told that at the recent sexology conference in Washington, a paper was given on the relationship between the strength of the male pelvic muscles and the ability of males to have multiple orgasms. And how did these researchers teach men to strengthen these hidden muscles? By hanging heavier and heavier objects from the erect penis — face washers, wet towels etc. The real trick is to attach a suitable object to the penis and then try to waggle it — if it moves, you are using your pelvic muscles and then all you need to do is practise it. The wonders of science.

MULTIPLE MALE ORGASMS

For all of you who didn't know men could have multiple orgasms, well some males apparently can, but we don't really know why. Researchers at the Californian State University at Sacramento conducted a three-year study of male orgasm and found that of 15 men, aged 22 to 56, *all* had from



strong pelvic muscles mean more fun in bed

three to 10 orgasms per sexual session, with one man experiencing 30.

In case you are still confused, what we are talking about here is *orgasm*: those wonderful mind-blowing mental sensations, as distinct from *ejaculation* — there she blows, to quote the whale watchers. Yes, you can have one without the other. In the Sacramento research, all these multiple orgasms occurred *before* ejaculation.

Since I have been talking on air about these fascinating topics, I have heard from a number of males who are equally intrigued by this aspect of male arousal:

"I was very interested in your comments on the radio program last week concerning multiple orgasms in men in which you describe them as a series of pleasurable sensations felt without the discharge of semen.

I find this quite easy to achieve and can even manage a series of orgasms at controlled intervals with a small amount of semen being emitted each time prior to finishing up with a final climactic orgasm.

On one, and only one, occasion, however, a few years ago when I was about 33, I awoke in the middle of the night and began intercourse with my partner which resulted in four complete orgasms *all within seconds of each other. I describe them as "complete" because at each orgasms, I really felt that I'd blown the lot and yet I felt I could keep on doing it. It was a strange sensation and I only stopped after the fourth orgasm out of fear of what was happening to me. I would be interested to hear your comments on this and wonder whether any other males have related a similar experience to you. The few men that I have mentioned it to don't seem to have experienced anything similar."*

So there you are. It's an area of sexuality which at present we know very little about. I would love to hear from other males who have had similar experiences.

EJACULATION UPDATE

Sex research is beginning to unearth all sorts of fascinating facts about male arousal and male sexual response. We used to think that male sexual response was a package deal involving arousal (erection, etc), orgasm (feelings of pleasure) and ejaculation (release of spurts of ejaculate, semen). We now know that these processes can all occur separately. For instance, it is possible for men to ejaculate without first attaining a full erection (a very important point for men with erectile problems). You don't need an erection to have fun, to ejaculate, to experience orgasm. You don't need an erection to give her pleasure (you have hands, legs, a tongue — what more do you need?) And what happens if you stop thinking you *need* an erection and worrying about not having one? Hey presto, with a bit of luck, you may even find one will magically appear. Get the point?

Men can also ejaculate without experiencing the sensations of orgasm. This is a problem known as "split ejaculation" or "anaesthetic ejaculation" and may be due to physical causes such as diseases of the prostate glands, scarring of the posterior urethra, diabetes, neurological disorders affecting the muscles of the perineum.

Split ejaculation can also be due to purely psychological causes but it is then a very difficult problem to treat and you will need a skilled sex therapist to sort this one out. (The Australian Society for Sex Educators, Researchers and Therapists, ASSERT, 21 Carr Street, Coogee, 2034, can help you find such a person. Tel: (02) 665 6660.

BACK ISSUES

DID YOU MISS ANY? CHECK THE LIST BELOW

Need just one or two back issues to complete your collection of AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY? We have a limited stock of each of the issues listed below at $4.50 each, including packing and postage. It's easy to order these back numbers. Simply fill in the coupon at the bottom of the page and send it, together with the appropriate cheque or money order, to AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010.

ISSUE	PLAYMATE	INTERVIEW	SPECIAL FEATURE
MAR '82	Lynn Eason	Alby Mangels	How To Make a Million
MAY '82	Lynda Rhys Vaughn	Billy Joel	Lynda Stoner, Barbara Carrera
AUG '82	Dani Ruechert	Wendy Bacon	Marilyn Chambers, PLAYBOY Guide to Red Wines
JAN '83	Charlotte Kemp	Robin Williams	Dick Roughsey, TV News and the Ratings War
MAR '83	Barbara Reimer	Al Grassby	The PLAYBOY Sex Survey
APR '83	Melinda Mays	Garcia Marquez	Playmate of the Year
MAY '83	Kelly Ryland	Don Chipp	Is There Sex After Marriage?
JUN '83	Susie Scott	Paul Newman	Norman Mailer's *Ancient Evenings*
JUL '83	Julie Waine	David Hackworth	The Pulitzer Tapes, Nastassia Kinski
AUG '83	Jolanda Egger	Mike Walsh	Girls of the Gold Coast
SEPT '83	Mignon Carrington	Stephen King	Joh Bjelke-Petersen, Tassie Twins Pictorial
OCT '83	Joan-Beatrice Tichy	Mike Gibson	Why ASIO Doesn't Work

I am now enclosing a cheque for $..... representing payment at $4.50 per copy made out to AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY. Please send me the following back issues of AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY.

- ☐ March 1982
- ☐ May 1982
- ☐ August 1982
- ☐ January 1983
- ☐ March 1983
- ☐ April 1983
- ☐ May 1983
- ☐ June 1983
- ☐ July 1983
- ☐ August 1983
- ☐ September 1983
- ☐ October 1983

Name .....

Address .....

..... Postcode .....

Mail coupon to Circulation Department, AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010.
Offer open to Australian residents only.

NEXT MONTH

TURN ON THE LITES — PLAYBOY'S GALLANT BEER TASTERS ARE AT IT AGAIN, WITH THE COMPLETE LOWDOWN ON LIGHT BEER.

SILICON VALLEY — FINANCE EXPERT SETH GREGORY CHECKS OUT THE PLACE WHERE MONEY GROWS ON TREES. THE FILTHY RICH EPICENTRE OF THE COMPUTER INDUSTRY.

LYN MAREE EASON — FINAL FLING. OUR STUNNING MARCH 1982 PLAYMATE STARS IN A VERY HORNY PICTORIAL.

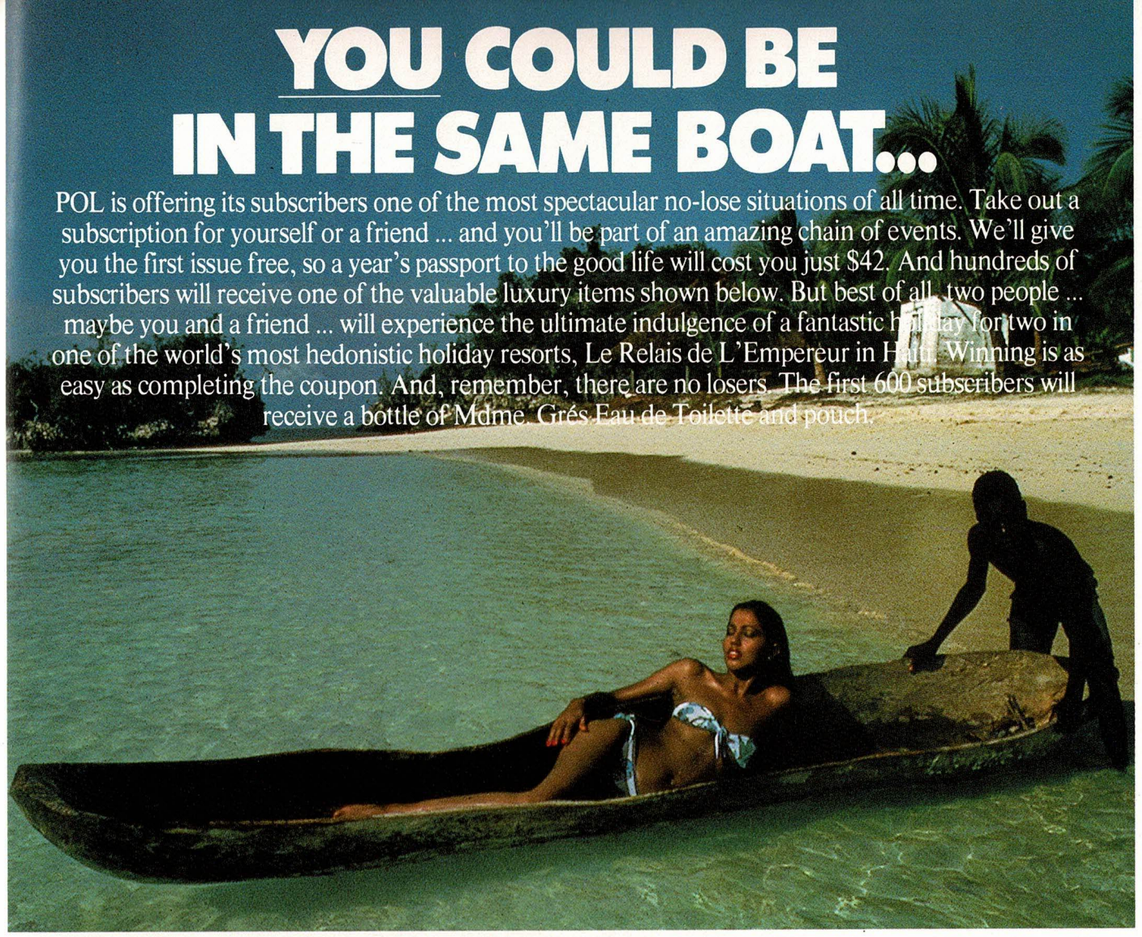
CANDY RAYMOND: PRISONER — SOAPIE STAR CANDY (REMEMBER NUMBER 96?) LEARNED QUITE A BIT ABOUT CLINK WHEN SHE STARRED IN PRISONER. SHE LEARNED EVEN MORE WHEN SHE DID A REAL LIVE STRETCH AT SILVERWATER. A FASCINATING INSIDER'S STORY.

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR MEETS THE PEOPLE —

AMANDA DOLE AND KAROL LOPEZ GOT WILD AND CRAZY FROM CAIRNS TO KALGOORLIE, FROM PERTH TO THE PILBARA. RENNIE ELLIS WENT ALONG FOR THE RIDE... AND THE STORY.

YOU COULD BE IN THE SAME BOAT...

POL is offering its subscribers one of the most spectacular no-lose situations of all time. Take out a subscription for yourself or a friend ... and you'll be part of an amazing chain of events. We'll give you the first issue free, so a year's passport to the good life will cost you just $42. And hundreds of subscribers will receive one of the valuable luxury items shown below. But best of all, two people ... maybe you and a friend ... will experience the ultimate indulgence of a fantastic holiday for two in one of the world's most hedonistic holiday resorts, Le Relais de L'Empereur in Haiti. Winning is as easy as completing the coupon. And, remember, there are no losers. The first 600 subscribers will receive a bottle of Mdme. Grés Eau de Toilette and pouch.



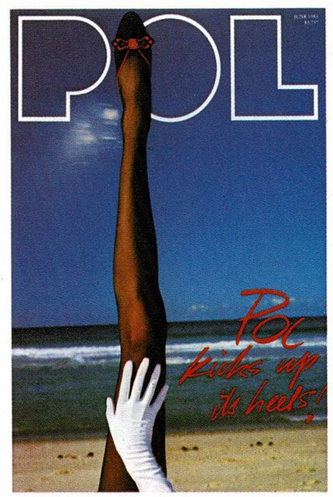
1. The most indulgent trip for two to Cocoyer Beach, Haiti — for 10 days staying at Le Relais de L'Empereur. One of the world's most exclusive resorts in the heart of the Caribbean. Le Relais de L'Empereur comprises just ten individual villas, in this most discreet, yet subtly extravagant retreat.
2. A streamlined Cartier "Santos" steel and 18ct gold detailed sports watch. Immaculately crafted, the watch is automatic and water resistant. Valued at $1,682.
3. A contemporary designed fresh-water pearl pendant set in 18ct gold from Rob Bennett, Chatswood. Valued at $1,200.
4. Understated, yet extremely elegant designer luggage by Lancel. Valued at $500.
5. A unique Columbian desk-top box. Handcrafted and decorated in cattlehorn, with bronze detail trim from Denis M. James. Valued at $350.
6. For the discerning champagne drinker, a case of the exceptional Heidsieck Dry Monopole-NV Champagne. Valued at $260.
7. Gautier Cognac Reserve Imperiale, a special Bi-Centenairie Selection to the House of Gautier. Valued at $180.
8. Pure silk designer accessories by Hermes. Ladies silk scarf and gentleman's tie. Valued at $150.
There are also 10 Esprit polo shirts and 600 bottles of Madame Grés Eau de Toilette worth $35.00 to be won.

ENJOY!

Spend a year with us and we'll give you the lifestyle of your dreams. And just to show we're genuine, let us take the first step for you!

I accept. Please send me a free introductory issue of POL and enter my subscription for 11 more issues, a total of 12, for only $42.00. This automatically enters me in the competition for the Haitian holiday or one of the luxury prizes.

Conditions:
It is essential we have name and address of donor and receiver.
Remittance with request please.
Refunds are not available if subscription cancelled during currency.
Please allow one month fulfilment of local subscription and three months fulfilment of overseas subscription.
Subscription will commence with forthcoming issue; we can not backdate subscriptions.



POL Subscriptions
P. O. Box 4432 Sydney 2001 NSW.

Donor (and/or new subscriber): (Please print)

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode _____

Please enter a new subscription on my behalf ☐
Please send the following gift subscription on my behalf ☐. Payment of $..... ☐ is enclosed or ☐ charge to my bankcard. Bankcard Account number

☐☐☐ ☐☐ ☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐☐

Charge to my American Express card number

☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐

Cardholder's signature

Expiry date of Bankcard

Please send gift POL for one year (12 issues) to: (Please print)

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode _____

TC. 83/590

016.P.286 CC853/82 © Benson and Hedges Company Pty. Ltd. 1982

When only the best will do.